This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

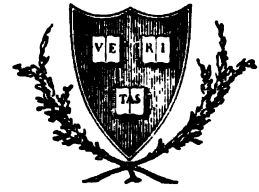
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Spec. 5020.8
A

Harvard College
Library



FROM THE BEQUEST OF
SAMUEL SHAPLEIGH
CLASS OF 1789
LIBRARIAN OF HARVARD COLLEGE
1793–1800

DON QUIXOTE

VOL. I.

THE
INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN

DON QUIXOTE

OF LA MANCHA

BY

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

A TRANSLATION
With Introduction and Notes.

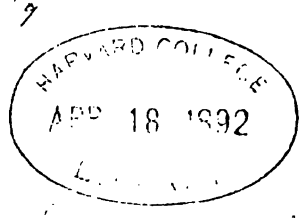
BY

JOHN ORMSBY,
Translator of the "Poem of the Cid."

IN FOUR VOLS.—I.

LONDON,
SMITH, ELDER & Cº 15, WATERLOO PLACE,
1885.

~~3783~~
Span 5020.8
A
HARVARD COLLEGE
APR 18 1892



CONTENTS

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

PAGE

INTRODUCTION:

PREFATORY 1

CERVANTES 13

'DON QUIXOTE' 51

PART I.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE 81

COMMENDATORY VERSES 93

CHAPTER I.

WHICH TREATS OF THE CHARACTER AND PURSUITS OF THE FAMOUS GENTLEMAN DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA 105

CHAPTER II.

WHICH TREATS OF THE FIRST SALLY THE INGENIOUS DON QUIXOTE MADE FROM HOME 114

CHAPTER III.

WHEREIN IS RELATED THE DROLL WAY IN WHICH DON QUIXOTE HAD HIMSELF DUBBED A KNIGHT 124

CHAPTER IV.

PAGE

OF WHAT HAPPENED TO OUR KNIGHT WHEN HE LEFT THE INN . 134

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH THE NARRATIVE OF OUR KNIGHT'S MISHAP IS CONTINUED 145

CHAPTER VI.

OF THE DIVERTING AND IMPORTANT SCRUTINY WHICH THE CURATE AND THE BARBER MADE IN THE LIBRARY OF OUR INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN 152

CHAPTER VII.

OF THE SECOND SALLY OF OUR WORTHY KNIGHT DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA 168

CHAPTER VIII.

OF THE GOOD FORTUNE WHICH THE VALIANT DON QUIXOTE HAD IN THE TERRIBLE AND UNDREAMT-OF ADVENTURE OF THE WINDMILLS, WITH OTHER OCCURRENCES WORTHY TO BE FITLY RECORDED. 176

CHAPTER IX.

IN WHICH IS CONCLUDED AND FINISHED THE TERRIFIC BATTLE BETWEEN THE GALLANT BISCAYAN AND THE VALIANT MANCHEGAN 188

CHAPTER X.

OF THE PLEASANT DISCOURSE THAT PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE SANCHO PANZA 196

CHAPTER XI.

OF WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE WITH CERTAIN GOATHERDS . . 204

CHAPTER XII.

PAGE

OF WHAT A GOATHERD RELATED TO THOSE WITH DON QUIXOTE . 214

CHAPTER XIII.

IN WHICH IS ENDED THE STORY OF THE SHEPHERDESS MARCELA, WITH OTHER INCIDENTS 223

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEREIN ARE INSERTED THE DESPAIRING VERSES OF THE DEAD SHEPHERD, TOGETHER WITH OTHER INCIDENTS NOT LOOKED FOR 237

CHAPTER XV.

IN WHICH IS RELATED THE UNFORTUNATE ADVENTURE THAT DON QUIXOTE FELL IN WITH WHEN HE FELL OUT WITH CERTAIN HEARTLESS YANGUESANS 249

CHAPTER XVI.

OF WHAT HAPPENED TO THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN IN THE INN WHICH HE TOOK TO BE A CASTLE 260

CHAPTER XVII.

IN WHICH ARE CONTAINED THE INNUMERABLE TROUBLES WHICH THE BRAVE DON QUIXOTE AND HIS GOOD SQUIRE SANCHO PANZA ENDURED IN THE INN, WHICH TO HIS MISFORTUNE HE TOOK TO BE A CASTLE 271

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN WHICH IS RELATED THE DISCOURSE SANCHO PANZA HELD WITH HIS MASTER, DON QUIXOTE, TOGETHER WITH OTHER ADVENTURES WORTH RELATING 283

CHAPTER XIX.

PAGE

OF THE SHREWD DISCOURSE WHICH SANCHO HELD WITH HIS MASTER, AND OF THE ADVENTURE THAT BEFELL HIM WITH A DEAD BODY, TOGETHER WITH OTHER NOTABLE OCCURRENCES . 298

CHAPTER XX.

OF THE UNEXAMPLED AND UNHEARD-OF ADVENTURE WHICH WAS ACHIEVED BY THE VALIANT DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA . WITH LESS PERIL THAN ANY EVER ACHIEVED BY ANY FAMOUS KNIGHT IN THE WORLD 310

CHAPTER XXI.

WHICH TREATS OF THE EXALTED ADVENTURE AND RICH PRIZE OF MAMBRINO'S HELMET, TOGETHER WITH OTHER THINGS THAT HAPPENED TO OUR INVINCIBLE KNIGHT 329

CHAPTER XXII.

OF THE FREEDOM DON QUIXOTE CONFERRED ON SEVERAL UNFORTUNATES WHO AGAINST THEIR WILL WERE BEING CARRIED WHERE THEY HAD NO WISH TO GO 346

CHAPTER XXIII.

OF WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE IN THE SIERRA MORENA, WHICH WAS ONE OF THE RAREST ADVENTURES RELATED IN THIS VERACIOUS HISTORY 362

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN WHICH IS CONTINUED THE ADVENTURE OF THE SIERRA MORENA 380

MAP.

CENTRAL SPAIN, INCLUDING LA MANCHA . . . *To face* 1

MADRID
TOLEDO
CIUDAD REAL
CORDOVA
Aranjuez
Ocaña
Alcalá de Henares
Arganda
Getafe
Fuenlabrada
Móstoles
Navalcarnero
Talavera de la Reina
Escalona
Illescas
Seseña
Esquivias
Chinchon
Colmenar de Oreja
Tarancon
Belmonte
Villarejo de Salvanes
Villarejo de Fuentes
Huete
Cuenca
Alcazar de San Juan
Villacañas
Quintanar de la Orden
Consuegra
Madridejos
Villafranca de los Caballeros
Mora
Orgaz
Toledo
Talavera
Puente del Arzobispo
Navalmoral de la Mata
Oropesa
Torrijos
Escalona
Maqueda
Aranjuez
Tajuña
Tajo
Guadiana
Guadalquivir
Guadalimar
Guadalmena
Jabalon
Giguela
Riansares
Valdepeñas
Campo de Calatrava
Campo de Montiel
Manzanares
Almagro
Daimiel
Argamasilla de Alba
Puerto Lapice
Villarta de San Juan
Herencia
Alcazar de San Juan
Tembleque
Ocaña
Aranjuez
Chinchon
Colmenar de Oreja
Tarancon
Belmonte
Villarejo de Fuentes
Huete
Cuenca
Almaden
Almadenejos
Chillon
Valdepeñas
Villanueva de los Infantes
Almagro
Manzanares
Daimiel
Ciudad Real
Puertollano
Almodovar del Campo
Pozoblanco
Hinojosa
Peñarroya
Fuente Ovejuna
Belalcazar
Adamuz
Montoro
Andujar
Baylen
Linares
Ubeda
Baeza
Jaen
Bujalance
Villa del Rio
Villaviciosa
Alcolea
Pedroche
Torrecampo
Valsequillo
Hinojosa del Duque
Los Pedroches
Sierra Morena
Sierra de Alcudia
Valley of the Alcudia
Sierra de Segura
Sierra de Cazorla
Sierra de Alcaraz
Sierra de Montilla
Sierra de Cabra
Sierra de Alcaudete
Sierra de Jodar
Sierra de Mugron
Sierra de Mariana
Sierra de Madroño
Sierra de Almaden
Sierra de Guadalupe
Sierra de Toledo
Sierra de Gredos
Sierra de Guadarrama
Sierra de Ayllon
Sierra de Pela
Sierra de Molina
Sierra de Albarracin
Sierra de Cuenca
Sierra de Moya
Sierra de Utiel
Sierra de Requena
Sierra de Chiva
Sierra de Enguera
Sierra de Alcoy
Sierra de Aitana
Sierra de Benidorm
Sierra de Bernia
Sierra de Segorbe
Sierra de Espadan
Sierra de Peñagolosa
Sierra de Morella
Sierra de Tortosa
Sierra de Cardona
Sierra de Montserrat
Sierra de Prades
Sierra de Monsant
Sierra de Miravet
Sierra de Gandesa
Sierra de Arnes
Sierra de Beceite
Sierra de Caballs
Sierra de Montalban
Sierra de Albarracin
Sierra de Cuenca
Sierra de Moya
Sierra de Utiel
Sierra de Requena
Sierra de Chiva
Sierra de Enguera
Sierra de Alcoy
Sierra de Aitana
Sierra de Benidorm
Sierra de Bernia
Sierra de Segorbe
Sierra de Espadan
Sierra de Peñagolosa
Sierra de Morella
Sierra de Tortosa
Sierra de Cardona
Sierra de Montserrat
Sierra de Prades
Sierra de Monsant
Sierra de Miravet
Sierra de Gandesa
Sierra de Arnes
Sierra de Beceite
Sierra de Caballs
Sierra de Montalban
English Miles
Spanish Leagues

INTRODUCTION.

PREFATORY.

It was with considerable reluctance that I abandoned in favour of the present undertaking what had long been a favourite project, that of a new edition of Shelton's 'Don Quixote,' which has now become a somewhat scarce book. There are some—and I confess myself to be one—for whom Shelton's racy old version, with all its defects, has a charm that no modern translation, however skilful or correct, could possess. Shelton had the inestimable advantage of belonging to the same generation as Cervantes; 'Don Quixote' had to him a vitality that only a contemporary could feel; it cost him no dramatic effort to see things as Cervantes saw them; there is no anachronism in his language; he put the Spanish of Cervantes into the English of Shakespeare. Shakespeare himself most likely knew the book; he may have carried it home with him in his saddle-bags to Stratford on one of his last journeys, and under the mulberry tree at New Place joined hands with a kindred genius in its pages.

But it was soon made plain to me that to hope for even a moderate popularity for Shelton was vain. His fine old crusted English would, no doubt, be relished by a minority, but it would be only by a minority. His version has strong claims on sentimental grounds, but on sentimental grounds only. His warmest admirers must admit that he is not a satisfactory representative of Cervantes. His translation of the First Part was very hastily made—in forty days he says in his dedication—and, as his marginal notes show, never revised by him. It has all the fresh-

ness and vigour, but also a full measure of the faults, of a hasty production. It is often very literal—barbarously literal frequently—but just as often very loose. He had evidently a good colloquial knowledge of Spanish, but apparently not much more. It never seems to occur to him that the same translation of a word will not suit in every case. With him 'discreto'—a chameleon of a word in its way of taking various meanings according to circumstances—is always 'discreet,' 'admirar' is always 'admire,' 'sucesos' always 'successes' (which it seldom means), 'honesto' always 'honest' (which it never means), 'suspenso' always 'suspended;' 'desmayarse,' to swoon or faint, is always 'to dismay' (one lady is a 'mutable and dismayed traitress,' when 'fickle and fainting' is meant, and another 'made shew of dismaying' when she 'seemed ready to faint'); 'trance,' a crisis or emergency, is always simply 'trance;' 'disparates' always 'fopperies,' which, however, if not a translation, is an illustration of the meaning, for it is indeed 'nonsense.' These are merely a few samples taken at haphazard, but they will suffice to show how Shelton translated, and why his 'Don Quixote,' veritable treasure as it is to the Cervantist and to the lover of old books and old English, cannot be accepted as an adequate translation.

It is often said that we have no satisfactory translation of 'Don Quixote.' To those who are familiar with the original, it savours of truism or platitude to say so, for in truth there can be no thoroughly satisfactory translation of 'Don Quixote' into English or any other language. It is not that the Spanish idioms are so utterly unmanageable, or that the untranslatable words, numerous enough no doubt, are so superabundant, but rather that the sententious terseness to which the humour of the book owes its flavour is peculiar to Spanish, and can at best be only distantly imitated in any other tongue. The dilemma of the translator frequently is this, that terseness is essential to the humour of the phrase or passage, but if he translates he will not be terse, and if he would be terse he must paraphrase.

The history of our English translations of 'Don Quixote' is

instructive. Shelton's, the first in any language, was made, apparently, about 1608, but not published till 1612. This of course was only the First Part. It has been asserted that the Second, published in 1620, is not the work of Shelton, but there is nothing to support the assertion save the fact that it has less spirit, less of what we generally understand by 'go,' about it than the first, which would be only natural if the first were the work of a young man writing *currente calamo*, and the second that of a middle-aged man writing for a bookseller. On the other hand, it is closer and more literal, the style is the same, the very same translations, or mistranslations, of 'suceso,' 'trance,' 'desmayarse,' &c. occur in it, and it is extremely unlikely that a new translator would, by suppressing his name, have allowed Shelton to carry off the credit.

In 1687 John Phillips, Milton's nephew, produced a 'Don Quixote' 'made English,' he says, 'according to the humour of our modern language.' The origin of this attempt is plain enough. In 1656 that indecorous Oxford Don, Edmond Gayton, had produced his 'Festivous Notes on Don Quixote,' a string of jests, more or less dirty, on the incidents in the story, which seems to have been much relished; and in 1667 Sir Roger l'Estrange had published his version of Quevedo's 'Visions' from the French of La Geneste, a book which the lively though decidedly coarse humour, cockney jokes and London slang, wherewith he liberally seasoned it, made a prodigious favourite with the Restoration public. It struck Phillips that, as Shelton was now rather antiquated, a 'Don Quixote' treated in the same way might prove equally successful. He imitated L'Estrange as well as he could, but L'Estrange was a clever penman and a humourist after his fashion, while Phillips was only a dull buffoon. His 'Quixote' is not so much a translation as a travesty, and a travesty that for coarseness, vulgarity, and buffoonery is almost unexampled even in the literature of that day.

Ned Ward's 'Life and Notable Adventures of Don Quixote, merrily translated into Hudibrastic Verse' (1700), can scarcely be reckoned a translation, but it serves to show the light in which 'Don Quixote' was regarded at the time.

A further illustration may be found in the version published in 1712 by Peter Motteux, who had then recently combined tea-dealing with literature. It is described as 'translated from the original by several hands,' but if so all Spanish flavour has entirely evaporated under the manipulation of the several hands. The flavour that it has, on the other hand, is distinctly Franco-cockney. Anyone who compares it carefully with the original will have little doubt that it is a concoction from Shelton and the French of Filleau de Saint Martin, eked out by borrowings from Phillips, whose mode of treatment it adopts. It is, to be sure, more decent and decorous, but it treats 'Don Quixote' in the same fashion as a comic book that cannot be made too comic.

To attempt to improve the humour of 'Don Quixote' by an infusion of cockney flippancy and facetiousness, as Motteux's operators did, is not merely an impertinence like larding a sirloin of prize beef, but an absolute falsification of the spirit of the book, and it is a proof of the uncritical way in which 'Don Quixote' is generally read that this worse than worthless translation—worthless as failing to represent, worse than worthless as misrepresenting—should have been favoured as it has been. That it should have been popular in its own day, or that a critic who understood the original so little as Alexander Fraser Tytler should think it 'by far the best,' is no great wonder. But that so admirable a scholar as Ticknor should have given it even the lukewarm approval he bestows upon it, and that it should have been selected for reproduction in luxurious shapes three or four times within these last three or four years, is somewhat surprising. Ford, whose keen sense of humour, and intimate knowledge of Spain and the Spanish character, make him a more trustworthy critic on this particular question than even the illustrious American, calls it of all English translations 'the very worst.' This is of course too strong, for it is not and could not be worse than Phillips's, but the vast majority of those who can relish 'Don Quixote' in the original will confirm the judgment substantially.

It had the effect, however, of bringing out a translation undertaken and executed in a very different spirit, that of Charles

Jervas, the portrait painter, and friend of Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, and Gay. Jervas has been allowed little credit for his work, indeed it may be said none, for it is known to the world in general as Jarvis's. It was not published until after his death, and the printers gave the name according to the current pronunciation of the day. It has been the most freely used and the most freely abused of all the translations. It has seen far more editions than any other, it is admitted on all hands to be by far the most faithful, and yet nobody seems to have a good word to say for it or for its author. Jervas no doubt prejudiced readers against himself in his preface, where among many true words about Shelton, Stevens, and Motteux, he rashly and unjustly charges Shelton with having translated not from the Spanish, but from the Italian version of Franciosini, which did not appear until ten years after Shelton's first volume. A suspicion of incompetence, too, seems to have attached to him because he was by profession a painter and a mediocre one (though he has given us the best portrait we have of Swift), and this may have been strengthened by Pope's remark that he 'translated "Don Quixote" without understanding Spanish.' He has been also charged with borrowing from Shelton, whom he disparaged. It is true that in a few difficult or obscure passages he has followed Shelton, and gone astray with him; but for one case of this sort, there are fifty where he is right and Shelton wrong. As for Pope's dictum, anyone who examines Jervas's version carefully, side by side with the original, will see that he was a sound Spanish scholar, incomparably a better one than Shelton, except perhaps in mere colloquial Spanish. Unlike Shelton, and indeed most translators, who are generally satisfied with the first dictionary meaning or have a stereotyped translation for every word under all circumstances, he was alive to delicate distinctions of meaning, always an important matter in Spanish, but especially in the Spanish of Cervantes, and his notes show that he was a diligent student of the great Spanish Academy Dictionary, at least its earlier volumes; for he died in 1739, the year in which the last was printed. His notes show, besides, that he was a man of very considerable reading,

particularly in the department of chivalry romance, and they in many instances anticipate Bowle, who generally has the credit of being the first 'Quixote' annotator and commentator. He was, in fact, an honest, faithful, and painstaking translator, and he has left a version which, whatever its shortcomings may be, is singularly free from errors and mistranslations.

The charge against it is that it is stiff, dry—'wooden' in a word,—and no one can deny that there is foundation for it. But it may be pleaded for Jervas that a good deal of this rigidity is due to his abhorrence of the light, flippant, jocose style of his predecessor. He was one of the few, very few, translators that have shown any apprehension of the unsmiling gravity which is the essence of Quixotic humour; it seemed to him a crime to bring Cervantes forward smirking and grinning at his own good things, and to this may be attributed in a great measure the ascetic abstinence from everything savouring of liveliness which is the characteristic of his translation. Could he have caught but ever so little of Swift's or Arbuthnot's style, he might have hit upon a *via media* that would have made his version as readable as it is faithful, or at any rate saved him from the reproach of having marred some of the best scenes in 'Don Quixote.' In most modern editions, it should be observed, his style has been smoothed and smartened, but without any reference to the original Spanish, so that if he has been made to read more agreeably he has also been robbed of his chief merit of fidelity.

Smollett's version, published in 1755, may be almost counted as one of these. At any rate it is plain that in its construction Jervas's translation was very freely drawn upon, and very little or probably no heed given to the original Spanish.

The later translations may be dismissed in a few words. George Kelly's, which appeared in 1769, 'printed for the Translator,' was an impudent imposture, being nothing more than Motteux's version with a few of the words, here and there, artfully transposed; Charles Wilmot's (1774) was only an abridgment like Florian's, but not so skilfully executed; and the version published by Miss Smirke in 1818, to accompany her brother's

plates, was merely a patchwork production made out of former translations. On the latest, Mr. A. J. Duffield's, it would be in every sense of the word impertinent in me to offer an opinion here. I had not even seen it when the present undertaking was proposed to me, and since then I may say *vidi tantum*, having for obvious reasons resisted the temptation which Mr. Duffield's reputation and comely volumes hold out to every lover of Cervantes.

From the foregoing history of our translations of 'Don Quixote,' it will be seen that there are a good many people who, provided they get the mere narrative with its full complement of facts, incidents, and adventures served up to them in a form that amuses them, care very little whether that form is the one in which Cervantes originally shaped his ideas. On the other hand, it is clear that there are many who desire to have not merely the story he tells, but the story as he tells it, so far at least as differences of idiom and circumstances permit, and who will give a preference to the conscientious translator, even though he may have acquitted himself somewhat awkwardly. It is not very likely that readers of the first class are less numerous now than they used to be, but it is no extravagant optimism to assume that there are many more of the other way of thinking than there were a century and a half ago.

But after all there is no real antagonism between the two classes; there is no reason why what pleases the one should not please the other, or why a translator who makes it his aim to treat 'Don Quixote' with the respect due to a great classic, should not be as acceptable even to the careless reader as the one who treats it as a famous old jest-book. It is not a question of caviare to the general, or, if it is, the fault rests with him who makes it so. The method by which Cervantes won the ear of the Spanish people ought, *mutatis mutandis*, to be equally effective with the great majority of English readers. At any rate, even if there are readers to whom it is a matter of indifference, fidelity to the method is as much a part of the translator's duty as fidelity to the matter. If he can please all parties, so much the better; but his first

duty is to those who look to him for as faithful a representation of his author as it is in his power to give them, faithful to the letter so long as fidelity is practicable, faithful to the spirit so far as he can make it.

With regard to fidelity to the letter, there is of course no hard and fast rule to be observed; a translator is bound to be literal as long as he can, but persistence in absolute literality, when it fails to convey the author's idea in the shape the author intended, is as great an offence against fidelity as the loosest paraphrase. As to fidelity to the spirit, perhaps the only rule is for the translator to sink his own individuality altogether, and content himself with reflecting his author truthfully. It is disregard of this rule that makes French translations, admirable as they generally are in all that belongs to literary workmanship, so often unsatisfactory. French translators, for the most part, seem to consider themselves charged with the duty of introducing their author to polite society, and to feel themselves in a measure responsible for his behaviour. There is always in their versions a certain air of 'Bear your body more seeming, Audrey.' Viardot, for example, has produced a 'Don Quixote' that is delightfully smooth, easy reading; but the Castilian character has been smoothed away. He has forced Cervantes into a French mould, instead of moulding his French to the features of Cervantes. It is hardly fair, perhaps, to expect a Frenchman to efface himself and consent to play second fiddle under any circumstances; but to look for a translation true to the spirit from a translator who holds himself free to improve his author is, as a Spaniard would say, 'to ask pears from the elm tree.'

My purpose here, however, is not to dogmatise on the rules of translation, but to indicate those I have followed, or at least tried to the best of my ability to follow, in the present instance. One which, it seems to me, cannot be too rigidly followed in translating 'Don Quixote,' is to avoid everything that savours of affectation. The book itself is, indeed, in one sense a protest against it, and no man abhorred it more than Cervantes. 'Toda afectacion es mala,' is one of his favourite proverbs. For this reason, I think, any temptation to use antiquated or obsolete

language should be resisted. It is after all an affectation, and one for which there is no warrant or excuse. Spanish has probably undergone less change since the seventeenth century than any language in Europe, and by far the greater and certainly the best part of 'Don Quixote' differs but little in language from the colloquial Spanish of the present day. That wonderful supper-table conversation on books of chivalry in chap. xxxii. Part I. is just such a one as might be heard now in any venta in Spain. Except in the tales and Don Quixote's speeches, the translator who uses the simplest and plainest everyday language will almost always be the one who approaches nearest to the original.

Seeing that the story of 'Don Quixote' and all its characters and incidents have now been for more than two centuries and a half familiar as household words in English mouths, it seems to me that the old familiar names and phrases should not be changed without good reason. I am by no means sure that I have done rightly in dropping Shelton's barbarous title of 'Curious Impertinent' by which the novel in the First Part has been so long known. It is not a translation, and it is not English, but it has so long passed current as the title of the story that its original absurdity has been, so to speak, effaced by time and use. 'Ingenious' is, no doubt, not an exact translation of 'Ingenioso;' but even if an exact one could be found, I doubt if any end would be served by substituting it. No one is likely to attach the idea of ingenuity to Don Quixote.[1] 'Dapple' is not the correct translation of 'rucio,' as I have pointed out in a note, but it has so long done duty as the distinctive title of Sancho's ass that nobody, probably, connects the idea of colour with it. 'Curate' is not an accurate translation of 'cura,'

[1] 'Ingenio' was used in Cervantes' time in very nearly the same way as 'wit' with us at about the same period, for the imaginative or inventive faculty. Collections of plays were always described as being by 'los mejores ingenios'—'the best wits.' By 'Ingenioso' he means one in whom the imagination is the dominant faculty, overruling reason. The opposite is the 'discreto,' he in whom the *discerning* faculty has the upper hand—he whose reason keeps the imagination under due control. The distinction is admirably worked out in chapters xvi., xvii. and xviii. of Part II.

but no one is likely to confound Don Quixote's good fussy neighbour with the curate who figures in modern fiction. For 'Knight of the Rueful Countenance,' no defence is necessary, for, as I have shown (*v.* chap. xix.), it is quite right; Sancho uses 'triste figura' as synonymous with 'mala cara.'

The names of things peculiarly Spanish, like 'olla,' 'bota,' 'alforjas,' &c., are, I think, better left in their original Spanish; translations like 'bottle' and 'saddle-bags' give an incorrect idea, and books of travel in Spain have made the words sufficiently familiar to most readers. It is less easy to deal with the class of words that are untranslatable, or at least translatable only by two or more words; such words as 'desengaño,' 'discreto,' 'donaire,' and the like, which in cases where conciseness is of at least equal importance with literality must often be left only partially translated.

Of course a translator who holds that 'Don Quixote' should receive the treatment a great classic deserves, will feel himself bound by the injunction laid upon the Morisco in chap. ix. not to omit or add anything. Everyone who takes up a sixteenth or seventeenth century author knows very well beforehand that he need not expect to find strict observance of the canons of nineteenth century society. Two or three hundred years ago, words, phrases, and allusions were current in ordinary conversation which would be as inadmissible now as the costume of our first parents, and an author who reflects the life and manners of his time must necessarily reflect its language also.

This is the case of Cervantes. There is no more apology needed on his behalf than on behalf of the age in which he lived. He was not one of those authors for whom dirt has the attraction it has for the bluebottle; he was not even one of those that with a jolly indifference treat it as capital matter to make a joke of. Compared with his contemporaries and most of his successors who dealt with life and manners, he is purity itself; there are words, phrases, and allusions that one could wish away, there are things —though very few after all—that offend one, but there is no impurity to give offence in the writings of Cervantes.

The text I have followed generally is Hartzenbusch's. But Hartzenbusch, though the most scholarly of the editors and commentators of 'Don Quixote,' is not always an absolutely safe guide. His text is preferable to that of the Academy in being, as far as the First Part is concerned, based upon the first of La Cuesta's three editions, instead of the third, which the Academy took as its basis on the supposition (an erroneous one, as I have shown elsewhere) that it had been corrected by Cervantes himself. His emendations are frequently admirable, and remove difficulties and make rough places smooth in a manner that must commend itself to every intelligent reader; but his love and veneration for Cervantes too often get the better of the judicious conservatism that should be an editor's guiding principle in dealing with the text of an old author. Notwithstanding the abundant evidence before him that Cervantes was—to use no stronger word—a careless writer, he insists upon attributing every blunder, inconsistency, or slipshod or awkward phrase to the printers. Cervantes, he argues, wrote a hasty and somewhat illegible hand, his failing eyesight made revision or correction of his manuscript an irksome task to him, and the printers were consequently often driven to conjecture. He considers himself, therefore, at liberty to reject whatever jars upon his sense of propriety, and substitute what, in his judgment, Cervantes 'must have written.'

It is needless to point out the destructive results that would follow the adoption of this principle in settling the text of old authors. In Hartzenbusch's 'Don Quixote' it has led to a good deal of unnecessary tampering with the text, and, in not a few instances, to something that is the reverse of emendation. He is not, therefore, by any means an editor to be slavishly followed, though all who know his editions will cordially acknowledge his services, among which may be reckoned his judicious arrangement of the text into paragraphs, and the care he has bestowed upon the punctuation, matters too much neglected by his predecessors. Nor is the valuable body of notes he has brought together the least of them. In this respect he comes next to Clemencin; but the industry and erudition of that indefatigable

commentator have left comparatively few gleanings for those who come after him.

To both, as well as to Pellicer, I have had frequent recourse, as my own notes will show. Notes are unfortunately indispensable in the case of 'Don Quixote,' and the old question arises whether they are better placed at the end of the chapter or at the foot of the page. There are objections to both plans. Foot-notes that encroach upon the page are an eyesore and in some degree an impertinence; on the other hand, it is not fair to interrupt the reader and send him to another part of the book for the sake of perhaps one or two lines of information. The difficulty may be in some degree met by keeping the shorter notes within easy reach, and relegating the longer to the end of the chapter.

The tales introduced by Cervantes in the First Part have been printed in a smaller type; they are, as he himself freely admits, intrusive matter, and if they cannot be removed, they should at least be distinguished as wholly subordinate.

It is needless to say that the account given in the appendix of the editions and translations of 'Don Quixote' does not pretend to be a full bibliography, which, indeed, would require a volume to itself. It is, however, though necessarily an imperfect sketch, fuller and more accurate, I think, than any that has appeared, and it will, at any rate, serve to show, better than could be shown by any other means, how the book made its way in the world, and at the same time indicate the relative importance of the various editions.

The account of the chivalry romances will give the reader some idea of the extent and character of the literature that supplied Cervantes with the motive for 'Don Quixote.'

Proverbs form a part of the national literature of Spain, and the proverbs of 'Don Quixote' have always been regarded as a characteristic feature of the book. They are, moreover, independently of their wit, humour, and sagacity, choice specimens of pure old Castilian. The reader will probably, therefore, be glad to have them in their original form, arranged alphabetically accord-

ing to what is of course the only rational arrangement for proverbs, that of key-words, and numbered for convenience of reference in the notes.

CERVANTES.

FOUR generations had laughed over 'Don Quixote' before it occurred to anyone to ask, who and what manner of man was this Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra whose name is on the title-page; and it was too late for a satisfactory answer to the question when it was proposed to add a life of the author to the London edition published at Lord Carteret's instance in 1738. All traces of the personality of Cervantes had by that time disappeared. Any floating traditions that may once have existed, transmitted from men who had known him, had long since died out, and of other record there was none; for the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were incurious as to 'the men of the time,' a reproach against which the nineteenth has, at any rate, secured itself, if it has produced no Shakespeare or Cervantes. All that Mayans y Siscar, to whom the task was entrusted, or any of those who followed him, Rios, Pellicer, or Navarrete, could do was to eke out the few allusions Cervantes makes to himself in his various prefaces with such pieces of documentary evidence bearing upon his life as they could find.

This, however, has been done by the last-named biographer to such good purpose that, while he has superseded all predecessors, he has left it somewhat more than doubtful whether any successor will ever supersede him. Thoroughness is the chief characteristic of Navarrete's work. Besides sifting, testing, and methodising with rare patience and judgment what had been previously brought to light, he left, as the saying is, no stone unturned under which anything to illustrate his subject might possibly be found, and all the research of the sixty-five years that have elapsed since the publication of his 'Life of Cervantes' has been able to add but little or nothing of

importance to the mass of facts he collected and put in order. Navarrete has done all that industry and acumen could do, and it is no fault of his if he has not given us what we want. What Hallam says of Shakespeare may be applied to the almost parallel case of Cervantes: 'It is not the register of his baptism, or the draft of his will, or the orthography of his name that we seek; no letter of his writing, no record of his conversation, no character of him drawn with any fulness by a contemporary has been produced.' By the irony of fate all or almost all we know of the greatest poet the world has ever seen is contained in documents the most prosaic the art of man can produce, and he who of all the men that ever lived soared highest above this earth is seen to us only as a long-headed man of business, as shrewd and methodical in money matters as the veriest Philistine among us. Of Cervantes we certainly know more than we do of Shakespeare, but of what we know the greater part is derived from sources of the same sort, from formal documents of one kind or another. Here, however, the resemblance ends. In Shakespeare's case the documentary evidence points always to prosperity and success; in the case of Cervantes it tells of difficulties, embarrassments, or struggles.

It is only natural, therefore, that the biographers of Cervantes, forced to make brick without straw, should have recourse largely to conjecture, and that conjecture should in some instances come by degrees to take the place of established fact. All that I propose to do here is to separate what is matter of fact from what is matter of conjecture, and leave it to the reader's judgment to decide whether the data justify the inference or not.

The men whose names by common consent stand in the front rank of Spanish literature, Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Quevedo, Calderon, Garcilaso de la Vega, the Mendozas, Gongora, were all men of ancient families, and, curiously, all, except the last, of families that traced their origin to the same mountain district in the North of Spain. The family of Cervantes is commonly said to have been of Galician origin, and unquestionably it was in possession of lands in Galicia at a very early date; but I

think the balance of the evidence tends to show that the 'solar,' the original site of the family, was at Cervatos in the north-west corner of Old Castile, close to the junction of Castile, Leon, and the Asturias. As it happens, there is a complete history of the Cervantes family from the tenth century down to the seventeenth, extant under the title of 'Illustrious Ancestry, Glorious Deeds, and Noble Posterity of the Famous Nuño Alfonso, Alcaide of Toledo,' written in 1648 by the industrious genealogist Rodrigo Mendez Silva, who availed himself of a manuscript genealogy by Juan de Mena, the poet laureate and historiographer of John II.

The origin of the name Cervantes is curious. Nuño Alfonso was almost as distinguished in the struggle against the Moors in the reign of Alfonso VII. as the Cid had been half a century before in that of Alfonso VI., and was rewarded by divers grants of land in the neighbourhood of Toledo. On one of his acquisitions, about two leagues from the city, he built himself a castle which he called Cervatos, because—so Salazar de Mendoza, in his 'Dignidades de Castilla' (1618), gives us to understand—'he was lord of the solar of Cervatos in the Montaña,' as the mountain region extending from the Basque Provinces to Leon was always called. At his death in battle in 1143, the castle passed by his will to his son Alfonso Munio, who, as territorial or local surnames were then coming into vogue in place of the simple patronymic, took the additional name of Cervatos. His eldest son Pedro succeeded him in the possession of the castle, and followed his example in adopting the name, an assumption at which the younger son, Gonzalo, seems to have taken umbrage.

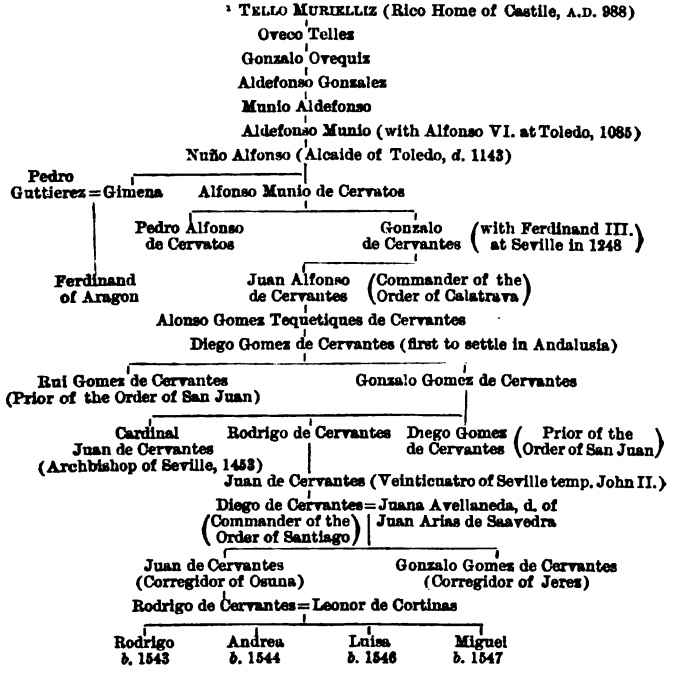
Everyone who has paid even a flying visit to Toledo will remember the ruined castle that crowns the hill above the spot where the bridge of Alcantara spans the gorge of the Tagus, and with its broken outline and crumbling walls makes such an admirable pendant to the square solid Alcazar towering over the city roofs on the opposite side. It was built, or as some say restored, by Alfonso VI. shortly after his occupation of Toledo in 1085, and called by him San Servando after a Spanish martyr, a name subsequently modified into San Servan (in which form it

appears in the 'Poem of the Cid'), San Servantes, and San Cervantes: with regard to which last the 'Handbook for Spain' warns its readers against the supposition that it has anything to do with the author of 'Don Quixote.' Ford, as all know who have taken him for a companion and counsellor on the roads of Spain, is seldom wrong in matters of literature or history. In this instance, however, he is in error. It has everything to do with the author of 'Don Quixote,' for it is in fact these old walls that have given to Spain the name she is proudest of to-day. Gonzalo, above mentioned, it may be readily conceived, did not relish the appropriation by his brother of a name to which he himself had an equal right, for though nominally taken from the castle, it was in reality derived from the ancient territorial possession of the family; and as a set-off, and to distinguish himself (diferenciarse) from his brother, he took as a surname the name of the castle on the bank of the Tagus, in the building of which, according to a family tradition, his great-grandfather had a share. At the same time, too, in place of the family arms, two stags ('cervato' means a young stag) on a field azure, he took two hinds on a field vert. The story deserves notice, if for no other reason, because it disposes of Conde's ingenious theory that by 'Ben-engeli' Cervantes intended an Arabic translation of his own name. Cervantes was as unlikely a man as Scott to be ignorant of his own family history, or to suppose that the name he bore meant 'son of the stag.'

Both brothers founded families. The Cervatos branch flourished for a considerable time, and held many high offices in Toledo, but, according to Salazar de Mendoza, it had become extinct and its possessions had passed into other families in 1618. The Cervantes branch had more tenacity; it sent offshoots in various directions, Andalusia, Estremadura, Galicia, and Portugal, and produced a goodly line of men distinguished in the service of Church and State. Gonzalo himself, and apparently a son of his, followed Ferdinand III. in the great campaign of 1236–48 that gave Cordova and Seville to Christian Spain and penned up the Moors in the kingdom of Granada, and his descendants intermarried with some of the noblest families of the Peninsula and

numbered among them soldiers, magistrates, and Church dignitaries, including at least two cardinal archbishops.

Of the line that settled in Andalusia, Diego de Cervantes, Commander of the Order of Santiago, married Juana Avellaneda, daughter of Juan Arias de Saavedra, and had several sons, of whom one was Gonzalo Gomez, Corregidor of Jerez and ancestor of the Mexican and Columbian branches of the family; and another, Juan, whose son Rodrigo married Doña Leonor de Cortinas, and by her had four children, Rodrigo, Andrea, Luisa, and Miguel, the author of 'Don Quixote.'[1] It is true that documentary evidence is wanting for the absolute identification of Juan the Corregidor of Osuna, whom we know to have been the grandfather of Cervantes, with Juan the son of Diego, but it is not a question that admits of any reasonable doubt. It is difficult to see who else he could have been if the date and



circumstances of the case are taken into consideration, or how, unless he was the issue of the marriage with the daughter of Juan de Saavedra, his grandson could have been Cervantes Saavedra; while his name Juan points to his having been the son of Juana and grandson of the two Juans, Cervantes and Saavedra. The pedigree of Cervantes is not without its bearing on 'Don Quixote.' A man who could look back upon an ancestry of genuine knights-errant extending from well-nigh the time of Pelayo to the siege of Granada was likely to have a strong feeling on the subject of the sham chivalry of the romances. It gives a point, too, to what he says in more than one place about families that have once been great and have tapered away until they have come to nothing, like a pyramid. It was the case of his own.

He was born at Alcalá de Henares, possibly, as his name seems to suggest, on St. Michael's Day, and baptised in the church of Santa Maria Mayor on the 9th of October, 1547. Of his boyhood and youth we know nothing, unless it be from the glimpse he gives us in the preface to his 'Comedies' of himself as a boy looking on with delight while Lope de Rueda and his company set up their rude plank stage in the plaza and acted the rustic farces which he himself afterwards took as the model of his interludes. This first glimpse, however, is a significant one, for it shows the early development of that love of the drama which exercised such an influence on his life and seems to have grown stronger as he grew older, and of which this very preface, written only a few months before his death, is such a striking proof. He gives us to understand, too, that he was a great reader in his youth; but of this no assurance was needed, for the First Part of 'Don Quixote' alone proves a vast amount of miscellaneous reading, romances of chivalry, ballads, popular poetry, chronicles, for which he had no time or opportunity except in the first twenty years of his life; and his misquotations and mistakes in matters of detail are always, it may be noticed, those of a man recalling the reading of his boyhood.

Other things besides the drama were in their infancy when

Cervantes was a boy. The period of his boyhood was in every way a transition period for Spain. The old chivalrous Spain had passed away. Its work was done when Granada surrendered. The new Spain was the mightiest power the world had seen since the Roman Empire, and it had not yet been called upon to pay the price of its greatness. By the policy of Ferdinand and Ximenez the sovereign had been made absolute, and the Church and Inquisition adroitly adjusted to keep him so. The nobles, who had always resisted absolutism as strenuously as they had fought the Moors, had been divested of all political power, a like fate had befallen the cities, the free constitutions of Castile and Aragon had been swept away, and the only function that remained to the Cortes was that of granting money at the King's dictation. But the loss of liberty was not felt immediately, for Charles V. was like an accomplished horseman with a firm seat and a light hand, who can manage the steed without fretting it, and make it do his will while he leaves its movements to all appearance free.

The transition extended to literature. Men who, like Garcilaso de la Vega and Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, followed the Italian wars, had brought back from Italy the products of the post-Renaissance literature, which took root and flourished and even threatened to extinguish the native growths. Damon and Thyrsis, Phillis and Chloe had been fairly naturalised in Spain, together with all the devices of pastoral poetry for investing with an air of novelty the idea of a despairing shepherd and inflexible shepherdess. Sannazaro's 'Arcadia' had introduced the taste for prose pastorals, which soon bore fruit in Montemayor's 'Diana' and its successors; and as for the sonnet, it was spreading like the rabbit in Australia. As a set-off against this, the old historical and traditional ballads, and the true pastorals, the songs and ballads of peasant life, were being collected assiduously and printed in the cancioneros that succeeded one another with increasing rapidity. But the most notable consequence, perhaps, of the spread of printing was the flood of romances of chivalry that had continued to pour from the press ever since Garci

Ordoñez de Montalvo had resuscitated 'Amadis of Gaul' at the beginning of the century.

For a youth fond of reading, solid or light, there could have been no better spot in Spain than Alcalá de Henares in the middle of the sixteenth century. It was then a busy, populous university town, something more than the enterprising rival of Salamanca, and altogether a very different place from the melancholy, silent, deserted Alcalá the traveller sees now as he goes from Madrid to Saragossa. Theology and medicine may have been the strong points of the university, but the town itself seems to have inclined rather to the humanities and light literature, and as a producer of books Alcalá was already beginning to compete with the older presses of Toledo, Burgos, Salamanca, and Seville.

A pendant to the picture Cervantes has given us of his first playgoings might, no doubt, have been often seen in the streets of Alcalá at that time; a bright, eager, tawny-haired boy peering into a book-shop where the latest volumes lay open to tempt the public, wondering, it may be, what that little book with the woodcut of the blind beggar and his boy, that called itself 'Vida de Lazarillo de Tormes, segunda impresion,' could be about; or with eyes brimming over with merriment gazing at one of those preposterous portraits of a knight-errant in outrageous panoply and plumes with which the publishers of chivalry romances loved to embellish the title-pages of their folios. He had seen the Emperor's German ritters many a time, but they were slim pages in satin compared with this. What fun it would be to see such a figure come charging into the plaza! How he'd frighten the old women and scatter the turkeys! If the boy was the father of the man, the sense of the incongruous that was strong at fifty was lively at ten, and some such reflections as these may have been the true genesis of 'Don Quixote.'

For his more solid education, we are told, he went to Salamanca. But why Rodrigo de Cervantes, who was very poor, should have sent his son to a university a hundred and fifty miles away when he had one at his own door, would be a puzzle,

if we had any reason for supposing that he did so. The only evidence is a vague statement by Professor Tomas Gonzalez, that he once saw an old entry of the matriculation of a Miguel de Cervantes. This does not appear to have been ever seen again; but even if it had, and if the date corresponded, it would prove nothing, as there were at least two other Miguels born about the middle of the century; one of them, moreover, a Cervantes Saavedra, a cousin, no doubt, who was a source of great embarrassment to the biographers.

That he was a student neither at Salamanca nor at Alcalá is best proved by his own works. No man drew more largely upon experience than he did, and he has nowhere left a single reminiscence of student life—for the 'Tia Fingida,' if it be his, is not one—nothing, not even 'a college joke,' to show that he remembered days that most men remember best. All that we know positively about his education is that Juan Lopez de Hoyos, a professor of humanities and belles-lettres of some eminence, calls him his 'dear and beloved pupil.' This was in a little collection of verses by different hands on the death of Isabel de Valois, second queen of Philip II., published by the professor in 1569, to which Cervantes contributed four pieces, including an elegy, and an epitaph in the form of a sonnet. It is only by a rare chance that a 'Lycidas' finds its way into a volume of this sort, and Cervantes was no Milton. His verses are no worse than such things usually are; so much, at least, may be said for them.

By the time the book appeared he had left Spain, and, as fate ordered it, for twelve years, the most eventful ones of his life. Giulio, afterwards Cardinal, Acquaviva had been sent at the end of 1568 to Philip II. by the Pope on a mission, partly of condolence, partly political, and on his return to Rome, which was somewhat brusquely expedited by the King, he took Cervantes with him as his *camerero* (chamberlain), the office he himself held in the Pope's household. The post would no doubt have led to advancement at the Papal Court had Cervantes retained it, but in the summer of 1570 he resigned it and enlisted as a private

soldier in Captain Diego de Urbina's company, belonging to Don Miguel de Moncada's regiment, but at that time forming a part of the command of Marc Antony Colonna. What impelled him to this step we know not, whether it was distaste for the career before him, or purely military enthusiasm. It may well have been the latter, for it was a stirring time; the events, however, which led to the alliance between Spain, Venice, and the Pope, against the common enemy, the Porte, and to the victory of the combined fleets at Lepanto, belong rather to the history of Europe than to the life of Cervantes. He was one of those that sailed from Messina, in September 1571, under the command of Don John of Austria; but on the morning of the 7th of October, when the Turkish fleet was sighted, he was lying below ill with fever. At the news that the enemy was in sight he rose, and, in spite of the remonstrances of his comrades and superiors, insisted on taking his post, saying he preferred death in the service of God and the King to health. His galley, the *Marquesa*, was in the thick of the fight, and before it was over he had received three gunshot wounds, two in the breast and one in the left hand or arm. On the morning after the battle, according to Navarrete, he had an interview with the commander-in-chief, Don John, who was making a personal inspection of the wounded, one result of which was an addition of three crowns to his pay, and another, apparently, the friendship of his general. Strada says of Don John that he knew personally every soldier under his command, but at any rate it was as much for his friendly bearing and solicitude for their comfort and well-being as for his abilities and gallantry in the field that he was beloved by his men, and it is easy to conceive that he should have taken a special interest in the case of Cervantes, who, it may be observed, was exactly his own age, and curiously enough —though it is not very likely Don John was aware of the fact— his kinsman in a remote degree, inasmuch as the mother of Ferdinand of Aragon was a descendant of Nuño Alfonso above mentioned.

How severely Cervantes was wounded may be inferred from

the fact, that with youth, a vigorous frame, and as cheerful and buoyant a temperament as ever invalid had, he was seven months in hospital at Messina before he was discharged. He came out with his left hand permanently disabled; he had lost the use of it, as Mercury told him in the 'Viaje del Parnaso,' for the greater glory of the right. This, however, did not absolutely unfit him for service, and in April 1572 he joined Manuel Ponce de Leon's company of Lope de Figueroa's regiment, in which, it seems probable, his brother Rodrigo was serving, and shared in the operations of the next three years, including the capture of the Goletta and Tunis. Taking advantage of the lull which followed the recapture of these places by the Turks, he obtained leave to return to Spain, and sailed from Naples in September 1575 on board the *Sun* galley, in company with his brother Rodrigo, Pedro Carillo de Quesada, late Governor of the Goletta, and some others, and furnished with letters from Don John of Austria and the Duke of Sesa, the Viceroy of Sicily, recommending him to the King for the command of a company, on account of his services; a *dono infelice* as events proved. On the 26th they fell in with a squadron of Algerine galleys, and after a stout resistance were overpowered and carried into Algiers.

It is not easy to resist the temptation to linger over the story of Cervantes' captivity in Algiers, for in truth a more wonderful story has seldom been told. Alexandre Dumas could hardly have invented so marvellous a series of adventures, and certainly would have hesitated before he asked even romance readers to accept anything so improbable. Nevertheless, incredible as the tale may seem, there is evidence for every particular that scepticism itself will not venture to call in question. At the distribution of the captives, Cervantes fell to the share of one Ali or Dali Mami, the rais or captain of one of the galleys, and a renegade, as were almost all embarked in the trade; for a trade the capture of Christians had now become, as Cervantes implies in the title of the 'Trato de Argel.' The Turks, to supply the demand for rowers, dockyard labourers, and the like, for their great Mediterranean fleet, had long been in the

habit of kidnapping, either by making descents upon the coasts, or seizing the crews of vessels at sea. Moved by the sufferings of the unhappy victims, noble-minded men of various religious orders in Spain devoted themselves to the work of negotiating the release of as many as it was possible to ransom, acting as intermediaries between the captors and the friends of the captives, making up the sums required out of the funds contributed by the charitable, and even, as Cervantes himself says in the 'Trato de Argel' and the novel of the 'Española Inglesa,' surrendering themselves as hostages when the money was not immediately forthcoming. It seems strange that a proud and powerful nation should have submitted to this; and stranger still that Philip should have condescended to countenance negotiations of the sort, and formally recognise the Redemptorist Fathers as his agents, when probably a tenth of the force he was employing to stamp out heresy among his Flemish subjects would have sufficed to destroy the nest of pirates that was the centre of the trade. To this pass had 'one-man power' already brought Spain in the last quarter of the sixteenth century. As is unhappily often the case with philanthropic efforts, the exertions of the good Redemptorist Fathers aggravated the evil. They supplied an additional motive for capturing Christians by affording facilities for converting captives into cash, and by making them valuable as property added to their misery.

By means of a ransomed fellow-captive the brothers contrived to inform their family of their condition, and the poor people at Alcalá at once strove to raise the ransom money, the father disposing of all he possessed, and the two sisters giving up their marriage portions. But Dali Mami had found on Cervantes the letters addressed to the King by Don John and the Duke of Sesa, and, concluding that his prize must be a person of great consequence, when the money came he refused it scornfully as being altogether insufficient. The owner of Rodrigo, however, was more easily satisfied; ransom was accepted in his case, and it was arranged between the brothers that he should return to Spain and procure

a vessel in which he was to come back to Algiers and take off Miguel and as many of their comrades as possible. This was not the first attempt to escape that Cervantes had made. Soon after the commencement of his captivity he induced several of his companions to join him in trying to reach Oran, then a Spanish post, on foot; but after the first day's journey, the Moor who had agreed to act as their guide deserted them, and they had no choice but to return. The second attempt was more disastrous. In a garden outside the city on the sea-shore, he constructed, with the help of the gardener, a Spaniard, a hiding-place, to which he brought, one by one, fourteen of his fellow-captives, keeping them there in secrecy for several months, and supplying them with food through a renegade known as El Dorador, 'the Gilder.' How he, a captive himself, contrived to do all this, is one of the mysteries of the story. Wild as the project may appear, it was very nearly successful. The vessel procured by Rodrigo made its appearance off the coast, and under cover of night was proceeding to take off the refugees, when the crew were alarmed by a passing fishing boat, and beat a hasty retreat. On renewing the attempt shortly afterwards, they, or a portion of them at least, were taken prisoners, and just as the poor fellows in the garden were exulting in the thought that in a few moments more freedom would be within their grasp, they found themselves surrounded by Turkish troops, horse and foot. The Dorador had revealed the whole scheme to the Dey Hassan.

When Cervantes saw what had befallen them, he charged his companions to lay all the blame upon him, and as they were being bound he declared aloud that the whole plot was of his contriving, and that nobody else had any share in it. Brought before the Dey, he said the same. He was threatened with impalement and with torture; and as cutting off ears and noses were playful freaks with the Algerines, it may be conceived what their tortures were like; but nothing could make him swerve from his original statement that he and he alone was responsible. The upshot was that the unhappy gardener was hanged by his master, and the prisoners taken possession

of by the Dey, who, however, afterwards restored most of them to their masters, but kept Cervantes, paying Dali Mami 500 crowns for him. He felt, no doubt, that a man of such resource, energy, and daring, was too dangerous a piece of property to be left in private hands ; and he had him heavily ironed and lodged in his own prison. If he thought that by these means he could break the spirit or shake the resolution of his prisoner, he was soon undeceived, for Cervantes contrived before long to despatch a letter to the Governor of Oran, entreating him to send him some one that could be trusted, to enable him and three other gentlemen, fellow-captives of his, to make their escape ; intending evidently to renew his first attempt with a more trustworthy guide. Unfortunately the Moor who carried the letter was stopped just outside Oran, and the letter being found upon him, he was sent back to Algiers, where by the order of the Dey he was promptly impaled as a warning to others, while Cervantes was condemned to receive two thousand blows of the stick, a number which most likely would have deprived the world of 'Don Quixote,' had not some persons, who they were we know not, interceded on his behalf.

After this he seems to have been kept in still closer confinement than before, for nearly two years passed before he made another attempt. This time his plan was to purchase, by the aid of a Spanish renegade and two Valencian merchants resident in Algiers, an armed vessel in which he and about sixty of the leading captives were to make their escape; but just as they were about to put it into execution, one Doctor Juan Blanco de Paz, an ecclesiastic and a compatriot, informed the Dey of the plot. The Dorador, who had betrayed him on the former occasion, was a poor creature, influenced probably by fear of the consequences, but Blanco de Paz was a scoundrel of deeper dye. Cervantes by force of character, by his self-devotion, by his untiring energy and his exertions to lighten the lot of his companions in misery, had endeared himself to all, and become the leading spirit in the captive colony, and, incredible as it may seem, jealousy of his influence and the esteem in which he was held, moved this man to compass his destruction by a cruel death. The merchants

finding that the Dey knew all, and fearing that Cervantes under torture might make disclosures that would imperil their own lives, tried to persuade him to slip away on board a vessel that was on the point of sailing for Spain; but he told them they had nothing to fear, for no tortures would make him compromise anybody, and he went at once and gave himself up to the Dey.

As before, the Dey tried to force him to name his accomplices. Everything was made ready for his immediate execution; the halter was put round his neck and his hands tied behind him, but all that could be got from him was that he himself, with the help of four gentlemen who had since left Algiers, had arranged the whole, and that the sixty who were to accompany him were not to know anything of it until the last moment. Finding he could make nothing of him, the Dey sent him back to prison more heavily ironed than before.

But bold as these projects were, they were surpassed in daring by a plot to bring about a revolt of all the Christians in Algiers, twenty or twenty-five thousand in number, overpower the Turks, and seize the city. Of the details of his plan we know nothing; all we know is that at least two of those in his confidence believed it would have been successful had it not been for the treachery of some persons in the secret; and certain it is that the Dey Hassan stood in awe of Cervantes, and used to say that so long as he kept a tight hold of the crippled Spaniard, his captives, his ships, and his city were safe. What was it, then, that made him hold his hand in his paroxysms of rage? When it was so easy to relieve himself of all the trouble and anxiety his prisoner caused him, what was it that restrained him? It may be said it was the admiration he felt at the noble bearing, dauntless courage, and self-devotion of the man, that made him merciful. But is it likely that the fiend Haedo and Cervantes describe, who hanged, impaled, and cut off ears every day, for the mere pleasure of doing it—who most likely had, like his friend the Arnaut Mami, 'a house filled with noseless Christians'—would have been influenced by any such feeling? There are, we know, men who seem to bear a charmed

life among savages, and to exercise some mysterious power over the savage mind; but the Dey Hassan was no savage; he was worse. With all respect for the Haedos, uncle and nephew, and their chief informant Doctor de Sosa, it would be hard to avoid a suspicion that they had exaggerated, were it not that the story they tell is confirmed in every particular by a formally attested document discovered in 1808 by Cean Bermudez, acting on a suggestion of Navarrete's, in the Archivo General de Indias at Seville.

The poverty-stricken Cervantes family had been all this time trying once more to raise the ransom money, and at last a sum of three hundred ducats was got together and entrusted to the Redemptorist Father Juan Gil, who was about to sail for Algiers. The Dey, however, demanded more than double the sum offered, and as his term of office had expired and he was about to sail for Constantinople, taking all his slaves with him, the case of Cervantes was critical. He was already on board heavily ironed, when the Dey at length agreed to reduce his demand by one-half, and Father Gil by borrowing was able to make up the amount, and on September 19, 1580, after a captivity of five years all but a week, Cervantes was at last set free. Before long he discovered that Blanco de Paz, who claimed to be an officer of the Inquisition, was now concocting on false evidence a charge of misconduct to be brought against him on his return to Spain. To checkmate him Cervantes drew up a series of twenty-five questions, covering the whole period of his captivity, upon which he requested Father Gil to take the depositions of credible witnesses before a notary. Eleven witnesses taken from among the principal captives in Algiers deposed to all the facts above stated (except of course the intended seizure of the city, which was too compromising a matter to be referred to), and to a great deal more besides. There is something touching in the admiration, love, and gratitude we see struggling to find expression in the formal language of the notary, as they testify one after another to the good deeds of Cervantes, how he comforted and helped the weak-hearted, how he kept up their drooping

courage. how he shared his poor purse with this deponent, and how 'in him this deponent found father and mother.'

On his return to Spain he found his old regiment about to march for Portugal to support Philip's claim to the crown, and utterly penniless now, had no choice but to rejoin it. He was in the expeditions to the Azores in 1582 and the following year, and on the conclusion of the war returned to Spain in the autumn of 1583, bringing with him the manuscript of his pastoral romance, the 'Galatea,' and probably also, to judge by internal evidence, that of the first portion of 'Persiles and Sigismunda.' He also brought back with him, his biographers assert, an infant daughter, the offspring of an amour, as some of them with great circumstantiality inform us, with a Lisbon lady of noble birth, whose name, however, as well as that of the street she lived in, they omit to mention. The sole foundation for all this is that in 1605 there certainly was living in the family of Cervantes a Doña Isabel de Saavedra, who is described in an official document as his natural daughter, and then twenty years of age. This is all we know about her, unless she is to be identified with the sister Isabel who in 1614 took the veil in the convent in which he himself was afterwards buried.

With his crippled left hand promotion in the army was hopeless, now that Don John was dead and he had no one to press his claims and services, and for a man drawing on to forty life in the ranks was a dismal prospect; he had already a certain reputation as a poet; Luis Galvez de Montalvo had mentioned him as a distinguished one in the 'Pastor de Filida' in 1582, and we know from Dr. de Sosa, one of the witnesses examined at Algiers, that he used to beguile his imprisonment with poetry; he made up his mind, therefore, to cast his lot with literature, and for a first venture committed his 'Galatea' to the press. It was published, as Salvá y Mallen shows conclusively, at Alcalá, his own birthplace, in 1585, not at Madrid in 1584 as his biographers and bibliographers all say, and no doubt helped to make his name more widely known, but certainly did not do him much good in any other way.

While it was going through the press, he married Doña Catalina de Palacios Salazar y Vozmediano, a lady of Esquivias near Madrid, and apparently a friend of the family, who brought him a fortune which may possibly have served to keep the wolf from the door, but if so, that was all. The drama had by this time outgrown market-place stages and strolling companies, and with his old love for it he naturally turned to it for a congenial employment. In about three years he wrote twenty or thirty plays, which he tells us were performed without any throwing of cucumbers or other missiles, and ran their course without any hisses, outcries, or disturbance. In other words, his plays were not bad enough to be hissed off the stage, but not good enough to hold their own upon it. Only two of them have been preserved, but as they happen to be two of the seven or eight he mentions with complacency, we may assume they are favourable specimens, and no one who reads the 'Numancia' and the 'Trato de Argel' will feel any surprise that they failed as acting dramas. Whatever merits they may have, whatever occasional power they may show, they are, as regards construction, incurably clumsy. How completely they failed is manifest from the fact that with all his sanguine temperament and indomitable perseverance he was unable to maintain the struggle to gain a livelihood as a dramatist for more than three years; nor was the rising popularity of Lope the cause, as is often said, notwithstanding his own words to the contrary. When Lope began to write for the stage is uncertain, but it was certainly after Cervantes went to Seville.

This, according to Navarrete, was in 1588, but the 'Nuevos Documentos' published by Don Jose Asensio y Toledo in 1864 show that it must have been early in 1587. His first employment seems to have been under Diego de Valdivia, a judge of the Audiencia Real, but at the beginning of 1588 he was appointed one of four deputy purveyors under Antonio de Guevara, purveyor-general to that 'fleet of the Indies' known to history as the Invincible Armada. It was no doubt an irksome and ill-paid office, for in 1590 he addressed a memorial to the King, setting forth his services and petitioning for an appointment to one of three or four posts then

vacant in the Spanish possessions across the Atlantic, an application which, fortunately for the world, was 'referred,' it would seem, to some official in the Indies Office at Seville, and being shelved, so remained until it was discovered among the documents brought to light by Cean Bermudez.

Among the 'Nuevos Documentos' printed by Señor Asensio y Toledo is one dated 1592, and curiously characteristic of Cervantes. It is an agreement with one Rodrigo Osorio, a manager, who was to accept six comedies at fifty ducats (about 6*l.*) apiece, not to be paid in any case unless it appeared on representation that the said comedy was one of the best that had ever been represented in Spain. The test does not seem to have been ever applied; perhaps it was sufficiently apparent to Rodrigo Osorio that the comedies were *not* among the best that had ever been represented. Among the correspondence of Cervantes there might have been found, no doubt, more than one letter like that we see in the 'Rake's Progress,' 'Sir, I have read your play, and it will not doo.'

He was more successful in a literary contest at Saragossa in 1595 in honour of the canonisation of St. Jacinto, when his composition won the first prize, three silver spoons. The year before this he had been appointed a collector of revenues for the kingdom of Granada, a better post probably than his first, but certainly a more responsible one, as he found in the end to his cost. In order to remit the money he had collected more conveniently to the treasury, he entrusted it to a merchant, who failed and absconded; and as the bankrupt's assets were insufficient to cover the whole, he was sent to prison at Seville in September 1597. The balance against him, however, was a small one, about 26*l.*, and on giving security for it he was released at the end of the year.

It was as he journeyed from town to town collecting the king's taxes, that he noted down those bits of inn and wayside life and character that abound in the pages of 'Don Quixote:' the Benedictine monks with spectacles and sunshades, mounted on their tall mules; the strollers in costume bound for the next

village; the barber with his basin on his head, on his way to bleed a patient; the recruit with his breeches in his bundle, tramping along the road singing; the reapers gathered in the venta gateway listening to 'Felixmarte de Hircania' read out to them; and those little Hogarthian touches that he so well knew how to bring in, the ox-tail hanging up with the landlord's comb stuck in it, the wine-skins at the bed-head, and those notable examples of hostelry art, Helen going off in high spirits on Paris's arm, and Dido on the tower dropping tears as big as walnuts. Nay, it may well be that on those journeys into remote regions he came across now and then a specimen of the pauper gentleman, with his lean hack and his greyhound and his books of chivalry, dreaming away his life in happy ignorance that the world had changed since his great-grandfather's old helmet was new. But it was in Seville that he found out his true vocation, though he himself would not by any means have admitted it to be so. It was there, in the Triana, that he was first tempted to try his hand at drawing from life, and first brought his humour into play in the exquisite little sketch of 'Rinconete y Cortadillo,' the germ, in more ways than one, of 'Don Quixote.'

Where and when that was written, we cannot tell. After his imprisonment all trace of Cervantes in his official capacity disappears, from which it may be inferred that he was not reinstated. That he was still in Seville in November 1598 appears from a satirical sonnet of his on the elaborate catafalque erected to testify the grief of the city at the death of Philip II., but from this up to 1608 we have no clue to his movements. The words in the preface to the First Part of 'Don Quixote' are generally held to be conclusive that he conceived the idea of the book, and wrote the beginning of it at least, in a prison, and that he may have done so is extremely likely. At the same time it should be borne in mind that they contain no assertion to that effect, and may mean nothing more than that this brain-child of his was begotten under circumstances as depressing as prison life. If we accept them literally, the prison may very well have been that in which he was confined for nearly three months at Seville.

The story of his having been imprisoned afterwards at Argamasilla de Alba rests entirely on local tradition. That Argamasilla is Don Quixote's village does not admit of a doubt. Even if Cervantes himself had not owned it by making the Academicians of Argamasilla write verses in honour of Don Quixote, there is no other town or village in La Mancha, except perhaps its near neighbour Tomelloso, the relative position of which to the field of Montiel, the high road to Seville, Puerto Lapice, and the Sierra Morena, agrees with the narrative; and we know by Quevedo's burlesque ballad on Don Quixote's Testament that in 1608 it was already famous as Don Quixote's town. Also that Cervantes had a grudge of some kind against the town seems likely from his having 'no desire to call its name to mind,' and from the banter about the Academicians. It would be uncritical to reject the story absolutely because it depends on local tradition, at the same time it needs very little insight into mythology to see how easily the legend might have grown up under the circumstances.

The cause of the imprisonment is variously stated. It is attributed to a dispute about tithes due to the Priory of St. John which Cervantes had to collect, to a squabble about water rights, to 'a stinging jest' of his, to a love affair with the daughter of a hidalgo, whose portrait, with that of his daughter, hangs in the village church, and who is conjectured from the inscription upon it to have been the original of Don Quixote. But whatever the cause, the Argamasillans are all agreed that the prison was the arched cellar under the Casa de Medrano, and the late J. E. Hartzenbusch was so far impressed by the tradition that he had two editions of 'Don Quixote' printed there, the charming little Elzevir edited by him in 1868, and the four volumes containing the novel in the twelve-volume edition of Cervantes' works completed in 1865.

The books mentioned in chap. vi. (e.g. the 'Pastor de Iberia,' printed in 1591) and the adventure of the dead body in chap. xx., which is obviously based upon an actual occurrence that made some noise in the South of Spain about the year 1593, limit the

time within which the First Part can have been written, and it was licensed for the press in September 1604. But it is plain the book had circulated in manuscript to some extent before this, for in the 'Picara Justina,' which was licensed in August 1604, there are some verses in which Justina speaks of herself as more famous than Don Quixote, Celestina, Lazarillo, or Guzman de Alfarache, so that more than four months before it had been printed we have 'Don Quixote' ranked with the three most famous fictions of Spain. Nor is this all. In a letter which is extant, dated August 1604, Lope de Vega says that of the rising poets 'there is not one so bad as Cervantes or so silly as to *write in praise of* "*Don Quixote*;"' and in another passage that satire is 'as odious to him as his comedies are to Cervantes'—evidently alluding to the dramatic criticism in chap. xlviii.

There is a tradition that Cervantes read some portions of his work to a select audience at the Duke of Bejar's, which may have helped to make the book known; but the obvious conclusion is that the First Part of 'Don Quixote' lay on his hands some time before he could find a publisher bold enough to undertake a venture of so novel a character; and so little faith in it had Francisco Robles of Madrid, to whom at last he sold it, that he did not care to incur the expense of securing the copyright for Aragon or Portugal, contenting himself with that for Castile. The printing was finished in December, and the book came out with the new year, 1605. It is often said that 'Don Quixote' was at first received coldly. The facts show just the contrary. No sooner was it in the hands of the public than preparations were made to issue pirated editions at Lisbon and Valencia, and to protect his property Robles had to bring out a second edition with the additional copyrights for Aragon and Portugal, which he secured in February. But two Lisbon publishers were in the field with editions almost, if not quite, as soon as he was, and if he lost the whole or a good part of his royalties on the copies sold in Portugal, no one, I imagine, will feel much pity for him. He was in time, however, to secure his rights in Valencia, where in the course of the summer an authorised edition appeared,

but not two, as Salvá y Mallen, Gallardo, and others say, for the differences they rely on are mere variations of copies of the same edition. There were, in fact, five editions within the year, and in less than three years' time these were exhausted.

No doubt it was received with something more than coldness by certain sections of the community. Men of wit, taste, and discrimination among the aristocracy gave it a hearty welcome, but the aristocracy in general were not likely to relish a book that turned their favourite reading into ridicule and laughed at so many of their favourite ideas, and Lope's letter above quoted expresses beyond a doubt the feeling of the literary class with a few exceptions. The dramatists who gathered round Lope as their leader regarded Cervantes as their common enemy, and it is plain that he was equally obnoxious to the other clique, the *culto* poets who had Gongora for their chief. Navarrete, who knew nothing of the letter above mentioned, tries hard to show that the relations between Cervantes and Lope were of a very friendly sort, as indeed they were until 'Don Quixote' was written. The first public praise Lope ever got was from Cervantes in the 'Galatea;' and when he published his 'Dragontea' in 1598 Cervantes wrote for it a not ungraceful sonnet upon that 'fertile Vega that every day offers us fresh fruits;' and Lope on his part mentioned Cervantes in a complimentary way in the 'Arcadia.'

But Cervantes' criticism on the drama of the new school, though in truth it amounts to no more than Lope himself admitted in 1602 in the 'New Art of Comedy Writing,' seems to have changed all this. Cervantes, indeed, to the last generously and manfully declared his admiration of Lope's powers, his unfailing invention, and his marvellous fertility; but in the preface to the First Part of 'Don Quixote' and in the verses of 'Urganda the Unknown,' and one or two other places, there are, if we read between the lines, sly hits at Lope's vanities and affectations that argue no personal good-will; and Lope openly sneers at 'Don Quixote' and Cervantes, and fourteen years after his death gives him only a few lines of cold commonplace in the 'Laurel de

Apolo,' that seem all the colder for the eulogies of a host of nonentities whose names are found nowhere else.

There was little in the First Part of 'Don Quixote' to give offence to Gongora and his school, but no doubt instinct told them that the man who wrote it was no friend of theirs (as was abundantly proved when the Second Part came out), and they showed their animus almost immediately. There were great rejoicings at Valladolid in the spring of 1605, on the occasion of the baptism of the prince, afterwards Philip IV., which coincided with the arrival of Lord Howard of Effingham and a numerous retinue to ratify the treaty of peace between England and Spain, and the official 'Relacion' of the fête is believed by Pellicer, Navarrete, Hartzenbusch and others to have been written by Cervantes. Thereupon there appeared a sonnet in that bitter trenchant style of which Gongora was such a master, declaring that the sole object of the expenditure and display was to do honour to the heretics and Lutherans, and taunting the authorities with having employed 'Don Quixote, Sancho, and his ass' to write an account of their doings. In the opinion of Don Pascual de Gayangos ('Cervantes en Valladolid,' Madrid, 1884) the connection of Cervantes with the 'Relacion' is doubtful, as it is also that Gongora, to whom the sonnet is generally attributed, was really the author. All that can be said is that it is in his manner, and that the reference to the heretics and Lutherans is Gongora all over; if not his it comes from his school, and shows the feeling existing in that quarter towards Cervantes and his work.

In another piece, still more characteristic, he makes an attack on Cervantes which has never been noticed, so far as I am aware. In the ballad beginning 'Castillo de San Cervantes' he taunts the old castle on the Tagus, already referred to, with being no longer what it was in the days of its youth when it did such gallant service against the Moors, compares its crumbling battlements to an old man's teeth, and bids it look down and see in the stream below how age has changed it. Depping, who inserts the ballad in his 'Romancero,' admits

that the idea is poetical, but confesses he cannot see the drift of the poet, who seems to him to be here rather a preacher than a poet; and no doubt others have shared his perplexity. It was evidently a recognised gibe to compare Cervantes to the ruined castle that bore his name; Avellaneda, in the scurrilous preface to his continuation of 'Don Quixote,' jeers at him, in precisely the same strain as the ballad, for having grown as old, and being as much the worse for time as the castle of San Cervantes. Gongora, it may be observed, had a special gift of writing pretty, innocent-looking verses charged with venom. Who would take the lines to a mountain brook, beginning—

> Whither away, my little river,
> Why leap down so eagerly,
> Thou to be lost in the Guadalquivir,
> The Guadalquivir in the sea?—

as guileless apparently as a lyrical ballad of Wordsworth's, to be in reality a bitter satire on the unlucky upstart, Rodrigo Calderon?

Another reason for the enmity of Gongora and his clique to Cervantes may well have been that their arch-enemy Quevedo was a friend of his. Cervantes, indeed, expressly declares his esteem for Quevedo as 'the scourge of silly poets.' It is a pity that we know so little of the relations of these two men to one another. Quevedo now here mentions Cervantes personally, though he shows himself to have been an appreciative reader of 'Don Quixote,' and Cervantes only twice mentions Quevedo. But each time there is something in his words that suggests a close personal intimacy. Thus, in the 'Viaje del Parnaso,' when Mercury proposes to wait for Quevedo, Cervantes says he 'takes such short steps that he will be a whole age coming;' a remark which has puzzled a good many readers. The fact is that Quevedo had clubbed feet, but, so far from being sensitive about the deformity, made it a matter of joke. Cervantes, however, could not feel sure that he would relish a joke on the subject from another, had he not been intimate with him, and

we know he held with the proverb, 'Jests that give pain are no jests.'

Quevedo seems to have been the only one among the younger men, except perhaps Juan de Jauregui, with whom Cervantes had any friendship, and even among the men of his own generation his personal friendships appear to have been but few. And yet, so far as the few glimpses we get allow us to judge, Cervantes must have been one of the most lovable men this world has ever seen. The depositions of the witnesses at Algiers, given by Navarrete, show his power of winning the love of his fellow-men. He was a staunch and loyal friend himself, one that could see no fault in a friend, and never missed a chance of saying a kindly word when he thought he could give pleasure to a friend. He bore his hard lot with sweet serenity and noble patience, facing adversity as he had faced death with high courage and dauntless spirit; and surely those two fancy portraits Hartzenbusch has prefixed to his editions are libellous representations. The features of Cervantes never wore that expression of agonised despair. We may rely upon it that it was with the 'smooth untroubled forehead and bright cheerful eyes' of his own half-playful description that he met adverse fortune.

In 1601 Valladolid was made the seat of the Court, and at the beginning of 1603 Cervantes had been summoned thither in connection with the balance due by him to the Treasury, which was still outstanding. In what way the matter was settled we know not, but we hear no more of it. He remained at Valladolid, apparently supporting himself by agencies and scrivener's work of some sort; probably drafting petitions and drawing up statements of claims to be presented to the Council, and the like. So, at least, we gather from the depositions taken on the occasion of the death of a gentleman, the victim of a street brawl, who had been carried into the house in which he lived. In these he himself is described as a man who wrote and transacted business, and it appears that his household then consisted of his wife, the natural daughter Isabel de Saavedra already mentioned,

his sister Andrea, now a widow, her daughter Costanza, a mysterious Magdalena de Sotomayor calling herself his sister, for whom his biographers cannot account, and a servant-maid.

From another document it would seem that the women found employment in needlework for persons in attendance on the Court, and the presumption is, therefore, that when the Court was removed once more to Madrid in 1606, Cervantes and his household followed it; but we have no evidence of his being in Madrid before 1609, when he was living in the Calle de la Magdalena, a street running from the Calle de Atocha to the Calle de Toledo.

Meanwhile 'Don Quixote' had been growing in favour, and its author's name was now known beyond the Pyrenees. In 1607 an edition was printed at Brussels. Robles, the Madrid publisher, found it necessary to meet the demand by a third edition, the seventh in all, in 1608. The popularity of the book in Italy was such that a Milan bookseller was led to bring out an edition in 1610; and another was called for in Brussels in 1611. It seemed as if the hope in the motto of Juan de la Cuesta's device on his title-page[1] was at last about to be realised; and it might naturally have been expected that, with such proofs before him that he had hit the taste of the public, Cervantes would have at once set about redeeming his rather vague promise of a second volume.

But, to all appearance, nothing was farther from his thoughts. He had still by him one or two short tales of the same vintage as those he had inserted in 'Don Quixote'—'Rinconete y Cortadillo,' above mentioned, the 'Amante Liberal,' a story like that of the 'Captive,' inspired by his own experiences, and perhaps the 'Celoso Estremeño'—and instead of continuing the adventures of Don Quixote, he set to work to write more of these 'novelas exemplares,' as he afterwards called them, with a view to making a book of them. Possibly the 'Ilustre Fregona' and the 'Fuerza de la Sangre' were not written quite so late, but

[1] 'Post tenebras spero lucem.' *V.* fac-simile on title-page.

internal evidence shows beyond a doubt that the others, the 'Gitanilla,' the 'Española Inglesa,' the 'Licenciado Vidriero,' the 'Dos Doncellas,' the 'Señora Cornelia,' the 'Casamiento Engañoso,' and the 'Coloquio de los Perros' were all written between 1606 and 1612.

Whether the 'Tia Fingida,' which is now generally included in his novels, is the work of Cervantes or not, must be left an open question. No one who has read it in the original would willingly accept it, but disrelish is no reason for summarily rejecting it, and it cannot be denied that the style closely resembles his. There is nothing in the objection that 'usted' is never used by Cervantes for 'vuestra merced,' for its employment in the tale may be due to the transcriber or printer; and of the two MSS. in existence one at least, though certainly not in the handwriting, is of the time of Cervantes, in the opinion of so good a judge as Señor Fernandez-Guerra y Orbe. The novels were published in the summer of 1613, with a dedication to the Conde de Lemos, the Mæcenas of the day, and with one of those chatty confidential prefaces Cervantes was so fond of. In this, eight years and a half after the First Part of 'Don Quixote' had appeared, we get the first hint of a forthcoming Second Part. 'You shall see shortly,' he says, 'the further exploits of Don Quixote and humours of Sancho Panza.' His idea of 'shortly' was a somewhat elastic one, for, as we know by the date to Sancho's letter, he had barely one-half of the book completed that time twelvemonth.

The fact was that, to use a popular phrase, he had 'many irons in the fire.' There was the Second Part of his 'Galatea' to be written, his 'Persiles' to be finished, he had on his hands his 'Semanas del Jardin' and his 'Bernardo,' of the nature of which we know nothing, and there was the 'Viaje del Parnaso' to be got ready for the press. The last, now made accessible to English readers by the admirable translation of Mr. James Y. Gibson, had been, in part at least, written about three years before the novels were printed. Its motive was the commission given by the Conde de Lemos, on his appointment as Viceroy of

Naples, to the brothers Argensola to select poets to grace his court, which suggested to Cervantes the idea of a struggle for Parnassus between the good and bad poets; and as he worked it out he passed in review every poet and poetaster in Spain. But it is what he says about himself in it, and in the prose appendix to it, 'the Adjunta,' that gives it its chief value and interest now, and from no other source do we learn so much about him and his writings, and his own estimate of them.

But more than poems, or pastorals, or novels, it was his dramatic ambition that engrossed his thoughts. The same indomitable spirit that kept him from despair in the bagnios of Algiers, and prompted him to attempt the escape of himself and his comrades again and again, made him persevere in spite of failure and discouragement in his efforts to win the ear of the public as a dramatist. The temperament of Cervantes was essentially sanguine. The portrait he draws in the preface to the novels, with the aquiline features, chestnut hair, smooth untroubled forehead, and bright cheerful eyes, is the very portrait of a sanguine man. Nothing that the managers might say could persuade him that the merits of his plays would not be recognised at last if they were only given a fair chance. In the famous forty-eighth chapter of 'Don Quixote,' in the Adjunta to the 'Viaje del Parnaso,' in the preface to his comedies, and other places, he shows plainly enough the ambition that lay next his heart. The old soldier of the Spanish Salamis was bent on being the Æschylus of Spain. He was to found a great national drama, based on the true principles of art, that was to be the envy of all nations; he was to drive from the stage the silly, childish plays, the 'mirrors of nonsense and models of folly' that were in vogue through the cupidity of the managers and short-sightedness of the authors; he was to correct and educate the public taste until it was ripe for tragedies on the model of the Greek drama—like the 'Numancia' for instance—and comedies that would not only amuse but improve and instruct. All this he was to do, could he once get a hearing: there was the initial difficulty.

He shows plainly enough, too, that 'Don Quixote' and the demolition of the chivalry romances was not the work that lay next his heart. He was, indeed, as he says himself in his preface, more a stepfather than a father to 'Don Quixote.' Never was great work so neglected by its author. That it was written carelessly, hastily, and by fits and starts, was not always his fault, but it seems clear he never read what he sent to the press. He knew how the printers had blundered, but he never took the trouble to correct them when the third edition was in progress, as a man who really cared for the child of his brain would have done. He appears to have regarded the book as little more than a mere 'libro de entretenimiento,' an amusing book, a thing, as he says in the 'Viaje,' 'to divert the melancholy moody heart at any time or season.' No doubt he had an affection for his hero, and was very proud of Sancho Panza. It would have been strange indeed if he had not been proud of the most humorous creation in all fiction. He was proud, too, of the popularity and success of the book, and beyond measure delightful is the *naiveté* with which he shows his pride in a dozen passages in the Second Part. But it was not the success he coveted. In all probability he would have given all the success of 'Don Quixote,' nay, would have seen every copy of 'Don Quixote' burned in the Plaza Mayor, for one such success as Lope de Vega was enjoying on an average once a week.

And so he went on, dawdling over 'Don Quixote,' adding a chapter now and again, and putting it aside to turn to 'Persiles and Sigismunda'—which, as we know, was to be the most entertaining book in the language, and the rival of 'Theagenes and Chariclea'—or finishing off one of his darling comedies; and if Robles asked when 'Don Quixote' would be ready, the answer no doubt was 'con brevedad'—shortly, there was time enough for that. At sixty-eight he was as full of life and hope and plans for the future as a boy of eighteen.

Nemesis was coming, however. He had got as far as chapter lix., which at his leisurely pace he could hardly have reached before October or November 1614, when there was put

into his hand a small octavo lately printed at Tarragona, and calling itself 'Second Volume of the Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha: by the Licentiate Alonso Fernandez de Avellaneda of Tordesillas.' The last half of chapter lix. and most of the following chapters of the Second Part give us some idea of the effect produced upon him, and his irritation was not likely to be lessened by the reflection that he had no one to blame but himself. Had Avellaneda, in fact, been content with merely bringing out a continuation to 'Don Quixote,' Cervantes would have had no reasonable grievance. His own intentions were expressed in the very vaguest language at the end of the book; nay, in his last words, 'forse altri canterá con miglior plettro,' he seems actually to invite some one else to continue the work, and he made no sign until eight years and a half had gone by; by which time Avellaneda's volume was no doubt written.

In fact Cervantes had no case, or a very bad one, as far as the mere continuation was concerned. But Avellaneda chose to write a preface to it, full of such coarse personal abuse as only an ill-conditioned man could pour out. He taunts Cervantes with being old, with having lost his hand, with having been in prison, with being poor, with being friendless, accuses him of envy of Lope's success, of petulance and querulousness, and so on; and it was in this that the sting lay. Avellaneda's reason for this personal attack is obvious enough. Whoever he may have been, it is clear that he was one of the dramatists of Lope's school, for he has the impudence to charge Cervantes with attacking him as well as Lope in his criticism on the drama. His identification has exercised the best critics and baffled all the ingenuity and research that has been brought to bear on it. Navarrete and Ticknor both incline to the belief that Cervantes knew who he was; but I must say I think the anger he shows suggests an invisible assailant; it is like the irritation of a man stung by a mosquito in the dark. Cervantes from certain solecisms of language pronounces him to be an Aragonese, and Pellicer, an Aragonese himself, supports this view and believes

him, moreover, to have been an ecclesiastic, a Dominican probably. It has been suggested that he was Luis de Aliaga, the King's confessor; Andres Perez, the author of the 'Picara Justina;' Bartolome de Argensola, the poet; Cervantes' old enemy Blanco de Paz; Alarcon, the dramatist; even the great Lope himself; but the wildest surmise of all was that of the late Rawdon Brown, who put in a claim for the German scholar Gaspar Scöppe, or Scioppius, apparently because he was quarrelsome and happened to be in Spain about this time.

Neither the question nor the book would ever have been heard of outside the circle of bookworms had Cervantes only behaved as Aleman did when his continuation of 'Guzman de Alfarache' was forestalled by Juan Marti. But the persistence and the vehemence of his invective sent readers to the book who would otherwise never have troubled themselves about it. In its own day it fell dead from the press, for the second edition in 1615 mentioned by Ebert is purely imaginary. But Blas de Nasarre, an early specimen of a type of *littérateur* now common, saw in Cervantes' vituperation a sufficient reason for taking the book up and proving it meritorious; and this he did in an edition in 1732, in which he showed that it was on the whole a superior work to the genuine 'Don Quixote.' The originality of this view—not that it was original, for Le Sage had said much the same—so charmed M. Germond de Lavigne that he produced in 1853 a French translation with a preface and notes, wherein he not only maintained that in humour, taste, invention, and truth to nature, Cervantes was surpassed by Avellaneda; but pointed out several passages to prove that he had borrowed ideas from a book that most likely did not exist at the time, and that most certainly he had not seen or heard of. All this of course is intelligible, but not so that a sound Spanish scholar and critic like the late Vicente Salvá should have said, that if Cervantes' 'Don Quixote' were not in existence Avellaneda's would be the best novel in the language; which (not to speak of the absurdity of putting it before 'Lazarillo de Tormes,' 'Guzman de Alfarache,' Quevedo's 'Gran Tacaño,' Isla's 'Fray Gerundio de Campazas')

is like saying that if there were no sun, the moon would be the brightest body in the heavens. Any merit Avellaneda has is reflected from Cervantes, and he is too dull to reflect much. 'Dull and dirty' will always be, I imagine, the verdict of the vast majority of unprejudiced readers. He is, at best, a poor plagiarist; all he can do is to follow slavishly the lead given him by Cervantes; his only humour lies in making Don Quixote take inns for castles and fancy himself some legendary or historical personage, and Sancho mistake words, invert proverbs, and display his gluttony; all through he shows a proclivity to coarseness and dirt, and he has contrived to introduce two tales filthier than anything by the sixteenth century *novellieri* and without their sprightliness; tales that even Le Sage and M. de Lavigne did not dare to reproduce as they found them.

But whatever Avellaneda and his book may be, we must not forget the debt we owe them. But for them, there can be no doubt, 'Don Quixote' would have come to us a mere torso instead of a complete work. Even if Cervantes had finished the volume he had in hand, most assuredly he would have left off with a promise of a Third Part, giving the further adventures of Don Quixote and humours of Sancho Panza as shepherds. It is plain that he had at one time an intention of dealing with the pastoral romances as he had dealt with the books of chivalry, and but for Avellaneda he would have tried to carry it out. But it is more likely that, with his plans, and projects, and hopefulness, the volume would have remained unfinished till his death, and that we should have never made the acquaintance of the Duke and Duchess, or gone with Sancho to Barataria.

From the moment the book came into his hands he seems to have been haunted by the fear that there might be more Avellanedas in the field, and putting everything else aside, he set himself to finish off his task and protect Don Quixote in the only way he could, by killing him. The conclusion is no doubt a hasty and in some places clumsy piece of work—the last chapter, indeed, is a curiosity of slovenly writing—and the frequent repetition of the scoldings administered to Avellaneda becomes

in the end rather wearisome; but it is, at any rate, a conclusion and for that we must thank Avellaneda.

The new volume was ready for the press in February, but was not printed till the very end of 1615, and during the interval Cervantes put together the comedies and interludes he had written within the last few years, and, as he adds plaintively, found no demand for among the managers, and published them with a preface, worth the book it introduces tenfold, in which he gives an account of the early Spanish stage, and of his own attempts as a dramatist. As for the interludes (*entremeses*) they are mere farcical scenes without any pretence to a plot, but not without a certain amount of life and humour. With regard to the comedies, the unanimity of opinion is remarkable. Everyone seems to approach them with the hope of finding them not altogether unworthy of Cervantes, not altogether the poor productions the critics have pronounced them, and every reader is compelled in the end reluctantly to give them up, and own, in the words of M. Emile Chasles, that 'on se croirait à mille lieues du bon sens viril qui éclatera dans "Don Quichotte."' Nothing, perhaps, gives a better idea of their character and quality than that Blas de Nasarre, who published the second edition in 1749, should have, in perfect seriousness, advanced the theory that Cervantes wrote them with an object somewhat similar to that of 'Don Quixote,' in fact as burlesques upon the silly senseless plays of the day; and indeed had the 'Rufian Dichoso' been written forty years later there would be nothing *primâ facie* absurd in supposing it a caricature of Calderon's mystic devotional dramas. It is needless to say they were put forward by Cervantes in all good faith and full confidence in their merits. The reader, however, was not to suppose they were his last word or final effort in the drama, for he had in hand a comedy called 'Engaño á los ojos,' about which, if he mistook not, there would be no question.

Of this dramatic masterpiece the world has had no opportunity of judging; his health had been failing for some time, and he died, apparently of dropsy, on the 23rd of April, 1616, the

day on which England lost Shakespeare, nominally at least, for the English calendar had not yet been reformed.

He died as he had lived, accepting his lot bravely and cheerfully. His dedication of the 'Persiles and Sigismunda' to the Conde de Lemos is notable among recorded death-bed words for its simple unaffected serenity. He could wish, he says, that the opening line of the old ballad 'One foot in the stirrup already' did not serve so aptly to begin his letter with; they had given him the extreme unction the day before, his time was now short, his pains were growing greater, his hopes growing less; still he would gladly live a little longer to welcome his benefactor back to Spain; but if that might not be, Heaven's will be done. And then, the ruling passion asserting itself, he goes on to talk of his unfinished works, 'The Weeks of the Garden,' the famous 'Bernardo,' the conclusion of the 'Galatea' that his Excellency liked so much; all which he would complete should Heaven prolong his life, which now could only be by a miracle.

Was it an unhappy life, that of Cervantes? His biographers all tell us that it was; but I must say I doubt it. It was a hard life, a life of poverty, of incessant struggle, of toil ill paid, of disappointment, but Cervantes carried within himself the antidote to all these evils. His was not one of those light natures that rise above adversity merely by virtue of their own buoyancy; it was in the fortitude of a high spirit that he was proof against it. It is impossible to conceive Cervantes giving way to despondency or prostrated by dejection. As for poverty, it was with him a thing to be laughed over, and the only sigh he ever allows to escape him is when he says, 'Happy he to whom Heaven has given a piece of bread for which he is not bound to give thanks to any but Heaven itself.' Add to all this his vital energy and mental activity, his restless invention and his sanguine temperament, and there will be reason enough to doubt whether his could have been a very unhappy life. He who could take Cervantes' distresses together with his apparatus for enduring them would not make so bad a bargain, perhaps, as far as happiness in life is concerned.

It is pleasant, however, to think that the sunset was brighter than the day had been, and that at the close of his life he was not left dependent on his own high courage for comfort and support. He had failed in the object of his heart, but he had the consolation of knowing that if Spain had refused his dramas the World had welcomed his novel. He was still a poor man; 'a soldier, a hidalgo, old and poor,' was the description given to strangers asking who and what the author of 'Don Quixote' was. But he was no longer friendless, and he no longer felt the pressure of poverty as he had felt it in the days of his obscurity. His good friends, the Conde de Lemos and the Archbishop of Toledo, as he himself tells us, had charged themselves with his welfare, and the booksellers did not look askance at his books now. If Juan de Villaroel paid him 'reasonably,' as he admits, for so unpromising a venture as the volume of comedies, we may presume that Robles gave him something substantial for the novels and for the Second Part of 'Don Quixote.' He was able to live, too, in what was then a fashionable quarter of Madrid, the maze of dull streets lying between the Carrera de San Geronimo and the Calle de Atocha. The house in which he died is in the Calle del Leon, but the doorway, marked by a medallion, is in the Calle de Francos, now the Calle de Cervantes, in which, a few doors farther down, the great Lope lived and died, while Quevedo lived a few paces off in the Calle del Niño.

Of his burial-place nothing is known except that he was buried, in accordance with his will, in the neighbouring convent of Trinitarian nuns, of which it is supposed his daughter, Isabel de Saavedra, was an inmate, and that a few years afterwards the nuns removed to another convent, carrying their dead with them. But whether the remains of Cervantes were included in the removal or not no one knows, and the clue to their resting-place is now lost beyond all hope. This furnishes perhaps the least defensible of the items in the charge of neglect brought against his contemporaries. In some of the others there is a good deal of exaggeration. To listen to most of his biographers one would suppose that all Spain was in league not

only against the man but against his memory, or at least that it was insensible to his merits, and left him to live in misery and die of want. To talk of his hard life and unworthy employments in Andalusia is absurd. What had he done to distinguish him from thousands of other struggling men earning a precarious livelihood? True, he was a gallant soldier, who had been wounded and had undergone captivity and suffering in his country's cause, but there were hundreds of others in the same case. He had written a mediocre specimen of an insipid class of romance, and some plays which manifestly did not comply with the primary condition of pleasing: were the playgoers to patronise plays that did not amuse them, because the author was to produce 'Don Quixote' twenty years afterwards?

The scramble for copies which, as we have seen, followed immediately on the appearance of the book, does not look like general insensibility to its merits. No doubt it was received coldly by some, but if a man writes a book in ridicule of periwigs he must make his account with being coldly received by the periwig wearers and hated by the whole tribe of wig-makers. If Cervantes had the chivalry-romance readers, the sentimentalists, the dramatists, and the poets of the period all against him, it was because 'Don Quixote' was what it was; and if the general public did not come forward to make him comfortable for the rest of his days, it is no more to be charged with neglect and ingratitude than the English-speaking public that did not pay off Scott's liabilities. It did the best it could; it read his book and liked it and bought it, and encouraged the bookseller to pay him well for others.

Another charge is that his fellow-countrymen have been so careless of his memory that they have allowed his portraits to be lost. It is always assumed that there was once a portrait of him painted by his friend Juan de Jauregui, but the words on which the assumption rests prove nothing of the kind. They imply nothing more than that Jauregui could or would paint a portrait of him if asked to do so. There is even less ground for the supposition that Pacheco ever painted or drew

his portrait, unless indeed we accept as satisfactory the arguments used by Don Jose-Maria Asensio y Toledo in support of that inserted by him in his 'Nuevos Documentos,' and reproduced in Sir W. Stirling Maxwell's 'Don John of Austria' and Mr. Gibson's 'Journey to Parnassus.' But in truth they amount to nothing more than a chain of mere assumptions. It is an assumption that the manuscript on which the whole depends is a trustworthy document; an assumption that the picture Señor Asensio has fixed on is the one the manuscript means; and an assumption that the boatman he has fixed on in the picture is the portrait of Cervantes.

On the other hand, there is, among others, the improbability of Pacheco painting a portrait of Cervantes as a boatman, with the full use of both hands, and about five-and-twenty years of age, Cervantes being thirty-three at the time of his release at Algiers (which is supposed to be the occasion represented) and at least fifty-four at the time the picture was painted, if Pacheco was the painter. It will need a stronger case than this to establish a *vera effigies* of Cervantes.[1] It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that the Spanish Academy picture from which the familiar engraved portrait is taken is now admitted on all hands to be a fabrication, based in all probability on the fancy portrait by Kent in Tonson's 'Quixote' of 1788.

It has been also made a reproach to Spain that she has erected no monument to the man she is proudest of; no

[1] Señor Asensio's case may be said, indeed, to break down in his last assumption. Where Cervantes was from the end of 1598 to the beginning of 1603 we know not; but all his biographers are agreed that he did not remain in Seville. But the commission to paint the six pictures, of which Señor Asensio's is one, was only given to Vazquez and Pacheco in 1600, and no doubt they took some considerable time to paint. Cervantes, therefore, could not have sat for the head of the boatman. In the face of this difficulty, Señor Asensio assumes that Pacheco painted it from a portrait previously taken between 1590 and 1597. But, granted that Pacheco might have made Cervantes nearly thirty years younger in the picture, what motive could he have had for representing him as a young man of five or six and twenty in a sketch made, we are to suppose, as a memorial of his friend?

monument, that is to say, worthy of him; for the bronze statue in the little garden of the Plaza de las Cortes, a fair work of art no doubt, and unexceptionable had it been set up to the local poet in the market-place of some provincial town, is not worthy of Cervantes or of Madrid. But what need has Cervantes of 'such weak witness of his name;' or what could a monument do in his case except testify to the self-glorification of those who had put it up? *Si monumentum quæris, circumspice.* The nearest bookseller's shop will show what bathos there would be in a monument to the author of 'Don Quixote.'

'DON QUIXOTE.'

NINE editions of the First Part of 'Don Quixote' had, as we have seen, already appeared before Cervantes died, thirty thousand copies in all, according to his own estimate, and a tenth was printed at Barcelona the year after his death. Of the Second Part, five had been published by the middle of the same year. So large a number naturally supplied the demand for some time, but by 1634 it appears to have been exhausted; and from that time down to the present day the stream of editions has continued to flow rapidly and regularly. The translations show still more clearly in what request the book has been from the very outset. Shelton's seems to have been made as early as 1607 or 1608; Oudin's, the first French one, in 1616; the first German in 1621, and Franciosini's Italian version in 1622; so that in seven years from the completion of the work it had been translated into the four leading languages of Europe. How translations and editions of translations multiplied as time went on will be seen by a glance at the list given in the Appendix, necessarily incomplete as it is. Except the Bible, in fact, no book has been so widely diffused as 'Don Quixote.' The 'Imitatio Christi' may have been translated into as many different languages, and

perhaps 'Robinson Crusoe' and the 'Vicar of Wakefield' into nearly as many, but in multiplicity of translations and editions 'Don Quixote' leaves them all far behind.

Still more remarkable is the character of this wide diffusion. 'Don Quixote' has been thoroughly naturalised among people whose ideas about knight-errantry, if they had any at all, were of the vaguest, who had never seen or heard of a book of chivalry, who could not possibly feel the humour of the burlesque or sympathise with the author's purpose. Another curious fact is that this, the most cosmopolitan book in the world, is one of the most intensely national. 'Manon Lescaut' is not more thoroughly French, 'Tom Jones' not more English, 'Rob Roy' not more Scotch, than 'Don Quixote' is Spanish, in character, in ideas, in sentiment, in local colour, in everything. What, then, is the secret of this unparalleled popularity, increasing year by year for well-nigh three centuries? One explanation, no doubt, is that of all the books in the world, 'Don Quixote' is the most catholic. There is something in it for every sort of reader, young or old, sage or simple, high or low. As Cervantes himself says with a touch of pride, 'It is thumbed and read and got by heart by people of all sorts; the children turn its leaves, the young people read it, the grown men understand it, the old folk praise it.'

But it would be idle to deny that the ingredient which, more than its humour, or its wisdom, or the fertility of invention or knowledge of human nature it displays, has insured its success with the multitude, is the vein of farce that runs through it. It was the attack upon the sheep, the battle with the wine-skins, Mambrino's helmet, the balsam of Fierabras, Don Quixote knocked over by the sails of the windmill, Sancho tossed in the blanket, the mishaps and misadventures of master and man, that were originally the great attraction, and perhaps are so still to some extent with the majority of readers. The bibliography of the book is a proof of this. There were ten editions of the First Part, but of the Second, where the humour is throughout much more akin to comedy than to farce, five only were printed. It

is plain that 'Don Quixote' was generally regarded at first, and indeed in Spain for a long time, as little more than a queer droll book, full of laughable incidents and absurd situations, very amusing, but not entitled to much consideration or care. All the editions printed in Spain from 1637 to 1771, when the famous printer Ibarra took it up, were mere trade editions, badly and carelessly printed on vile paper and got up in the style of chap-books intended only for popular use, with, in most instances, uncouth illustrations and clap-trap additions by the publisher. Those of Brussels and Antwerp were better in every way, neater and more careful, but still obviously books intended for a class of readers not disposed to be critical or fastidious so long as they were amused.

To England belongs the credit of having been the first country to recognise the right of 'Don Quixote' to better treatment than this. The London edition of 1738, commonly called Lord Carteret's from having been suggested by him, was not a mere *édition de luxe*. It produced 'Don Quixote' in becoming form as regards paper and type, and embellished with plates which, if not particularly happy as illustrations, were at least well intentioned and well executed, but it also aimed at correctness of text, a matter to which nobody except the editors of the Valencia and Brussels editions had given even a passing thought; and for a first attempt it was fairly successful, for though some of its emendations are inadmissible, a good many of them have been adopted by all subsequent editors.

The example set was soon followed in the elegant duodecimo editions with Coypel's plates published at the Hague and Amsterdam, and later in those of Ibarra and Sancha in Spain. But the most notable results were the splendid edition in four volumes by the Spanish Royal Academy in 1780, and the Rev. John Bowle's, printed at London and Salisbury in 1781. In the former a praiseworthy attempt was made to produce an authoritative text; but unfortunately the editors, under the erroneous impression that Cervantes had either himself corrected La Cuesta's 1608 edition of the First Part, or at least authorised its correc-

tions, attached an excessive importance to emendations which in reality are entitled to no higher respect than those of any other printer. The distinguishing feature of Bowle's edition is the mass of notes, filling two volumes out of the six. Bowle's industry, zeal, and erudition have made his name deservedly venerated by all students of 'Don Quixote;' at the same time it must be owned that the practical value of his notes has been somewhat overrated. What they illustrate is not so much 'Don Quixote' as the annotator's extensive reading. The majority of them are intended to show the sources among the books of chivalry from which Cervantes took the incidents and ideas he burlesqued, and the connection is very often purely fanciful. They rendered an important service, however, in acting as a stimulus and furnishing a foundation for other commentaries; as, for example, Pellicer's, which, though it does not contain a fiftieth of the number of notes, is fifty times more valuable for any purpose of genuine elucidation; and Clemencin's, that monument of industry, research, and learning, which has done more than all others put together to throw light upon the obscurities and clear away the difficulties of 'Don Quixote.'

The zeal of publishers, editors, and annotators brought about a remarkable change of sentiment with regard to 'Don Quixote.' A vast number of its admirers began to grow ashamed of laughing over it. It became almost a crime to treat it as a humorous book. The humour was not entirely denied, but, according to the new view, it was rated as an altogether secondary quality, a mere accessory, nothing more than the stalking-horse under the presentation of which Cervantes shot his philosophy or his satire, or whatever it was he meant to shoot; for on this point opinions varied. All were agreed, however, that the object he aimed at was not the books of chivalry. He said emphatically in the preface to the First Part and in the last sentence of the Second, that he had no other object in view than to discredit these books, and this, to advanced criticism. made it clear that his object must have been something else.

One theory was that the book was a kind of allegory, setting

forth the eternal struggle between the ideal and the real, between the spirit of poetry and the spirit of prose; and perhaps German philosophy never evolved a more ungainly or unlikely camel out of the depths of its inner consciousness. Something of the antagonism, no doubt, is to be found in 'Don Quixote,' because it is to be found everywhere in life, and Cervantes drew from life. It is difficult to imagine a community in which the never-ceasing game of cross purposes between Sancho Panza and Don Quixote would not be recognised as true to nature. In the stone age, among the lake dwellers, among the cave men, there were Don Quixotes and Sancho Panzas; there must have been the troglodyte who never could see the facts before his eyes, and the troglodyte who could see nothing else. But to suppose Cervantes deliberately setting himself to expound any such idea in two stout quarto volumes is to suppose something not only very unlike the age in which he lived, but altogether unlike Cervantes himself, who would have been the first to laugh at an attempt of the sort made by anyone else.

Another idea, which apparently had a strange fascination for some minds, was that there are deep political meanings lying hidden under the drolleries of 'Don Quixote.' This, indeed, was not altogether of modern growth. If we believed, what nobody believes now, the Buscapié to be genuine, some such notion would seem to have been current soon after the appearance of the book. At any rate Defoe, in the preface to the 'Serious Reflections of Robinson Crusoe,' tells us that though thousands read 'Don Quixote' without any suspicion of the fact, 'those who know the meaning of it know it to be an emblematic history of, and a just satire upon, the Duke of Medina Sidonia.' That the 'Duke of Lerma' was the original of 'Don Quixote' was a favourite theory with others, who, we must suppose, saw nothing improbable in the Archbishop of Toledo making a *protégé* of the man that according to them had ridiculed and satirised his brother. Other suggestions were that Cervantes meant Charles V., Philip II., Ignatius Loyola; while those who were not prepared to go so far as to declare the whole book to be a political satire,

applied their ingenuity to the discovery of allusions to the events and personages of the day in almost every incident of the story. It became, in short, a kind of pastime with literary idlers to go a mare's-nesting in 'Don Quixote' and hunt for occult significations in the bill of ass-colts delivered to Sancho Panza, the decision on the pack-saddle and basin question, the names and arms of the chieftains in the encounter with the sheep, or wherever the ordinary reader in his simplicity flattered himself that the author's drift was unmistakable. In fact, to believe these scholiasts, Cervantes was the prince of cryptographers, and 'Don Quixote' a tissue of riddles from beginning to end.

The pursuit has evidently attractions inexplicable to the uninitiated, but perhaps its facility may have something to do with its charm, for in truth nothing is easier than to prove oneself wiser than the rest of the world in this way. All that is necessary is to assert dogmatically that by A the author means B, and that when he says 'black' he means 'white.' If some future commentator chooses to say that 'Pickwick' is an 'emblematic history' of Lord Melbourne; that Jingle, with his versatility, audacity, and volubility, is meant for Lord Brougham; Sam Weller for Sydney Smith, the faithful joker of the Whig party; and Mr. Pickwick's mishap on the ice for Lord Melbourne's falling through from insufficient support in 1834; and that he is a blockhead who offers to believe otherwise; who shall say him nay? It will be impossible to confute him, save by calling up Charles Dickens from his grave in Westminster Abbey.

According to others, there are philosophical ideas of a startling kind to be found in abundance in 'Don Quixote' by those who choose to look for them, ideas that show Cervantes to have been far in advance of his time. The precise nature of these ideas is in general rather vaguely intimated; though, to be sure, in one instance it is claimed for Cervantes that he anticipated Descartes. 'Don Quixote,' it will be remembered, on awaking in the cave of Montesinos was at first doubtful of his own identity, but on feeling himself all over and observing 'the collected thoughts that passed through his mind,' he was convinced that he was himself

and not a phantom, which, it has been urged plausibly, was in effect a practical application of the Cartesian 'Cogito, ergo sum.' But for the most part the expositors content themselves with the assertion that running through 'Don Quixote' there is a vein of satire aimed at the Church, dogma, sacerdotalism, and the Inquisition. This, of course, will at once strike most people as being extremely unlikely. Cervantes wrote at about the most active period of the Inquisition, and if he ventured upon satire of this sort he would have been in the position of the reduced gentlewoman who was brought down to selling tarts in the street for a livelihood, and who used to say to herself every time she cried her wares, 'I hope to goodness nobody hears me.'

There is, moreover, something very characteristic of nineteenth century self-conceit in the idea that it was reserved for our superior intelligence to see what those poor blind stupid officers of the Inquisition could not perceive. Anyone, however, who, for instance, compares the original editions of Quevedo's 'Visions' with the authorised Madrid edition will see that these officials were not so very blind, but that on the contrary their eyes were marvellously keen to detect anything that had the slightest tincture of disrespect or irreverence. Nay, 'Don Quixote' itself is a proof of their vigilance, for three years after the Second Part had appeared they cut out the Duchess's not very heterodox remark that works of charity done in a lukewarm way are of no avail. It may be said that Sancho's observations upon the sham sambenito and mitre in chapter lxix. Part II., and Dapple's return home adorned with them in chapter lxxiii., are meant to ridicule the Inquisition; but it is plain the Inquisition itself did not think so, and probably it was as good a judge as anyone now-a-days.

For one passage capable of being tortured into covert satire against any of these things, there are ten in 'Don Quixote' and the novels that show—what, indeed, is sufficiently obvious from the little we know of his life and character—that Cervantes was a faithful son of the Church. As to his having been in advance of his age, the line he took up on the expulsion of the Moriscoes

disposes of that assertion. Had he been the far-seeing philosopher and profound thinker the Cervantists strive to make him out, he would have looked with contempt and disgust upon an agitation as stupid and childish as ever came of priestly bigotry acting on popular fanaticism and ignorance; and if not moved by the barbarous cruelty of the measure, he would have been impressed by its mischievous consequences to his country, as all the best statesmen of the day were. No loyal reader of his will believe for a moment that his vigorous advocacy of it was undertaken against his convictions and solely in order to please his patron, the leader of the movement. The truth is, no doubt, that in the Archbishop's antechamber he heard over and over again all the arguments he has reproduced in 'Don Quixote' and in the novel of the 'Colloquy of the Dogs,' and that his opinions, as opinions so often do, took their complexion from his surroundings. There is no reason to question his sincerity, but the less that is said of his philosophy and foresight the better. He was a philosopher in one and perhaps the best sense, for he knew how to endure the ills of life with philosophy; his knowledge of human nature was profound, his observation was marvellous; but life never seems to have presented any mystery to him, or suggested any problem to his mind.

It does not require much study of the literary history of the time, or any profound critical examination of the work, to see that these elaborate theories and ingenious speculations are not really necessary to explain the meaning of 'Don Quixote' or the purpose of Cervantes. The extraordinary influence of the romances of chivalry in his day is quite enough to account for the genesis of the book.

Some idea of the prodigious development of this branch of literature in the sixteenth century may be obtained from the sketch given in the Appendix, if the reader bears in mind that only a portion of the romances belonging to by far the largest group are enumerated. As to its effect upon the nation, there is abundant evidence. From the time when the Amadises and Palmerins began to grow popular down to the very end of the

century, there is a steady stream of invective, from men whose character and position lend weight to their words, against the romances of chivalry and the infatuation of their readers. It would be easy to fill a couple of pages with the complaints that were made of the mischief produced by the inordinate appetite for this kind of reading, especially among the upper classes, who, unhappily for themselves and their country, had only too much time for such pursuits under the rule of Charles V. and his successors. As Pedro Mexia, the chronicler of Charles V. puts it, there were many who had brought themselves to think in the very style of the books they read, books of which might often be said, and with far more truth, what Ascham said of the 'Morte d'Arthur,' that 'the whole pleasure standeth in two speciall poyntes, in open manslaughter and bold bawdrye.'

Ticknor, in his second volume, cites some of the most notable of these predecessors of Cervantes; but one not mentioned by him, or, so far as I am aware, by any other writer on the subject, may be quoted here as having been perhaps the immediate predecessor of, and using language curiously like that in, 'Don Quixote.' I mean Fray Juan de Tolosa, who says he wrote his fantastically entitled religious treatise, the 'Aranjuez del Alma' (Saragossa, 1589), in order to 'drive out of our Spain that dust-cloud of books of chivalries, as they call them (of knaveries, as I call them), that blind the eyes of all who, not reflecting upon the harm they are doing their souls, give themselves up to them, and waste the best part of the year in striving to learn whether Don Belianis of Greece took the enchanted castle, or whether Don Florisel de Niquea, after all his battles, celebrated the marriage he was bent upon.' Good Fray Juan did not choose the right implement. Ridicule was the only besom to sweep away that dust.

That this was the task Cervantes set himself, and that he had ample provocation to urge him to it, will be sufficiently clear to those who look into the evidence; as it will be also that it was not chivalry itself that he attacked and swept away. Of all the absurdities that, thanks to Poetry, will be repeated to the end of

time, there is no greater one than saying that 'Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away.' In the first place there was no chivalry for him to smile away. Spain's chivalry had been dead for more than a century. Its work was done when Granada fell, and as chivalry was essentially republican in its nature, it could not live under the rule that Ferdinand substituted for the free institutions of mediæval Spain. What he did smile away was not chivalry but a degrading mockery of it; it would be just as reasonable to say that England's chivalry was smiled away by the ridicule showered in 'Punch' upon the men in block-tin who ride in the Lord Mayor's Show.

The true nature of the 'right arm' and the 'bright array,' before which, according to the poet, 'the world gave ground,' and which Cervantes' single laugh demolished, may be gathered from the words of one of his own countrymen, Don Felix Pacheco, as reported by Captain George Carleton, in his 'Military Memoirs from 1672 to 1718.'[1] 'Before the appearance in the world of that labour of Cervantes,' he said, 'it was next to an impossibility for a man to walk the streets with any delight or without danger. There were seen so many cavaliers prancing and curvetting before the windows of their mistresses, that a stranger would have imagined the whole nation to have been nothing less than a race of knight-errants. But after the world became a little acquainted with that notable history, the man that was seen in that once celebrated drapery was pointed at as a Don Quixote, and found himself the jest of high and low. And I verily believe that to this, and this only, we owe that dampness and poverty of spirit which has run through all our councils for a century past, so little agreeable to those nobler actions of our famous ancestors.'

To call 'Don Quixote' a sad book, preaching a pessimist view of life, argues a total misconception of its drift. It would be so if its moral were that, in this world, true enthusiasm naturally

[1] This book, it may be as well to remind some readers, is not, as it is still often described, one of Defoe's novels, but the genuine experiences of an English officer in Spain during the Succession War.

leads to ridicule and discomfiture. But it preaches nothing of the sort; its moral, so far as it can be said to have one, is that the spurious enthusiasm that is born of vanity and self-conceit, that is made an end in itself, not a means to an end, and that acts on mere impulse, regardless of circumstances and consequences, is mischievous to its owner, and a very considerable nuisance to the community at large. To those who cannot distinguish between the one kind and the other, no doubt 'Don Quixote' is a sad book; no doubt to some minds it is very sad that a man who had just uttered so beautiful a sentiment as that 'it is a hard case to make slaves of those whom God and Nature made free,' should be ungratefully pelted by the scoundrels his crazy philanthropy had let loose on society; but to others of a more judicial cast it will be a matter of regret that reckless self-sufficient enthusiasm is not oftener requited in some such way for all the mischief it does in the world.

A very slight examination of the structure of 'Don Quixote' will suffice to show that Cervantes had no deep design or elaborate plan in his mind when he began the book. When he wrote those lines in which 'with a few strokes of a great master he sets before us the pauper gentleman,' he had no idea of the goal to which his imagination was leading him. There can be little doubt that all he contemplated was a short tale to range with those he had already written—'Rinconete and Cortadillo,' 'The Generous Lover,' 'The Adventures of Cardenio and Dorothea,' the 'Ill-advised Curiosity,' 'The Captive's Story'—a tale setting forth the ludicrous results that might be expected to follow the attempt of a crazy gentleman to act the part of a knight-errant in modern life.

It is plain, for one thing, that Sancho Panza did not enter into the original scheme, for had Cervantes thought of him he certainly would not have omitted him in his hero's outfit, which he obviously meant to be complete. Him we owe to the landlord's chance remark in chapter iii. that knights seldom travelled without squires. It is needless to point out the difference this implies. To try to think of a Don Quixote

without Sancho Panza is like trying to think of a one-bladed pair of scissors.

The story was written at first, like the others, without any division, as may be seen by the beginnings and endings of the first half-dozen chapters; and without the intervention of Cid Hamet Benengeli; and it seems not unlikely that Cervantes had some intention of bringing Dulcinea, or Aldonza Lorenzo, on the scene in person. It was probably the ransacking of the Don's library and the discussion on the books of chivalry that first suggested it to him that his idea was capable of development. What, if instead of a mere string of farcical misadventures, he were to make his tale a burlesque of one of these books, caricaturing their style, incidents, and spirit?

In pursuance of this change of plan, he hastily and somewhat clumsily divided what he had written into chapters on the model of 'Amadis,' invented the fable of a mysterious Arabic manuscript, and set up Cid Hamet Benengeli in imitation of the almost invariable practice of the chivalry-romance authors, who were fond of tracing their books to some recondite source. In working out the new idea, he soon found the value of Sancho Panza. Indeed, the keynote, not only to Sancho's part, but to the whole book, is struck in the first words Sancho utters when he announces his intention of taking his ass with him. 'About the ass,' we are told, 'Don Quixote hesitated a little, trying whether he could call to mind any knight-errant taking with him an esquire mounted on ass-back; but no instance occurred to his memory.' We can see the whole scene at a glance, the stolid unconsciousness of Sancho and the perplexity of his master, upon whose perception the incongruity has just forced itself. This is Sancho's mission throughout the book; he is an unconscious Mephistopheles, always unwittingly making mockery of his master's aspirations, always exposing the fallacy of his ideas by some unintentional *ad absurdum*, always bringing him back to the world of fact and commonplace by force of sheer stolidity.

The burlesque, it will be observed, is not steadily kept up

even throughout the First Part. Cervantes seems, as in fact he confesses in the person of Cid Hamet in chapter xliv. of the Second Part, to have grown weary before long of the restrictions it imposed upon him, and to have felt it, as he says himself, 'intolerable drudgery to go on writing on one subject,' chronicling the sayings and doings of the same two characters. It is plain that, as is often the case with persons of sanguine temperament, sustained effort was irksome to him. For thirty years he had contemplated the completion of the 'Galatea,' unable to bring himself to set about it. He had the 'Persiles,' which he looked upon as his best work—in prose at least—an equal length of time on his hands. The Second Part of 'Don Quixote' he wrote in a very desultory fashion, putting it aside again and again to turn to something else. And when he made an end, it was always a hasty one. Each part of 'Don Quixote' he finishes off with a wild flourish, and seems to fling down his pen with a 'whoop' like a schoolboy at the end of a task he has been kept in for. Even the 'Viaje del Parnaso,' a thing entered upon and written *con amore*, he ends abruptly as if he had got tired of it.

It was partly for this reason, as he himself admits, that he inserted the story of 'Cardenio and Dorothea,' that with the untranslatable title which I have ventured to call the 'Ill-advised Curiosity,' and 'The Captive's Story,' that fill up the greater part of the last half of the volume, as well as the 'Chrysostom and Marcela' episode in the earlier chapters. But of course there were other reasons. He had these stories ready written, and it seemed a good way of disposing of them; it is by no means unlikely that he mistrusted his own powers of extracting from Don Quixote and Sancho material enough to fill a book; but above all it is likely he felt doubtful of his venture. It was an experiment in literature far bolder than 'Lazarillo de Tormes' or 'Guzman de Alfarache;' he could not tell how it would be received; and it was as well therefore to provide his readers with something of the sort they were used to, as a kind of insurance against total failure.

The event did not justify his diffidence. The public, he acknowledges, skimmed the tales hastily and impatiently, eager to return to the adventures of Don Quixote and Sancho; and the public has ever since done much the same. He himself owns that they are altogether out of place, and nothing but the natural reluctance of editors and translators to mutilate a great classic has preserved them, for in truth they are not only out of place, but positive blemishes. An exception might be made in favour of the story of the Captive, which has an interest in itself independent of the autobiographical touches it contains, and is in the main told in a straightforward soldierly style.

But the others have nothing to recommend them. They are commonplace tales of intrigue that might have been written by any tenth-rate story-teller. With a certain pretence of moral purpose, the 'Ill-advised Curiosity' is a nauseous story, and the morality of Dorothea's story is a degree worse than that of Richardson's 'Pamela;' it is, in fact, a story of 'easy virtue rewarded.' The characters are utterly uninteresting; the men, Cardenio and Don Fernando, Anselmo and Lothario, are a contemptible set; and the women are remarkable for nothing but a tendency tc swoon away on slight provocation, and to make long speeches the very adjectives of which would be enough for a strong man. The reader will observe the difference between the Dorothea of the tale and the graceful, sprightly, natural Dorothea who acts the part of the Princess Micomicona with such genuine gaiety and fun.

But it is in style that these tales offend most of all. They are not worth telling, and they are told at three times the length that would have been allowable if they were. No device known to prolixity is omitted. Verbs and adjectives always go in pairs like panniers on a donkey, as if one must inevitably fall to the ground without the other to balance it. Nobody ever says or sees anything, he always declares and asserts it, or perceives and discerns it. If a thing is beautiful it must likewise be lovely, and nothing can be odious without being detestable too; though as a rule adjectives are seldom used but in the

superlative degree. Everything is said with as much circumlocution and rodomontade as possible, as if the lavish expenditure of words were the great object. And yet, following immediately upon these tawdry artificial productions, we have the charming little episode of Don Luis and Doña Clara, as if Cervantes wished to show that when he chose he could write a love story in a simple, natural style.

The latter portion of the First Part is, in short, almost all episodes and digressions; no sooner are the tales disposed of, than we have the long criticism on the chivalry romances and the drama, interesting and valuable no doubt, but still just as much out of place, and that is followed by the goatherd's somewhat pointless story.

By the time Cervantes had got his volume of novels off his hands, and summoned up resolution enough to set about the Second Part in earnest, the case was very much altered. Don Quixote and Sancho Panza had not merely found favour, but had already become, what they have never since ceased to be, veritable entities to the popular imagination. There was no occasion for him now to interpolate extraneous matter; nay, his readers told him plainly that what they wanted of him was more Don Quixote and more Sancho Panza, and not novels, tales, or digressions. To himself, too, his creations had become realities, and he had become proud of them, especially of Sancho. He began the Second Part, therefore, under very different conditions, and the difference makes itself manifest at once. Even in translation the style will be seen to be far easier, more flowing, more natural, and more like that of a man sure of himself and of his audience. Don Quixote and Sancho undergo a change also. In the First Part, Don Quixote has no character or individuality whatever. He is nothing more than a crazy representative of the sentiments of the chivalry romances. In all that he says and does he is simply repeating the lesson he has learned from his books; and therefore, as Hallam with perfect justice maintains, it is absurd to speak of him in the gushing strain of the sentimental critics when they dilate upon

his nobleness, disinterestedness, dauntless courage, and so forth. It was the business of a knight-errant to right wrongs, redress injuries, and succour the distressed, and this, as a matter of course, he makes his business when he takes up the part; a knight-errant was bound to be intrepid, and so he feels bound to cast fear aside. Of all Byron's melodious nonsense about Don Quixote, the most nonsensical statement is that 'tis his virtue makes him mad!' The exact opposite is the truth; it is his madness makes him virtuous.

In this respect he remains unchanged in the Second Part; but at the same time Cervantes repeatedly reminds the reader, as if it was a point upon which he was anxious there should be no mistake, that his hero's madness is strictly confined to delusions on the subject of chivalry, and that on every other subject he is 'discreto,' one, in fact, whose faculty of discernment is in perfect order. He thus invests Don Quixote with a dignity which was wholly wanting to him in the First Part, and at the same time reserves to himself the right of making him speak and act not only like a man of sense, but like a man of exceptionally clear and acute mind, whenever it may become desirable to travel outside the limits of the burlesque. The advantage of this is that he is enabled to make use of Don Quixote as a mouthpiece for his own reflections, and so, without seeming to digress, allow himself the relief of digression when he requires it, as freely as in a commonplace book.

It is true the amount of individuality bestowed upon Don Quixote is not very great. There are some natural touches of character about him, such as his mixture of irascibility and placability, and his curious affection for Sancho together with his impatience of the squire's loquacity and impertinence; but in the main, apart from his craze, he is little more than a thoughtful, cultured gentleman, with instinctive good taste and a great deal of shrewdness and originality of mind.

As to Sancho, it is plain, from the concluding words of the preface to the First Part, that he was a favourite with his creator even before he had been taken into favour by the public.

An inferior genius, taking him in hand a second time, would very likely have tried to improve him by making him more comical, clever, amiable, or virtuous. But Cervantes was too true an artist to spoil his work in this way. Sancho, when he reappears, is the old Sancho with the old familiar features; but with a difference; they have been brought out more distinctly, but at the same time with a careful avoidance of anything like caricature; the outline has been filled in where filling in was necessary, and, vivified by a few touches of a master's hand, Sancho stands before us as he might in a character portrait by Velazquez. He is a much more important and prominent figure in the Second Part than in the First; indeed, it is his matchless mendacity about Dulcinea that to a great extent supplies the action of the story.

His development in this respect is as remarkable as in any other. In the First Part he displays a great natural gift of lying, as may be seen in his explanation of Don Quixote's bruises in chapter xvi., and above all in that marvellous series of lies he strings together in chapter xxxi. in answer to Don Quixote's questions about Dulcinea. His lies are not of the highly imaginative sort that liars in fiction commonly indulge in; like Falstaff's, they resemble the father that begets them; they are simple, homely, plump lies; plain working lies, in short. But in the service of such a master as Don Quixote he develops rapidly, as we see when he comes to palm off the three country wenches as Dulcinea and her ladies in waiting. It is worth noticing how, flushed by his success in this instance, he is tempted afterwards to try a flight beyond his powers in his account of the journey on Clavileño.

In the Second Part it is the spirit rather than the incidents of the chivalry romances that is the subject of the burlesque. Enchantments of the sort travestied in those of Dulcinea and the Trifaldi and the cave of Montesinos play a leading part in the later and inferior romances, and another distinguishing feature is caricatured in Don Quixote's blind adoration of Dulcinea. In the romances of chivalry love is either a mere animalism or a

fantastic idolatry. Only a coarse-minded man would care to make merry with the former, but to one of Cervantes' humour the latter was naturally an attractive subject for ridicule. Like everything else in these romances, it is a gross exaggeration of the real sentiment of chivalry, but its peculiar extravagance is probably due to the influence of those masters of hyperbole, the Provençal poets. When a troubadour professed his readiness to obey his lady in all things, he made it incumbent upon the next comer, if he wished to avoid the imputation of tameness and commonplace, to declare himself the slave of her will, which the next was compelled to cap by some still stronger declaration; and so expressions of devotion went on rising one above the other like biddings at an auction, and a conventional language of gallantry and theory of love came into being that in time permeated the literature of Southern Europe, and bore fruit, in one direction in the transcendental worship of Beatrice and Laura, and in another in the grotesque idolatry which found exponents in writers like Feliciano de Silva. This is what Cervantes deals with in Don Quixote's passion for Dulcinea, and in no instance has he carried out the burlesque more happily. By keeping Dulcinea in the background, and making her a vague shadowy being of whose very existence we are left in doubt, he invests Don Quixote's worship of her virtues and charms with an additional extravagance, and gives still more point to the caricature of the sentiment and language of the romances.

There will always be a difference of opinion as to the relative merits of the First and Second Parts of 'Don Quixote.' As naturally follows from the difference in aim between the two Parts, the First is the richer in laughable incidents, the Second in character; and the First will always be the favourite with those whose taste leans to humour of a farcical sort, while the Second will have the preference with those who incline to the humour of comedy. Another reason why the Second Part has less of the purely ludicrous element in it is that Cervantes, having a greater respect for his hero, is more careful of his personal dignity. In the

interests of the story he has to allow Don Quixote to be made a butt of to some extent, but he spares him the cudgellings and cuffings which are the usual finale of the poor gentleman's adventures in the First Part.

There can be no question, however, as to the superiority of the Second Part in style and construction. It is one of the commonplaces of criticism to speak of 'Don Quixote' as if it were a model of Spanish prose, but in truth there is no work of note in the language that is less deserving of the title. There are of course various styles in 'Don Quixote.' Don Quixote's own language (except when he loses his temper with Sancho) is most commonly modelled on that of the romances of chivalry, and many of the descriptive passages, like those about the sun appearing n the balconies of the east, and so forth, are parodies of the same. I have already spoken of the wearisome verbosity of the inserted novels, but the narrative portions of the book itself, especially in the First Part, are sometimes just as long-winded and wordy. In both the style reminds one somewhat of that of the euphuists, and of their repugnance to saying anything in a natural way, and their love of cold conceits and verbal quibbles. These were the besetting sins of the prose of the day, but Cervantes has besides sins of his own to answer for. He was a careless writer at all times, but in 'Don Quixote' he is only too often guilty of downright slovenliness. The word is that of his compatriot and staunch admirer Clemencin, or I should not venture to use it, justifiable as it may be in the case of a writer who deals in long sentences staggering down the page on a multiplicity of 'ands,' or working themselves into tangles of parentheses, sometimes parenthesis within parenthesis; who begins a sentence one way and ends it another; who sends relatives adrift without any antecedent to look to; who mixes up nominatives, verbs, and pronouns in a way that would have driven a Spanish Cobbett frantic. Here is an example of a very common construction in 'Don Quixote:' 'The host stood staring at him, and entreated with him that he would rise; but he never would until he had to tell him that he granted him

the boon he begged of him.' Here, as Cobbett would have said, 'is perfect confusion and pell-mell,' though no doubt the meaning is clear.

Nor are his laxities of this sort only; his grammar is very often lax, he repeats words and names out of pure heedlessness, and he has a strange propensity to inversion of ideas, and a curious tendency to say the very opposite of what he meant to say. His blind worshippers, with whom it is an axiom that he can do no wrong, make an odd apology for some of these slips. They are only his fun, they say; in which case Cervantes must have written with a prophetic eye to the friends of Mr. Peter Magnus, for assuredly no others of the sons of men would be amused by such means.

But besides these two, there is what we may call Cervantes' own style, that into which he falls naturally when he is not imitating the romances of chivalry, or under any unlucky impulse in the direction of fine-writing. It is almost the exact opposite of the last. It is a simple, unaffected, colloquial style, not indeed a model of correctness, or distinguished by any special grace or elegance, for Cervantes always wrote hastily and carelessly, but a model of clear, terse, vigorous expression. To an English reader, Swift's style will, perhaps, convey the best idea of its character; at the same time, though equally matter-of-fact, it has more vivacity than Swift's.

This is the prevailing style of the Second Part, which is cast in the dramatic form to a much greater extent than the First, consisting, indeed, largely of dialogue between master and man, or of Don Quixote's discourses and Sancho's inimitable comments thereon. Episodes, Cid Hamet tells us, have been sparingly introduced, and he adds significantly, 'with no more words than suffice to make them intelligible,' as if even then the verbosity of the novels had proved too much for some of the readers of the First Part. The assertion, however, is scarcely borne out by the fair Claudia's story in chapter lx., or that prodigious speech which Ana Felix delivers with the rope round her neck in chapter lxiii.

It may be, as Hallam says, that in the incidents of the Second Part there is not the same admirable probability there is in those of the First; though what could be more delightfully probable than the sequel of Sancho's unlucky purchase of the curds in chapter xvii. for example? But it must be allowed that the Second Part is constructed with greater art, if the word can be applied to a story so artless. The results of Sancho's audacious imposture at El Toboso, for instance, its consequences to himself in the matter of the enchantment of Dulcinea and the penance laid upon him, his shifts and shirkings, and Don Quixote's insistance in season and out of season, are a masterpiece of comic intrigue. Not less adroit is the way in which encouragement is doled out to master and man from time to time, to keep them in heart. Even with all due allowance for the infatuation of Don Quixote and the simplicity and cupidity of Sancho, to represent them as holding out under an unbroken course of misfortune would have been untrue to human nature. The victory achieved in such knightly fashion over the Biscayan, supports Don Quixote under all the disasters that befall him in the First Part; and in the Second his success against the Knight of the Mirrors, and in the adventure with the lion, and his reception as a knight-errant by the Duke and Duchess, serve to confirm him in his idea of his powers and vocation. Material support was still more needful in Sancho's case. It is plain that a prospective island would not have kept his faith in chivalry alive had it not been for the treasure-trove of the Sierra Morena and the flesh-pots of Camacho's wedding.

One of the great merits of 'Don Quixote,' and one of the qualities that have secured its acceptance by all classes of readers and made it the most cosmopolitan of books, is its simplicity. As Samson Carrasco says, 'There's nothing in it to puzzle over.' The bachelor's remark, however, cannot be taken literally, else there would be an impertinence in notes and commentaries. There are, of course, points obvious enough to a Spanish seventeenth century audience which do not immediately strike a reader now-a-days, and Cervantes often takes it

for granted that an allusion will be generally understood which is only intelligible to a few. For example, on many of his readers in Spain, and most of his readers out of it, the significance of his choice of a country for his hero is completely lost. It would be going too far to say that no one can thoroughly comprehend 'Don Quixote' without having seen La Mancha, but undoubtedly even a glimpse of La Mancha will give an insight into the meaning of Cervantes such as no commentator can give. Of all the regions of Spain it is the last that would suggest the idea of romance. Of all the dull central plateau of the Peninsula it is the dullest tract. There is something impressive about the grim solitudes of Estremadura; and if the plains of Leon and Old Castile are bald and dreary, they are studded with old cities renowned in story and rich in relics of the past. But there is no redeeming feature in the Manchegan landscape; it has all the sameness of the desert without its dignity; the few towns and villages that break its monotony are mean and commonplace, there is nothing venerable about them, they have not even the picturesqueness of poverty; indeed, Don Quixote's own village, Argamasilla, has a sort of oppressive respectability in the prim regularity of its streets and houses; everything is ignoble; the very windmills are the ugliest and shabbiest of the windmill kind.

To anyone who knew the country well, the mere style and title of 'Don Quixote of La Mancha' gave the key to the author's meaning at once. La Mancha as the knight's country and scene of his chivalries is of a piece with the pasteboard helmet, the farm-labourer on ass-back for a squire, knighthood conferred by a rascally ventero, convicts taken for victims of oppression, and the rest of the incongruities between Don Quixote's world and the world he lived in, between things as he saw them and things as they were.

It is strange that this element of incongruity, underlying the whole humour and purpose of the book, should have been so little heeded by the majority of those who have undertaken to interpret 'Don Quixote.' It has been completely overlooked, for example, by the illustrators. To be sure, the great majority of

the artists who illustrated 'Don Quixote' knew nothing whatever of Spain. To them a venta conveyed no idea but the abstract one of a roadside inn, and they could not therefore do full justice to the humour of Don Quixote's misconception in taking it for a castle, or perceive the remoteness of all its realities from his ideal. But even when better informed they seem to have no apprehension of the full force of the discrepancy. Take, for instance, Gustave Doré's drawing of Don Quixote watching his armour in the inn-yard. Whether or not the Venta de Quesada on the Seville road is, as tradition maintains, the inn described in 'Don Quixote,' beyond all question it was just such an inn-yard as the one behind it that Cervantes had in his mind's eye, and it was on just such a rude stone trough as that beside the primitive draw-well in the corner that he meant Don Quixote to deposit his armour. Gustave Doré makes it an elaborate fountain such as no arriero ever watered his mules at in the corral of any venta in Spain, and thereby entirely misses the point aimed at by Cervantes. It is the mean, prosaic, commonplace character of all the surroundings and circumstances that gives a significance to Don Quixote's vigil and the ceremony that follows. Gustave Doré might as well have turned La Tolosa and La Molinera into village maidens of the opera type in ribbons and roses.

No humour suffers more from this kind of treatment than that of Cervantes. Of that finer and more delicate humour through which there runs a thread of pathos he had but little, or, it would be fairer to say, shows but little. There are few indications in 'Don Quixote' or the novelas of the power that produced that marvellous scene in 'Lazarillo de Tormes,' where the poor hidalgo paces the patio, watching with his hungry eyes his ragged little retainer munching the crusts and cowheel. Cervantes' humour is for the most part of that broader and simpler sort, the strength of which lies in the perception of the incongruous. It is the incongruity of Sancho in all his ways, words, and works, with the ideas and aims of his master, quite as much as the wonderful vitality and truth to nature of the

character, that makes him the most humorous creation in the whole range of fiction.

That unsmiling gravity of which Cervantes was the first great master, 'Cervantes' serious air,' which sits naturally on Swift alone, perhaps, of later humourists, is essential to this kind of humour, and here again Cervantes has suffered at the hands of his interpreters. Nothing, unless indeed the coarse buffoonery of Phillips, could be more out of place in an attempt to represent Cervantes, than a flippant, would-be facetious style, like that of Motteux's version for example, or the sprightly, jaunty air, French translators sometimes adopt. It is the grave matter-of-factness of the narrative, and the apparent unconsciousness of the author that he is saying anything ludicrous, anything but the merest commonplace, that give its peculiar flavour to the humour of Cervantes. His, in fact, is the exact opposite of the humour of Sterne and the self-conscious humourists. Even when Uncle Toby is at his best, you are always aware of 'the man Sterne' behind him, watching you over his shoulder to see what effect he is producing. Cervantes always leaves you alone with Don Quixote and Sancho. He and Swift and the great humourists always keep themselves out of sight, or, more properly speaking, never think about themselves at all, unlike our latter-day school of humourists, who seem to have revived the old horse-collar method, and try to raise a laugh by some grotesque assumption of ignorance, imbecility, or bad taste.

It is true that to do full justice to Spanish humour in any other language is well-nigh an impossibility. There is a natural gravity and a sonorous stateliness about Spanish, be it ever so colloquial, that make an absurdity doubly absurd, and give plausibility to the most preposterous statement. This is what makes Sancho Panza's drollery the despair of the conscientious translator. Sancho's curt comments can never fall flat, but they lose half their flavour when transferred from their native Castilian into any other medium. But if foreigners have failed to do justice to the humour of Cervantes, they are no worse than his own countrymen. Indeed, were it not for the Spanish

peasant's hearty relish of 'Don Quixote,' one might be tempted to think that the great humourist was not looked upon as a humourist at all in his own country. Anyone knowing nothing of Cervantes, and dipping into the extensive exegetical literature that has grown up of late years round him and his works, would infallibly carry away the idea that he was one of the most obscure writers that ever spoiled paper, that if he had a meaning his chief endeavour was to keep it to himself, and that whatever gifts he may have possessed, humour was most certainly not one of them.

The craze of Don Quixote seems, in some instances, to have communicated itself to his critics, making them see things that are not in the book, and run full tilt at phantoms that have no existence save in their own imaginations. Like a good many critics now-a-days, they forget that screams are not criticism, and that it is only vulgar tastes that are influenced by strings of superlatives, three-piled hyperboles, and pompous epithets. But what strikes one as particularly strange is that while they deal in extravagant eulogies, and ascribe all manner of imaginary ideas and qualities to Cervantes, they show no perception of the quality that ninety-nine out of a hundred of his readers would rate highest in him, and hold to be the one that raises him above all rivalry. If they are not actually insensible to his humour, they probably regard it as a quality which their own dignity as well as his will not allow them to recognise, and I am inclined to suspect that this feeling has as much to do with their bitterness against Clemencin, as his temerity in venturing to point out faults in the god of their idolatry. Clemencin, if not the only one, is one of the few Spanish critics or commentators who show a genuine and hearty enjoyment of the humour of 'Don Quixote.' Again and again, as he is growling over Cervantes' laxities of grammar and construction, he has to lay down his pen, and wipe his eyes that are brimming over at some drollery or *naïveté* of Sancho's, and it may well be that this frivolous behaviour is regarded with the utmost contempt by men so intensely in earnest as the Cervantistas.

To speak of 'Don Quixote' as if it were merely a humorous book, would be a manifest misdescription. Cervantes at times makes it a kind of commonplace book for occasional essays and criticisms, or for the observations and reflections and gathered wisdom of a long and stirring life. It is a mine of shrewd observation on mankind and human nature. Among modern novels there may be, here and there, more elaborate studies of character, but there is no book richer in individualised character. What Coleridge said of Shakespeare *in minimis* is true of Cervantes; he never, even for the most temporary purpose, puts forward a lay figure. There is life and individuality in all his characters, however little they may have to do, or however short a time they may be before the reader. Samson Carrasco, the curate, Teresa Panza, Altisidora, even the two students met on the road to the cave of Montesinos, all live and move and have their being; and it is characteristic of the broad humanity of Cervantes that there is not a hateful one among them all. Even poor Maritornes, with her deplorable morals, has a kind heart of her own and 'some faint and distant resemblance to a Christian about her;' and as for Sancho, though on dissection we fail to find a lovable trait in him, unless it be a sort of dog-like affection for his master, who is there that in his heart does not love him?

But it is, after all, the humour of 'Don Quixote' that distinguishes it from all other books of the romance kind. It is this that makes it, as one of the most judicial-minded of modern critics calls it, 'the best novel in the world beyond all comparison.'[1] It is its varied humour, ranging from broad farce to comedy as subtle as Shakespeare's or Molière's, that has naturalised it in every country where there are readers, and made it a classic in every language that has a literature.

We are sometimes told that classics have had their day, and that the literature of the future means to shake itself loose from

[1] I am going through *Don Quixote* again, and admire it more than ever. It is certainly the best novel in the world beyond all comparison.—MACAULAY, *Life and Letters.*

the past, and respect no antiquity and recognise no precedent. Will the coming iconoclasts spare 'Don Quixote,' or is Cervantes doomed, with Homer and Dante, Shakespeare and Molière? So far as a forecast is possible, it seems clear that their humour will not be his humour. Even now, persons who take their idea of humour from that form of it most commonly found between yellow and red boards on a railway book-stall may be sometimes heard to express a doubt about the humour of 'Don Quixote,' and the sincerity of those who profess to enjoy it, they themselves being, in their own phrase, unable to see any fun in it. The humour of 'Don Quixote' has, however, the advantage of being based upon human nature, and as the human nature of the future will probably be, upon the whole, much the same as the human nature of the past, it is, perhaps, no unreasonable supposition that what has been relished for its truth may continue to find some measure of acceptance.

If it be not presumptuous to express any solicitude about the future, let us hope so; for, it must be owned, its prophets do not encourage the idea that liveliness will be among its characteristics. The humour of Cervantes may have its uses too, even in that advanced state of society. The future, doubtless, will be great and good and wise and virtuous, but being still human it will have its vanities and self-conceits, its shams, humbugs, and impostures, even as we have, or haply greater than ours, for everything, we are told, will be on a scale of which we have no conception; and against these there is no weapon so effective as the old-fashioned one with which Cervantes smote the great sham of his own day.

DON QUIXOTE

PART I.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

IDLE READER: thou mayest believe me without any oath that I would this book, as it is the child of my brain, were the fairest, gayest, and cleverest that could be imagined. But I could not counteract Nature's law that everything shall beget its like; and what, then, could this sterile, ill-tilled wit of mine beget but the story of a dry, shrivelled, whimsical offspring, full of thoughts of all sorts and such as never came into any other imagination—just what might be begotten in a prison, where every misery is lodged and every doleful sound makes its dwelling? Tranquillity, a cheerful retreat, pleasant fields, bright skies, murmuring brooks, peace of mind, these are the things that go far to make even the most barren muses fertile, and bring into the world births that fill it with wonder and delight. Sometimes when a father has an ugly, loutish son, the love he bears him so blindfolds his eyes that he does not see his defects, or, rather, takes them for gifts and charms of mind and body, and talks of them to his friends as wit and grace. I, however—for though I pass for the father, I am but the stepfather to 'Don Quixote'—have no desire to go with the

current of custom, or to implore thee, dearest reader, almost with tears in my eyes, as others do, to pardon or excuse the defects thou wilt perceive in this child of mine. Thou art neither its kinsman nor its friend, thy soul is thine own and thy will as free as any man's, whate'er he be, thou art in thine own house and master of it as much as the king is of his taxes—and thou knowest the common saying, 'Under my cloak I kill the king;'[1] all which exempts and frees thee from every consideration and obligation, and thou canst say what thou wilt of the story without fear of being abused for any ill or rewarded for any good thou mayest say of it.

My wish would be simply to present it to thee plain and unadorned, without any embellishment of preface or uncountable muster of customary sonnets, epigrams, and eulogies, such as are commonly put at the beginning of books. For I can tell thee, though composing it cost me some labour, I found none greater than the making of this Preface thou art now reading. Many times did I take up my pen to write it, and many did I lay it down again, not knowing what to write. One of these times, as I was pondering with the paper before me, a pen in my ear, my elbow on the desk, and my cheek in my hand, thinking of what I should say, there came in unexpectedly a certain lively, clever friend of mine, who, seeing me so deep in thought, asked the reason; to which I, making no mystery of it, answered that I was thinking of the Preface I had to make for the story of 'Don Quixote,' which so troubled me that

[1] Prov. 201. In its original and correct form it is 'give orders to the king'—'*al rey mando*'—i.e. recognise no superior.

I had a mind not to make any at all, nor even publish the achievements of so noble a knight.

'For, how could you expect me not to feel uneasy about what that ancient lawgiver they call the Public will say when it sees me, after slumbering so many years in the silence of oblivion, coming out now with all my years upon my back, and with a book as dry as a rush, devoid of invention, meagre in style, poor in thoughts, wholly wanting in learning and wisdom, without quotations in the margin or annotations at the end, after the fashion of other books I see, which, though all fables and profanity, are so full of maxims from Aristotle, and Plato, and the whole herd of philosophers, that they fill the readers with amazement and convince them that the authors are men of learning, erudition, and eloquence. And then, when they quote the Holy Scriptures!—anyone would say they are St. Thomases or other doctors of the Church, observing as they do a decorum so ingenious that in one sentence they describe a distracted lover and in the next deliver a devout little sermon that it is a pleasure and a treat to hear and read. Of all this there will be nothing in my book, for I have nothing to quote in the margin or to note at the end, and still less do I know what authors I follow in it, to place them at the beginning, as all do, under the letters A, B, C, beginning with Aristotle and ending with Xenophon, or Zoilus, or Zeuxis, though one was a slanderer and the other a painter. Also my book must do without sonnets at the beginning, at least sonnets whose authors are dukes, marquises, counts, bishops, ladies, or famous poets. Though if I were to ask two or three obliging friends,

I know they would give me them, and such as the productions of those that have the highest reputation in our Spain could not equal.[1]

'In short, my friend,' I continued, 'I am determined that Señor Don Quixote shall remain buried in the archives of his own La Mancha until Heaven provide some one to garnish him with all those things he stands in need of; because I find myself, through my shallowness and want of learning, unequal to supplying them, and because I am by nature shy and careless about hunting for authors to say what I myself can say without them. Hence the cogitation and abstraction you found me in, and reason enough, what you have heard from me.'

Hearing this, my friend, giving himself a slap on the forehead and breaking into a hearty laugh, exclaimed, 'Before God, Brother, now am I disabused of an error in which I have been living all this long time I have known you, all through which I have taken you to be shrewd and sensible in all you do; but now I see you are as far from that as the heaven is from the earth. How? Is it possible that things of so little moment and so easy to set right can occupy and perplex a ripe wit like yours, fit to break through and crush far greater obstacles? By my faith, this comes, not of any want of ability, but of too much indolence and too little knowledge of life. Do you want to know if I am telling the truth? Well, then, attend to me, and you will see how, in the opening and shutting of an eye, I sweep away all your difficulties, and supply all those deficiencies which you say check and discourage you from

[1] See Note A, p. 90.

bringing before the world the story of your famous Don Quixote, the light and mirror of all knight-errantry.'

'Say on,' said I, listening to his talk; 'how do you propose to make up for my diffidence, and reduce to order this chaos of perplexity I am in?'

To which he made answer, 'Your first difficulty about the sonnets, epigrams, or complimentary verses which you want for the beginning, and which ought to be by persons of importance and rank, can be removed if you yourself take a little trouble to make them; you can afterwards baptise them, and put any name you like to them, fathering them on Prester John of the Indies or the Emperor of Trebizond, who, to my knowledge, were said to have been famous poets: and even if they were not, and any pedants or bachelors should attack you and question the fact, never care two maravedis for that, for even if they prove a lie against you they cannot cut off the hand you wrote it with.

'As to references in the margin to the books and authors from whom you take the aphorisms and sayings you put into your story, it is only contriving to fit in nicely any sentences or scraps of Latin you may happen to have by heart, or at any rate that will not give you much trouble to look up; so as, when you speak of freedom and captivity, to insert

Non bene pro toto libertas venditur auro;

and then refer in the margin to Horace, or whoever said it;[1] or, if you allude to the power of death, to come in with—

Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres.

---

[1] Æsop, Fable of the Dog and the Wolf.

If it be friendship and the love God bids us bear to our enemy, go at once to the Holy Scriptures, which you can do with a very small amount of research, and quote no less than the words of God himself: *Ego autem dico vobis: diligite inimicos vestros.* If you speak of evil thoughts, turn to the Gospel: *De corde exeunt cogitationes malæ.* If of the fickleness of friends, there is Cato, who will give you his distich:

Donec eris felix multos numerabis amicos,
Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.[1]

With these and such like bits of Latin they will take you for a grammarian at all events, and that now-a-days is no small honour and profit.

'With regard to adding annotations at the end of the book, you may safely do it in this way. If you mention any giant in your book contrive that it shall be the giant Goliath, and with this alone, which will cost you almost nothing, you have a grand note, for you can put—*The giant Golias or Goliath was a Philistine whom the shepherd David slew by a mighty stone-cast in the Terebinth valley, as is related in the Book of Kings*—in the chapter where you find it written.

'Next, to prove yourself a man of erudition in polite literature and cosmography, manage that the river Tagus shall be named in your story, and there you are at once with another famous annotation, setting forth—*The river Tagus was so called after a King of Spain: it has its source in such and such a place and falls into the ocean, kissing the*

[1] See Note B, p. 90.

walls of the famous city of Lisbon, and it is a common belief that it has golden sands, &c.[1] If you should have anything to do with robbers, I will give you the story of Cacus, for I have it by heart; if with loose women, there is the Bishop of Mondoñedo, who will give you the loan of Lamia, Laida, and Flora, any reference to whom will bring you great credit;[2] if with hard-hearted ones, Ovid will furnish you with Medea; if with witches or enchantresses, Homer has Calypso, and Virgil Circe; if with valiant captains, Julius Cæsar himself will lend you himself in his own "Commentaries," and Plutarch will give you a thousand Alexanders. If you should deal with love, with two ounces you may know of Tuscan you can go to Leon the Hebrew, who will supply you to your heart's content;[3] or if you should not care to go to foreign countries you have at home Fonseca's "Of the Love of God," in which is condensed all that you or the most imaginative mind can want on the subject.[4] In short, all you have to do is to manage to quote these names, or refer to these stories I have mentioned, in your own, and leave it to me to insert the annotations and quotations, and I swear by all that's good[5] to fill your margins and use up four sheets at the end of the book.

[1] In the Index of Proper Names to Lope's *Arcadia* there is a description of the Tagus in very nearly these words.

[2] The Bishop of Mondoñedo was Antonio de Guevara, in whose Epistles the story referred to appears. The introduction of the Bishop and the 'creditable reference' is a touch after Swift's heart.

[3] Author of the *Dialoghi di Amore*, a Portuguese Jew, who settled in Spain, but was expelled and went to Naples in 1492.

[4] *Amor de Dios*, by Cristobal de Fonseca, printed in 1594.

[5] See Note C, p. 91.

'Now let us come to those references to authors which other books have, and you want for yours. The remedy for this is very simple: You have only to look out for some book that quotes them all, from A to Z as you say yourself, and then insert the very same alphabet in your book, and though the imposition may be plain to see, because you have so little need to borrow from them, that is no matter; there will probably be some simple enough to believe that you have made use of them all in this plain, artless story of yours. At any rate, if it answers no other purpose, this long catalogue of authors will serve to give a surprising look of authority to your book. Besides, no one will trouble himself to verify whether you have followed them or whether you have not, being no way concerned in it; especially as, if I mistake not, this book of yours has no need of any one of those things you say it wants, for it is, from beginning to end, an attack upon the books of chivalry, of which Aristotle never dreamt, nor St. Basil said a word, nor Cicero had any knowledge; nor do the niceties of truth nor the observations of astrology come within the range of its fanciful vagaries; nor have geometrical measurements or refutations of the arguments used in rhetoric anything to do with it; nor does it mean to preach to anybody, mixing up things human and divine, a sort of motley in which no Christian understanding sho[redacted]ess itself. It has only to avail itself of truth to nature in its composition, and the more perfect the imitation the better the work will be. And as this piece of yours aims at nothing more than to destroy the authority and influence which

books of chivalry have in the world and with the public, there is no need for you to go a-begging for aphorisms from philosophers, precepts from Holy Scripture, fables from poets, speeches from orators, or miracles from saints; but merely to take care that your style and diction run musically, pleasantly, and plainly, with clear, proper, and well-placed words, setting forth your purpose to the best of your power and as well as possible, and putting your ideas intelligibly, without confusion or obscurity. Strive, too, that in reading your story the melancholy may be moved to laughter, and the merry made merrier still; that the simple shall not be wearied, that the judicious shall admire the invention, that the grave shall not despise it, nor the wise fail to praise it. Finally, keep your aim fixed on the destruction of that ill-founded edifice of the books of chivalry, hated by some and praised by many more; for if you succeed in this you will have achieved no small success.'

In profound silence I listened to what my friend said, and his observations made such an impression on me that, without attempting to question them, I admitted their soundness, and out of them I determined to make this Preface; wherein, gentle reader, thou wilt perceive my friend's good sense, my good fortune in finding such an adviser in such a time of need, and what thou hast gained in receiving, without addition or alteration, the story of the famous Don Quixote of La Mancha, who is held by all the inhabitants of the district of the Campo de Montiel to have been the chastest lover and the bravest knight that has for

many years been seen in that neighbourhood. I have no desire to magnify the service I render thee in making thee acquainted with so renowned and honoured a knight, but I do desire thy thanks for the acquaintance thou wilt make with the famous Sancho Panza, his squire, in whom, to my thinking, I have given thee condensed all the squirely drolleries[1] that are scattered through the swarm of the vain books of chivalry. And so—may God give thee health, and not forget me. Vale.

[1] The *gracioso* was the 'droll' of the Spanish stage. Cervantes repeatedly uses the word to describe Sancho, and, as here, alludes to his *gracias* or drolleries.

Note A (*page* 84).

The humour of this, and indeed of the greater part of the Preface, can hardly be relished without a knowledge of the books of the day, but especially Lope de Vega's, which in their original editions appeared generally with an imposing display of complimentary sonnets and verses, as well as of other adjuncts of the sort Cervantes laughs at. Lope's *Isidro* (1599) had ten pieces of complimentary verse prefixed to it, and the *Hermosura de Angelica* (1602) had seven. Hartzenbusch remarks that Aristotle and Plato are the first authors quoted by Lope in the *Peregrino en su Patria* (1604).

Who the two or three obliging friends may have been is not easy to say. Young Quevedo, who had just then taken his place in the front rank of the poets of the day, was, no doubt, one; Espinel may have been another; and Jauregui might have been the third. Cervantes had not many friends among the poets of the day. His friendships lay rather among those of the generation that was dying out when *Don Quixote* appeared.

Note B (*page* 86).

The distich is not Cato's, but Ovid's; but Hartzenbusch points out that there is a distich of Cato's beginning *Cum fueris felix* which Cervantes may have originally inserted, substituting the other afterwards as more applicable. Lope de Vega's second name was Felix, and Hartzenbusch thinks the quotation was aimed at him. The Cato is, of course, Dionysius Cato, author of the *Disticha de Moribus*.

Note C (*page* 87).

'By all that 's good '—' Voto á tal '—one of the milder forms of asseveration used as a substitute on occasions when the stronger 'Voto á Dios' might seem uncalled for or irreverent; an expletive of the same nature as 'Egad!' 'Begad!' or the favourite feminine exclamation, 'Oh my!' 'By all that 's good' has, no doubt, the same origin. Of the same sort are, 'Voto á Brios,' 'Voto á Rus,' 'Cuerpo de tal,' 'Vida de tal,' &c. The last two correspond to our 'Od's body,' 'Od's life.'

COMMENDATORY VERSES.[1]

URGANDA THE UNKNOWN[2]

To the Book of Don Quixote of La Mancha.

If to be welcomed by the good,
  O Book! thou make thy steady aim,
No empty chatterer will dare
  To question or dispute thy claim.
But if perchance thou hast a mind
  To win of idiots approbation,
Lost labour will be thy reward,
  Though they 'll pretend appreciation.

They say a goodly shade he finds
  Who shelters 'neath a goodly tree;[3]
And such a one thy kindly star
  In Béjar hath provided thee:
A royal tree whose spreading boughs
  A show of princely fruit display;
A tree that bears a noble Duke,
  The Alexander of his day.[4]

[1] See Note A, p. 102.

[2] Or more strictly 'the unrecognised;' a personage in *Amadis of Gaul* somewhat akin to Morgan la Fay and Vivien in the Arthur legend, though the part she plays is more like that of Merlin. She derived her title from the faculty which, like Merlin, she possessed of changing her form and appearance at will. The verses are assigned to her probably because she was the adviser of Amadis. They form a kind of appendix to the author's Preface.

[3] Prov. 15.

[4] The Duke of Béjar, to whom the book was dedicated. The Zuñiga

Of a Manchegan gentleman
Thy purpose is to tell the story,
Relating how he lost his wits
O'er idle tales of love and glory,
Of 'ladies, arms, and cavaliers:' [1]
A new Orlando Furioso—
Innamorato, rather—who
Won Dulcinea del Toboso.

Put no vain emblems on thy shield;
All figures—that is bragging play.[2]
A modest dedication make,
And give no scoffer room to say,
'What! Alvaro de Luna here?
Or is it Hannibal again?
Or does King Francis at Madrid
Once more of destiny complain?' [3]

Since Heaven it hath not pleased on thee
Deep erudition to bestow,
Or black Latino's gift of tongues,[4]
No Latin let thy pages show.
Ape not philosophy or wit,
Lest one who cannot comprehend,
Make a wry face at thee and ask,
'Why offer flowers to me, my friend?'

family, of which the Duke was the head, claimed descent from the roya line of Navarre.

[1] 'Le donne, i cavalieri, l'arme, gli amori'—*Orlando Furioso*, i. 1. This is one of many proofs that the *Orlando* of Ariosto was one of the sources from which Cervantes borrowed.

[2] 'Figures,' i.e. picture cards. The allusion to vain emblems on the shield is a sly hit at Lope de Vega, whose portrait in the *Arcadia*, and again in the *Rimas* (1602), has underneath it a shield bearing nine castles surrounded by an orle with ten more.

[3] See Note B, p. 102.

[4] Juan Latino, a self-educated negro slave in the household of the Duke

Be not a meddler; no affair
  Of thine the life thy neighbours lead:
Be prudent; oft the random jest
  Recoils upon the jester's head.
Thy constant labour let it be
  To earn thyself an honest name,
For fooleries preserved in print
  Are perpetuity of shame.

A further counsel bear in mind:
  If that thy roof be made of glass,
It shows small wit to pick up stones
  To pelt the people as they pass.
Win the attention of the wise,
  And give the thinker food for thought;
Whoso indites frivolities,
  Will but by simpletons be sought.

AMADIS OF GAUL

To Don Quixote of La Mancha.

SONNET.

Thou that didst imitate that life of mine,[1]
  When I in lonely sadness on the great
  Rock Peña Pobre sat disconsolate,
In self-imposèd penance there to pine;
Thou, whose sole beverage was the bitter brine
  Of thine own tears, and who withouten plate
  Of silver, copper, tin, in lowly state
Off the bare earth and on earth's fruits didst dine;

of Sesa, who gave him his freedom. He was for sixty years Professor of Rhetoric and Latin at Granada, where he died in 1573.

[1] In allusion to Don Quixote's penance in the Sierra Morena.

Live thou, of thine eternal glory sure.
  So long as on the round of the fourth sphere
  The bright Apollo shall his coursers steer,
In thy renown thou shalt remain secure,
Thy country's name in story shall endure,
  And thy sage author stand without a peer.

DON BELIANIS OF GREECE [1]

To Don Quixote of La Mancha.

SONNET.

In slashing, hewing, cleaving, word and deed,
  I was the foremost knight of chivalry,
  Stout, bold, expert, as e'er the world did see;
Thousands from the oppressor's wrong I freed;
Great were my feats, eternal fame their meed;
  In love I proved my truth and loyalty;
  The hugest giant was a dwarf for me;
Ever to knighthood's laws gave I good heed.
My mastery the Fickle Goddess owned,
  And even Chance, submitting to control,
    Grasped by the forelock, yielded to my will.
Yet—though above yon hornèd moon enthroned
    My fortune seems to sit—great Quixote, still
  Envy of thy achievements fills my soul.

---

[1] V. Note [2], p. 106.

THE LADY ORIANA[1]

To Dulcinea del Toboso.

SONNET.

Oh, fairest Dulcinea, could it be!
It were a pleasant fancy to suppose so—
Could Miraflores change to El Toboso,
And London's town to that which shelters thee!
Oh. could mine but acquire that livery
Of countless charms thy mind and body show so!
Or him, now famous grown—thou mad'st him grow so—
Thy knight, in some dread combat could I see!
Oh, could I be released from Amadis
By exercise of such coy chastity
As led thee gentle Quixote to dismiss!
Then would my heavy sorrow turn to joy;
None would I envy, all would envy me,
And happiness be mine without alloy.

GANDALIN, SQUIRE OF AMADIS OF GAUL,

To Sancho Panza, Squire of Don Quixote.

SONNET.

All hail, illustrious man! Fortune, when she
Bound thee apprentice to the esquire trade,
Her care and tenderness of thee displayed,
Shaping thy course from misadventure free.

[1] Oriana, the heroine of *Amadis of Gaul*. Her castle Miraflores was within two leagues of London. Shelton in his translation puts it at Greenwich.

No longer now doth proud knight-errantry
Regard with scorn the sickle and the spade;
Of towering arrogance less count is made
Than of plain esquire-like simplicity.
I envy thee thy Dapple, and thy name,
And those alforjas thou wast wont to stuff
With comforts that thy providence proclaim.
Excellent Sancho! hail to thee again!
To thee alone the Ovid of our Spain
Does homage with the rustic kiss and cuff.[1]

FROM EL DONOSO, THE MOTLEY POET,[2]

On Sancho Panza and Rocinante.

ON SANCHO.

I am the esquire Sancho Pan—
Who served Don Quixote of La Man—;
But from his service I retreat—,
Resolved to pass my life discreet—;
For Villadiego, called the Si—,
Maintained that only in reti—
Was found the secret of well-be—,
According to the 'Celesti—:'[3]
A book divine, except for sin—
By speech too plain, in my opin—.

ON ROCINANTE.

I am that Rocinante fa—,
Great-grandson of great Babie—,[4]
Who, all for being lean and bon—,
Had one Don Quixote for an own—;

[1] See Note C, p. 102. [2] See Note D, p. 102. [3] See Note E, p. 103.
[4] Babieca, the famous charger of the Cid.

But if I matched him well in weak—,
I never took short commons meek—,
But kept myself in corn by steal—,
A trick I learned from Lazaril—,
When with a piece of straw so neat—
The blind man of his wine he cheat—.[1]

ORLANDO FURIOSO

To Don Quixote of La Mancha.

SONNET.

If thou art not a Peer, peer thou hast none;[2]
Among a thousand Peers thou art a peer;
Nor is there room for one when thou art near,
Unvanquished victor, great unconquered one!
Orlando, by Angelica undone,
Am I; o'er distant seas condemned to steer,
And to Fame's altars as an offering bear
Valour respected by Oblivion.
I cannot be thy rival, for thy fame
And prowess rise above all rivalry,
Albeit both bereft of wits we go.
But, though the Scythian or the Moor to tame
Was not thy lot, still thou dost rival me:
Love binds us in a fellowship of woe.

---

[1] An allusion to the charming little novel of Lazarillo de Tormes, and the trick by which the hero secured a share of his master's wine.

[2] See Note F, p. 103.

THE KNIGHT OF PHŒBUS[1]

To Don Quixote of La Mancha.

My sword was not to be compared with thine
  Phœbus of Spain, marvel of courtesy,
Nor with thy famous arm this hand of mine
  That smote from east to west as lightnings fly.
  I scorned all empire, and that monarchy
The rosy east held out did I resign
  For one glance of Claridiana's eye,
The bright Aurora for whose love I pine.
A miracle of constancy my love;
  And banished by her ruthless cruelty,
    This arm had might the rage of Hell to tame.
But, Gothic Quixote, happier thou dost prove,
    For thou dost live in Dulcinea's name,
  And famous, honoured, wise, she lives in thee.

FROM SOLISDAN[2]

To Don Quixote of La Mancha.

SONNET.

Your fantasies, Sir Quixote, it is true,
  That crazy brain of yours have quite upset,
  But aught of base or mean hath never yet
Been charged by any in reproach to you.

[1] See Note G, p. 103.

[2] Solisdan is apparently a name invented by Cervantes, for no such personage figures in any known book of chivalry.

Your deeds are open proof in all men's view;
For you went forth injustice to abate,
And for your pains sore drubbings did you get
From many a rascally and ruffian crew.
If the fair Dulcinea, your heart's queen,
Be unrelenting in her cruelty,
If still your woe be powerless to move her,
In such hard case your comfort let it be
That Sancho was a sorry go-between:
A booby he, hard-hearted she, and you no lover.

DIALOGUE

Between Babieca and Rocinante.

SONNET.

B. 'How comes it, Rocinante, you 're so lean?'
R. 'I 'm underfed, with overwork I 'm worn.
B. 'But what becomes of all the hay and corn?
R. 'My master give me none; he 's much too mean.
B. 'Come, come, you show ill-breeding, sir, I ween;
'T is like an ass your master thus to scorn.'
R. '*He* is an ass, will die an ass, an ass was born;
'Why, he 's in love; what 's plainer to be seen?'
B. 'To be in love is folly?'—*R.* 'No great sense.'
B. 'You 're metaphysical.'—*R.* 'From want of food.
B. 'Rail at the squire, then.'—*R.* 'Why, what 's the good?
I might indeed complain of him, I grant ye,
But, squire or master, where 's the difference?
They 're both as sorry hacks as Rocinante.

Note A (*page* 93).

All translators, I think, except Shelton and Mr. Duffield, have entirely omitted these preliminary pieces of verse, which, however, should be preserved—not for their poetical merits, which are of the slenderest sort, but because, being burlesques on the pompous, extravagant, laudatory verses usually prefixed to books in the time of Cervantes, they are in harmony with the aim and purpose of the work, and also a fulfilment of the promise held out in the Preface.

Note B (*page* 94).

This refers to the querulous and egotistic tone in which dedications were often written. Alvaro de Luna was the Constable of Castile and favourite of John II., beheaded at Valladolid in 1450. Francis I. of France was kept a prisoner at Madrid by Charles V. for a year after the battle of Pavia. The last four lines of the stanza are almost verbatim from verses by Fray Domingo de Guzman written as a gloss upon some lines carved by the poet Fray Luis de Leon on the wall of his cell in Valladolid, where he was imprisoned by the Inquisition.

Note C (*page* 98).

'Rustic kiss and cuff'—*buzcorona*—a boorish practical joke the poin of which lay in inducing some simpleton to kiss the joker's hand, which as he stoops gives him a cuff on the cheek. The application here is not very obvious, for it is the person who does homage who receives the *buzcorona*. It is not clear who is meant by the Spanish Ovid; some say Cervantes himself; others, as Hartzenbusch, Lope de Vega.

Note D (*page* 98).

'Motley poet'—*Poeta entreverado*. *Entreverado* is properly 'mixed fat and lean,' as bacon should be. Commentators have been at some pains to extract a meaning from these lines. The truth is they have none, and were not meant to have any. If it were not profanity to apply the word to anything coming from Cervantes, they might be called mere pieces of buffoonery, mere idle freaks of the author's pen. The verse in which they are written is worthy of the matter. It is of the sort called in Spanish *de piés cortados*, its peculiarity being that each line ends with a word the last syllable of which has been lopped off. The invention has been attributed to Cervantes, but the honour is one which no admirer of his will be solicitous to claim for him, and in fact there are half a dozen specimens in

the *Picara Justina*, a book published if anything earlier than *Don Quixote*. I have here imitated the *tour de force* as well as I could, an experiment never before attempted and certainly not worth repeating. The 'Urganda' verses are written in the same fashion, but I did not feel bound to try the reader's patience—or my own—by a more extended reproduction of the puerility.

Note E (*page* 98).

Celestina, or Tragicomedy of Calisto and Melibœa (1499), the first act of which is generally attributed to Rodrigo Cota, the remaining nineteen being by Fernando Rojas. There is no mention in it of 'Villadiego the Silent;' the name only appears in the proverbial saying about 'taking the breeches of Villadiego,' i.e. beating a hasty retreat.

Note F (*page* 99).

The play upon the word 'Peer' is justified by Orlando's rank as one of the Twelve Peers. This sonnet is pronounced 'truly unintelligible and bad' by Clemencin, and it is, it must be confessed, very feeble and obscure. I have adopted a suggestion of Hartzenbusch's which makes somewhat better sense of the concluding lines, but no emendation can do much. Nor are the remaining sonnets much better; there is some drollery in the dialogue between Babieca and Rocinante, but the sonnets of the Knight of Phœbus and Solisdan are weak. There was no particular call for Cervantes to be funny, but if he thought otherwise it would have been just as well not to leave the fun out.

Note G (*page* 100).

The *Knight of Phœbus*, or of *the Sun—Caballero del Febo, espejo de Principes y Caballeros*—a ponderous romance by Diego Ortuñez de Calahorra and Marcos Martinez, in four parts, the first printed at Saragossa in 1562, the others at Alcalá de Henares in 1580.

CHAPTER I.

WHICH TREATS OF THE CHARACTER AND PURSUITS OF THE FAMOUS GENTLEMAN DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA.

In a village of La Mancha, the name of which I have no desire to call to mind,[1] there lived not long since one of those gentlemen that keep a lance in the lance-rack, an old buckler, a lean hack, and a greyhound for coursing. An olla of rather more beef than mutton, a salad on most nights, scraps on Saturdays,[2] lentils on Fridays, and a pigeon or so extra on Sundays, made away with three-quarters of his income. The rest of it went in a doublet of fine cloth and velvet breeches and shoes to match for holidays, while on week-days he made a brave figure in his best homespun. He had in his house a housekeeper past forty, a niece under twenty, and a lad for the field and market-place, who used to saddle the hack as well as handle the bill-hook. The age of this gentleman of ours was bordering on fifty; he was of a hardy habit, spare, gaunt-featured, a very early riser and a great sportsman. They will have it his surname was Quixada or Quesada (for here there is some difference of opinion among the authors who write on the subject), although from reasonable conjectures it seems plain that he was called Quixana. This,

[1] See Introduction, p. 33.

[2] See Note A, p. 112.

however, is of but little importance to our tale; it will be enough not to stray a hair's breadth from the truth in the telling of it.

You must know, then, that the above-named gentleman whenever he was at leisure (which was mostly all the year round) gave himself up to reading books of chivalry with such ardour and avidity that he almost entirely neglected the pursuit of his field-sports, and even the management of his property; and to such a pitch did his eagerness and infatuation go that he sold many an acre of tillage-land to buy books of chivalry to read, and brought home as many of them as he could get. But of all there were none he liked so well as those of the famous Feliciano de Silva's composition, for their lucidity of style and complicated conceits were as pearls in his sight, particularly when in his reading he came upon courtships and cartels, where he often found passages like '*the reason of the unreason with which my reason is afflicted so weakens my reason that with reason I murmur at your beauty*;' or again, '*the high heavens, that of your divinity divinely fortify you with the stars, render you deserving of the desert your greatness deserves.*'[1] Over conceits of this sort the poor gentleman lost his wits, and used to lie awake striving to understand them and worm the meaning out of them; what Aristotle himself could not have made out or extracted had he come to life again for that special purpose. He was not at all easy about the wounds which Don Belianis[2] gave

[1] See Note B, p. 113.

[2] *The History of Don Belianis de Grecia*, by the Licenciate Jeronimo Fernandez, 1547. It has been by some included in the Amadis series, but it is in reality an independent romance.

and took, because it seemed to him that, great as were the surgeons who had cured him, he must have had his face and body covered all over with seams and scars. He commended, however, the author's way of ending his book with the promise of that interminable adventure, and many a time was he tempted to take up his pen and finish it properly as is there proposed, which no doubt he would have done, and made a successful piece of work of it too, had not greater and more absorbing thoughts prevented him.

Many an argument did he have with the curate of his village (a learned man, and a graduate of Siguenza [1]) as to which had been the better knight, Palmerin of England or Amadis of Gaul. Master Nicholas, the village barber, however, used to say that neither of them came up to the Knight of Phœbus, and that if there was any that could compare with *him* it was Don Galaor, the brother of Amadis of Gaul, because he had a spirit that was equal to every occasion, and was no finikin knight, nor lachrymose like his brother, while in the matter of valour he was not a whit behind him. In short, he became so absorbed in his books that he spent his nights from sunset to sunrise, and his days from dawn to dark, poring over them; and what with little sleep and much reading his brains got so dry that he lost his wits. His fancy grew full of what he used to read about in his books, enchantments, quarrels, battles, challenges, wounds, wooings, loves, agonies, and all sorts of impossible nonsense; and it so possessed his mind

[1] Siguenza was one of the *Universidades menores*, the degrees of which were often laughed at by the Spanish humourists.

that the whole fabric of invention and fancy he read of was true, that to him no history in the world had more reality in it. He used to say the Cid Ruy Diaz was a very good knight, but that he was not to be compared with the Knight of the Burning Sword who with one back-stroke cut in half two fierce and monstrous giants. He thought more of Bernardo del Carpio because at Roncesvalles he slew Roland in spite of enchantments,[1] availing himself of the artifice of Hercules when he strangled Antæus the son of Terra in his arms. He approved highly of the giant Morgante, because, although of the giant breed which is always arrogant and ill-conditioned, he alone was affable and well-bred. But above all he admired Reinaldos of Montalban, especially when he saw him sallying forth from his castle and robbing everyone he met, and when beyond the seas he stole that image of Mahomet which, as his history says, was entirely of gold. And to have a bout of kicking at that traitor of a Ganelon he would have given his housekeeper, and his niece into the bargain.[2]

In short, his wits being quite gone, he hit upon the strangest notion that ever madman in this world hit upon, and that was that he fancied it was right and requisite, as well for the support of his own honour as for the service of his country, that he should make a knight-errant of himself, roaming the world over in full armour and on horse-

[1] See Note C, p. 113.

[2] Ganelon, the arch-traitor of the Charlemagne legend. In Spanish he appears as Galalon, in Italian as Gano; but in this as in the cases of Roland, Baldwin, and others, I have thought it best to give the name in the form in which it is best known, and will be most readily recognised, instead of Roldan, Valdovinos, &c.

back in quest of adventures, and putting in practice himself all that he had read of as being the usual practices of knights-errant; righting every kind of wrong, and exposing himself to peril and danger from which, in the issue, he was to reap eternal renown and fame. Already the poor man saw himself crowned by the might of his arm Emperor of Trebizond[1] at least; and so, led away by the intense enjoyment he found in these pleasant fancies, he set himself forthwith to put his scheme into execution.

The first thing he did was to clean up some armour that had belonged to his great-grandfather, and had been for ages lying forgotten in a corner eaten with rust and covered with mildew. He scoured and polished it as best he could, but he perceived one great defect in it, that it had no closed helmet, nothing but a simple morion.[2] This deficiency, however, his ingenuity supplied, for he contrived a kind of half-helmet of pasteboard which, fitted on to the morion, looked like a whole one. It is true that, in order to see if it was strong and fit to stand a cut, he drew his sword and gave it a couple of slashes, the first of which undid in an instant what had taken him a week to do. The ease with which he had knocked it to pieces disconcerted him somewhat, and to guard against that danger he set to work again, fixing bars of iron on the inside until he was satisfied with its strength; and then, not caring to try any more experiments with it, he passed it and adopted it as a helmet of the most perfect construction.

He next proceeded to inspect his hack, which, with

[1] Like Reinaldos or Rinaldo, who came to be Emperor of Trebizond.

[2] That is, a simple head-piece without either visor or beaver.

more quartos than a real[1] and more blemishes than the steed of Gonela, that '*tantum pellis et ossa fuit*,' surpassed in his eyes the Bucephalus of Alexander or the Babieca of the Cid. Four days were spent in thinking what name to give him, because (as he said to himself) it was not right that a horse belonging to a knight so famous, and one with such merits of his own, should be without some distinctive name, and he strove to adapt it so as to indicate what he had been before belonging to a knight-errant, and what he then was; for it was only reasonable that, his master taking a new character, he should take a new name, and that it should be a distinguished and full-sounding one, befitting the new order and calling he was about to follow. And so, after having composed, struck out, rejected, added to, unmade, and remade a multitude of names out of his memory and fancy, he decided upon calling him Rocinante, a name, to his thinking, lofty, sonorous, and significant of his condition as a hack before he became what he now was, the first and foremost of all the hacks in the world.[2]

Having got a name for his horse so much to his taste, he was anxious to get one for himself, and he was eight days more pondering over this point, till at last he made up his mind to call himself Don Quixote,[3] whence, as has been

[1] An untranslatable pun on the word 'quarto,' which means a sand-crack in a horse's hoof, as well as the coin equal to one-eighth of the real. Gonela, or Gonnella, was a jester in the service of Borso, Duke of Ferrara (1450–1470). A book of the jests attributed to him was printed in 1568, the year before Cervantes went to Italy.

[2] 'Rocin' is a horse employed in labour, as distinguished from one kept for pleasure, the chase, or personal use generally; the word therefore may fairly be translated 'hack.' 'Ante' is an old form of 'antes' = 'before,' whether in time or in order.

[3] Quixote—or, as it is now written, Quijote—means the piece of armour

already said, the authors of this veracious history have inferred that his name must have been beyond a doubt Quixada, and not Quesada as others would have it. Recollecting, however, that the valiant Amadis was not content to call himself curtly Amadis and nothing more, but added the name of his kingdom and country to make it famous, and called himself Amadis of Gaul, he, like a good knight, resolved to add on the name of his, and to style himself Don Quixote of La Mancha, whereby, he considered, he described accurately his origin and country, and did honour to it in taking his surname from it.

So then, his armour being furbished, his morion turned into a helmet, his hack christened, and he himself confirmed, he came to the conclusion that nothing more was needed now but to look out for a lady to be in love with; for a knight-errant without love was like a tree without leaves or fruit, or a body without a soul. As he said to himself, 'If, for my sins, or by my good fortune, I come across some giant hereabouts, a common occurrence with knights-errant, and overthrow him in one onslaught, or cleave him asunder to the waist, or, in short, vanquish and subdue him, will it not be well to have some one I may send him to as a present, that he may come in and fall on his knees before my sweet lady, and in a humble, submissive voice say, "I am the giant Caraculiambro, lord of

that protects the thigh (*cuissau, cuish*). Smollett's 'Sir Lancelot Greaves' is a kind of parody on the name. Quixada and Quesada were both distinguished family names. The Governor of the Goletta, who was one of the passengers on board the unfortunate *Sol* galley, was a Quesada; and the faithful major-domo of Charles V. and guardian of Don John of Austria was a Quixada.

the island of Malindrania, vanquished in single combat by the never sufficiently extolled knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, who has commanded me to present myself before your Grace, that your Highness dispose of me at your pleasure?"' Oh, how our good gentleman enjoyed the delivery of this speech, especially when he had thought of some one to call his Lady! There was, so the story goes, in a village near his own a very good-looking farm-girl with whom he had been at one time in love, though, so far as is known, she never knew it nor gave a thought to the matter. Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo, and upon her he thought fit to confer the title of Lady of his Thoughts; and after some search for a name which should not be out of harmony with her own, and should suggest and indicate that of a princess and great lady, he decided upon calling her Dulcinea del Toboso—she being of El Toboso—a name, to his mind, musical, uncommon, and significant, like all those he had already bestowed upon himself and the things belonging to him.

Note A (*page* 105).

The national dish, the *olla*, of which the *puchero* of Central and Northern Spain is a poor relation, is a stew with beef, bacon, sausage, chick-peas, and cabbage for its prime constituents, and for ingredients any other meat or vegetable that may be available. There is nothing exceptional in Don Quixote's *olla* being more a beef than a mutton one, for mutton is scarce in Spain except in the mountain districts. *Salpicon* (salad) is meat minced with red peppers, onions, oil, and vinegar, and is in fact a sort of meat salad. *Duelos y quebrantos*, the title of the Don's Saturday dish, would be a puzzle even to the majority of Spanish readers were it not for Pellicer's explanation. In the cattle-feeding districts of Spain, the carcases of animals that came to an untimely end were converted into salt meat, and

the parts unfit for that purpose were sold cheap under the name of *duelos y quebrantos*—'sorrows and losses' (literally 'breakings')—and were held to be sufficiently unlike meat to be eaten on days when flesh was forbidden, among which in Castile Saturday was included in commemoration of the battle of Navas de Tolosa. Any rendering of such a phrase must necessarily be unsatisfactory, and in adopting 'scraps' I have, as in the other cases, merely gone on the principle of choosing the least of evils.

Note B (*page* 106).

The first passage quoted is from the *Chronicle of Don Florisel de Niquea*, by Feliciano de Silva, the volumes of which appeared in 1532, 1536, and 1551, and form the tenth and eleventh books of the Amadis series. The second is from *Olivante de Laura*, by Torquemada (1564). Clemencin points out that the first passage had been previously picked out as a sample of the absurdity of the school, by Diego Hurtado de Mendoza.

Note C (*page* 108).

The Spanish tradition of the battle of Roncesvalles is, of course, at variance with the *Chanson de Roland*, but it is somewhat nearer historical truth, inasmuch as the slaughter of Roland and the rearguard of Charlemagne's army was effected not by Saracens, but by the Basque mountaineers.

CHAPTER II.

WHICH TREATS OF THE FIRST SALLY THE INGENIOUS DON QUIXOTE MADE FROM HOME.

THESE preliminaries settled, he did not care to put off any longer the execution of his design, urged on to it by the thought of all the world was losing by his delay, seeing what wrongs he intended to right, grievances to redress, injustices to repair, abuses to remove, and duties to discharge. So, without giving notice of his intention to anyone, and without anybody seeing him, one morning before the dawning of the day (which was one of the hottest of the month of July) he donned his suit of armour, mounted Rocinante with his patched-up helmet on, braced his buckler, took his lance, and by the back door of the yard sallied forth upon the plain in the highest contentment and satisfaction at seeing with what ease he had made a beginning with his grand purpose. But scarcely did he find himself upon the open plain, when a terrible thought struck him, one all but enough to make him abandon the enterprise at the very outset. It occurred to him that he had not been dubbed a knight, and that according to the law of chivalry he neither could nor ought to bear arms against any knight; and that even if he had been, still he ought, as a novice knight, to wear

white armour,[1] without a device upon the shield until by his prowess he had earned one. These reflections made him waver in his purpose, but his craze being stronger than any reasoning he made up his mind to have himself dubbed a knight by the first one he came across, following the example of others in the same case, as he had read in the books that brought him to this pass. As for white armour, he resolved, on the first opportunity, to scour his until it was whiter than an ermine; and so comforting himself he pursued his way, taking that which his horse chose, for in this he believed lay the essence of adventures.

Thus setting out, our new-fledged[2] adventurer paced along, talking to himself and saying, 'Who knows but that in time to come, when the veracious history of my famous deeds is made known, the sage who writes it, when he has to set forth my first sally in the early morning, will do it after this fashion? "Scarce had the rubicund Apollo spread o'er the face of the broad spacious earth the golden threads of his bright hair, scarce had the little birds of painted plumage attuned their notes to hail with dulcet and mellifluous harmony the coming of the rosy Dawn, that, deserting the soft couch of her jealous spouse, was appearing to mortals at the gates and balconies of the Manchegan horizon, when the renowned knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, quitting the lazy down, mounted his celebrated steed Rocinante and began to traverse the ancient and famous Campo de

[1] Properly 'blank' armour, but Don Quixote takes the word in its common sense of white.

[2] *Flamante.* Shelton translates 'burnished,' and Jervas 'flaming,' but the secondary meaning of the word is 'new,' 'fresh,' 'unused.'

Montiel;"' which in fact he was actually traversing.[1] 'Happy the age, happy the time,' he continued, 'in which shall be made known my deeds of fame, worthy to be moulded in brass, carved in marble, limned in pictures, for a memorial for ever. And thou, O sage magician,[2] whoever thou art, to whom it shall fall to be the chronicler of this wondrous history, forget not, I entreat thee, my good Rocinante, the constant companion of my ways and wanderings.' Presently he broke out again, as if he were love-stricken in earnest, 'O Princess Dulcinea, lady of this captive heart, a grievous wrong hast thou done me to drive me forth with scorn, and with inexorable obduracy banish me from the presence of thy beauty. O lady, deign to hold in remembrance this heart, thy vassal, that thus in anguish pines for love of thee.'

So he went on stringing together these and other absurdities, all in the style of those his books had taught him, imitating their language as well as he could; and all the while he rode so slowly and the sun mounted so rapidly and with such fervour that it was enough to melt his brains if he had any. Nearly all day he travelled without anything remarkable happening to him, at which he was in despair, for he was anxious to encounter some one at once upon whom to try the might of his strong arm.

Writers there are who say the first adventure he met with was that of Puerto Lapice; others say it was that of the windmills; but what I have ascertained on this point, and what I have found written in the annals of La Mancha, is that he was on the road all day, and towards nightfall

[1] See Note A, p. 122. [2] See Note B, p. 122.

his hack and he found themselves dead tired and hungry, when, looking all around to see if he could discover any castle or shepherd's shanty where he might refresh himself and relieve his sore wants, he perceived not far out of his road an inn,[1] which was as welcome as a star guiding him to the portals, if not the palaces, of his redemption; and quickening his pace he reached it just as night was setting in. At the door were standing two young women, girls of the district as they call them, on their way to Seville with some carriers who had chanced to halt that night at the inn; and as, happen what might to our adventurer, everything he saw or imagined seemed to him to be and to happen after the fashion of what he had read of, the moment he saw the inn he pictured it to himself as a castle with its four turrets and pinnacles of shining silver, not forgetting the drawbridge and moat and all the belongings usually ascribed to castles of the sort. To this inn, which to him seemed a castle, he advanced, and at a short distance from it he checked Rocinante, hoping that some dwarf would show himself upon the battlements, and by sound of trumpet give notice that a knight was approaching the castle. But seeing that they were slow about it, and that Rocinante was in a hurry to reach the stable, he made for the inn door, and perceived the two gay damsels who were standing there, and who seemed to him to be two fair maidens or lovely ladies taking their ease at the castle gate.

At this moment it so happened that a swineherd who was going through the stubbles collecting a drove of pigs (for, without any apology, that is what they are called)

[1] See Note C, p. 122.

gave a blast of his horn to bring them together, and forthwith it seemed to Don Quixote to be what he was expecting, the signal of some dwarf announcing his arrival; and so with prodigious satisfaction he rode up to the inn and to the ladies, who, seeing a man of this sort approaching in full armour and with lance and buckler, were turning in dismay into the inn, when Don Quixote, guessing their fear by their flight, raising his pasteboard visor, disclosed his dry, dusty visage,[1] and with courteous bearing and gentle voice addressed them, 'Your ladyships need not fly or fear any rudeness, for that it belongs not to the order of knighthood which I profess to offer to anyone, much less to high-born maidens as your appearance proclaims you to be.' The girls were looking at him and straining their eyes to make out the features which the clumsy visor obscured, but when they heard themselves called maidens, a thing so much out of their line, they could not restrain their laughter, which made Don Quixote wax indignant, and say, 'Modesty becomes the fair, and moreover laughter that has little cause is great silliness; this, however, I say not to pain or anger you, for my desire is none other than to serve you.'

The incomprehensible language and the unpromising looks of our cavalier only increased the ladies' laughter, and that increased his irritation, and matters might have gone farther if at that moment the landlord had not come out, who, being a very fat man, was a very peaceful one. He, seeing this grotesque figure clad in armour that did not match any more than his saddle, bridle, lance, buckler, or

[1] See Note D, p. 123.

corselet, was not at all indisposed to join the damsels in their manifestations of amusement; but, in truth, standing in awe of such a complicated armament, he thought it best to speak him fairly, so he said, 'Señor Caballero, if your worship wants lodging, bating the bed (for there is not one in the inn) there is plenty of everything else here.' Don Quixote, observing the respectful bearing of the Alcaide of the fortress (for so innkeeper and inn seemed in his eyes), made answer, 'Sir Castellan, for me anything will suffice, for

'My armour is my only wear,
My only rest the fray.'

The host fancied he called him Castellan because he took him for a 'worthy of Castile,'[1] though he was in fact an Andalusian, and one from the Strand of San Lucar, as crafty a thief as Cacus and as full of tricks as a student or a page. 'In that case,' said he,

'Your bed is on the flinty rock,
Your sleep to watch alway;'[2]

and if so, you may dismount and safely reckon upon any quantity of sleeplessness under this roof for a twelvemonth, not to say for a single night.' So saying, he advanced to hold the stirrup for Don Quixote, who got down with great difficulty and exertion (for he had not broken his fast all day), and then charged the host to take great care of his horse, as he was the best bit of flesh that ever ate bread in

[1] *Sano de Castilla*—a slang phrase from the Germanía dialect for a thief in disguise (*ladron disimulado—Vocabulario de Germanía de Hidalgo*). 'Castellano' and 'alcaide' both mean governor of a castle or fortress, but the former means also a Castilian.

[2] See Note E, p. 123.

this world. The landlord eyed him over, but did not find him as good as Don Quixote said, nor even half as good; and putting him up in the stable, he returned to see what might be wanted by his guest, whom the damsels, who had by this time made their peace with him, were now relieving of his armour. They had taken off his breastplate and backpiece, but they neither knew nor saw how to open his gorget or remove his make-shift helmet, for he had fastened it with green ribbons, which, as there was no untying the knots, required to be cut. This, however, he would not by any means consent to, so he remained all the evening with his helmet on, the drollest and oddest figure that can be imagined; and while they were removing his armour, taking the baggages who were about it for ladies of high degree belonging to the castle, he said to them with great sprightliness:

'Oh, never, surely, was there knight
So served by hand of dame,
As served was he, Don Quixote hight,
When from his town he came;
With maidens waiting on himself,
Princesses on his hack[1]—

—or Rocinante, for that, ladies mine, is my horse's name, and Don Quixote of La Mancha is my own; for though I had no intention of declaring myself until my achievements in your service and honour had made me known, the necessity of adapting that old ballad of Lancelot to the present occasion has given you the knowledge of my name altogether prematurely. A time, however, will come for

[1] A parody of the opening lines of the ballad of *Lancelot of the Lake*. Their chief attraction for Cervantes was, no doubt, the occurrence of *rocino* (*rocin*) in the last line.

your ladyships to command and me to obey, and then the might of my arm will show my desire to serve you.'

The girls, who were not used to hearing rhetoric of this sort, had nothing to say in reply: they only asked him if he wanted anything to eat. 'I would gladly eat a bit of something,' said Don Quixote, 'for I feel it would come very seasonably.' The day happened to be a Friday, and in the whole inn there was nothing but some pieces of the fish they call in Castile 'abadejo,' in Andalusia 'bacallao,' and in some places 'curadillo,' and in others 'troutlet;' so they asked him if he thought he could eat troutlet, for there was no other fish to give him. 'If there be troutlets enough,' said Don Quixote, 'they will be the same thing as a trout; for it is all one to me whether I am given eight reals in small change or a piece of eight; moreover, it may be that these troutlets are like veal, which is better than beef, or kid, which is better than goat. But whatever it be let it come quickly, for the burden and pressure of arms cannot be borne without support to the inside.' They laid a table for him at the door of the inn for the sake of the air, and the host brought him a portion of ill-soaked and worse cooked stockfish, and a piece of bread as black and mouldy as his own armour; but a laughable sight it was to see him eating, for having his helmet on and the beaver up,[1] he could not with his own hands put anything into his mouth unless some one else placed it there, and this service one of the ladies rendered him. But to give

[1] The original has, *la visera alzada*, 'the visor up,' in which case Don Quixote would have found no difficulty in feeding himself. Hartzenbusch suggests *babera*, beaver, which I have adopted, as it removes the difficulty, and is consistent with what follows; when the landlord 'poured wine into him' it must have been *over* the beaver, not *under* the visor.

him anything to drink was impossible, or would have been so had not the landlord bored a reed, and putting one end in his mouth poured the wine into him through the other; all which he bore with patience rather than sever the ribbons of his helmet.

While this was going on there came up to the inn a sow-gelder, who, as he approached, sounded his reed pipe four or five times, and thereby completely convinced Don Quixote that he was in some famous castle, and that they were regaling him with music, and that the stockfish was trout, the bread the whitest, the wenches ladies, and the landlord the castellan of the castle; and consequently he held that his enterprise and sally had been to some purpose. But still it distressed him to think he had not been dubbed a knight, for it was plain to him he could not lawfully engage in any adventure without receiving the order of knighthood.

Note A (*page* 116).

The Campo de Montiel was 'famous' as being the scene of the battle, in 1369, in which Pedro the Cruel was defeated by his brother Henry of Trastamara supported by Du Guesclin. The actual battle-field, however, lies some considerable distance to the south of Argamasilla, on the slope of the Sierra Morena, near the castle of Montiel in which Pedro took refuge.

Note B (*page* 116).

In the later romances of chivalry, a sage or a magician or some such personage was frequently introduced as the original source of the history.

Note C (*page* 117).

In Spain there are at least half a dozen varieties of inns each with its distinctive name. In *Don Quixote* the inn is almost always the *venta*, the solitary roadside inn where travellers of all sorts stop to bait; and it has remained to this day much what Cervantes has described. The particular *venta* that he had in his eye in this and the next chapter is said to be the

Venta de Quesada, about 2½ leagues north of Manzanares, on the Madrid and Seville road. (*V.* map.) The house itself was burned down about a century ago, and has been rebuilt, but the yard at the back with its draw-well and stone trough are said to remain as they were in his day.

Note D (*page* 118).

The commentators are somewhat exercised by the contradiction here. If Don Quixote raised his visor and disclosed his visage, how was it that the girls were unable 'to make out the features which the clumsy visor obscured'? Cervantes probably was thinking of the make-shift pasteboard visor (*mala visera*, as he calls it), which could not be put up completely, and so kept the face behind it in the shade. Hartzenbusch, however, believes the words to have been interpolated, and omits them.

Note E (*page* 119).

The lines quoted by Don Quixote and the host are, in the original:

'Mis arreos son las armas,
Mi descanso el pelear,
Mi cama, las duras peñas,
Mi dormir, siempre velar.'

They occur first in the old, probably fourteenth century, ballad of *Moriana en un Castillo*, and were afterwards adopted as the beginning of a serenade. In England it would be a daring improbability to represent the landlord of a roadside alehouse capping verses with his guest out of *Chevy Chase* or *Sir Andrew Barton*, but in Spain familiarity with the old national ballad-poetry and proverbs is an accomplishment that may, even to this day, be met with in quarters quite as unpromising.

CHAPTER III.

WHEREIN IS RELATED THE DROLL WAY IN WHICH DON QUIXOTE HAD HIMSELF DUBBED A KNIGHT.

HARASSED by this reflection, he made haste with his scanty pothouse supper,[1] and having finished it called the landlord, and shutting himself into the stable with him, fell on his knees before him, saying, 'From this spot I rise not, valiant knight, until your courtesy grants me the boon I seek, one that will redound to your praise and the benefit of the human race.' The landlord, seeing his guest at his feet and hearing a speech of this kind, stood staring at him in bewilderment, not knowing what to do or say, and entreating him to rise, but all to no purpose until he had agreed to grant the boon demanded of him. 'I looked for no less, my lord, from your High Magnificence,' replied Don Quixote, 'and I have to tell you that the boon I have asked and your liberality has granted is that you shall dub me knight to-morrow morning, and that to-night I shall watch my arms in the chapel of this your castle; thus to-morrow, as I have said, will be accomplished what I so much desire, enabling me lawfully to roam through all the four quarters of the world seeking adventures on behalf of those in distress, as is the duty of

[1] 'Pothouse'—*venteril*, i.e. such as only a *venta* could produce.

chivalry and of knights-errant like myself, whose ambition is directed to such deeds.'

The landlord, who, as has been mentioned, was something of a wag, and had already some suspicion of his guest's want of wits, was quite convinced of it on hearing talk of this kind from him, and to make sport for the night he determined to fall in with his humour. So he told him he was quite right in pursuing the object he had in view, and that such a motive was natural and becoming in cavaliers as distinguished as he seemed and his gallant bearing showed him to be; and that he himself in his younger days had followed the same honourable calling, roaming in quest of adventures in various parts of the world, among others the Curing-grounds of Malaga, the Isles of Riaran, the Precinct of Seville, the Little Market of Segovia, the Olivera of Valencia, the Rondilla of Granada, the Strand of San Lucar, the Colt of Cordova, the Taverns of Toledo,[1] and divers other quarters, where he had proved the nimbleness of his feet and the lightness of his fingers, doing many wrongs, cheating many widows, ruining maids and swindling minors, and, in short, bringing himself under the notice of almost every tribunal and court of justice in Spain; until at last he had retired to this castle of his, where he was living upon his property and upon that of others; and where he received all knights-errant, of whatever rank or condition they might be, all for the great love he bore them and that they might share their substance with him in return for his benevolence. He told him, moreover, that in this castle of his there was

[1] See Note A, p. 132.

no chapel in which he could watch his armour, as it had been pulled down in order to be rebuilt, but that in a case of necessity it might, he knew, be watched anywhere, and he might watch it that night in a courtyard of the castle, and in the morning, God willing, the requisite ceremonies might be performed so as to have him dubbed a knight, and so thoroughly dubbed that nobody could be more so. He asked if he had any money with him, to which Don Quixote replied that he had not a farthing,[1] as in the histories of knights-errant he had never read of any of them carrying any. On this point the landlord told him he was mistaken; for, though not recorded in the histories, because in the author's opinion there was no need to mention anything so obvious and necessary as money and clean shirts, it was not to be supposed therefore that they did not carry them, and he might regard it as certain and established that all knights-errant (about whom there were so many full and unimpeachable books) carried well-furnished purses in case of emergency, and likewise carried shirts and a little box of ointment to cure the wounds they received. For in those plains and deserts where they engaged in combat and came out wounded, it was not always that there was some one to cure them, unless indeed they had for a friend some sage magician to succour them at once by fetching through the air upon a cloud some damsel or dwarf with a vial of water of such virtue that by tasting one drop of it they were cured of their hurts and wounds in an instant and left as sound as if they had not received any damage whatever. But in case this should not occur,

[1] In the original, *blanca*, a coin worth about one-seventh of a farthing.

the knights of old took care to see that their squires were provided with money and other requisites, such as lint and ointments for healing purposes; and when it happened that knights had no squires (which was rarely and seldom the case) they themselves carried everything in cunning saddle-bags that were hardly seen on the horse's croup, as if it were something else of more importance,[1] because, unless for some such reason, carrying saddle-bags was not very favourably regarded among knights-errant. He therefore advised him (and, as his godson so soon to be, he might even command him) never from that time forth to travel without money and the usual requirements, and he would find the advantage of them when he least expected it.

Don Quixote promised to follow his advice scrupulously, and it was arranged forthwith that he should watch his armour in a large yard at one side of the inn; so, collecting it all together, Don Quixote placed it on a trough that stood by the side of a well, and bracing his buckler on his arm he grasped his lance and began with a stately air to march up and down in front of the trough, and as he began his march night began to fall.

The landlord told all the people who were in the inn about the craze of his guest, the watching of the armour, and the dubbing ceremony he contemplated. Full of wonder at so strange a form of madness, they flocked to see it from a distance, and observed with what composure he sometimes

[1] The passage as it stands is sheer nonsense. Clemencin tries to make sense of it by substituting 'less' for 'more;' but even with that emendation it remains incoherent. Probably what Cervantes meant to write and possibly did write was—'for that was another still more important matter, because,' &c.

paced up and down, or sometimes, leaning on his lance, gazed on his armour without taking his eyes off it for ever so long; and as the night closed in with a light from the moon so brilliant that it might vie with his that lent it, everything the novice knight did was plainly seen by all.

Meanwhile one of the carriers who were in the inn thought fit to water his team, and it was necessary to remove Don Quixote's armour as it lay on the trough; but he seeing the other approach hailed him in a loud voice, 'O thou, whoever thou art, rash knight that comest to lay hands on the armour of the most valorous errant that ever girt on sword, have a care what thou dost; touch it not unless thou wouldst lay down thy life as the penalty of thy rashness.' The carrier gave no heed to these words (and he would have done better to heed them if he had been heedful of his health), but seizing it by the straps flung the armour some distance from him. Seeing this, Don Quixote raised his eyes to heaven, and fixing his thoughts, apparently, upon his lady Dulcinea, exclaimed, 'Aid me, lady mine, in this the first encounter that presents itself to this breast which thou holdest in subjection; let not thy favour and protection fail me in this first jeopardy;' and, with these words and others to the same purpose, dropping his buckler he lifted his lance with both hands and with it smote such a blow on the carrier's head that he stretched him on the ground so stunned that had he followed it up with a second there would have been no need of a surgeon to cure him. This done, he picked up his armour and returned to his beat with the same serenity as before.

Shortly after this, another, not knowing what had

happened (for the carrier still lay senseless), came with the same object of giving water to his mules, and was proceeding to remove the armour in order to clear the trough, when Don Quixote, without uttering a word or imploring aid from anyone, once more dropped his buckler and once more lifted his lance, and without actually breaking the second carrier's head into pieces, made more than three of it, for he laid it open in four.[1] At the noise all the people of the inn ran to the spot, and among them the landlord. Seeing this, Don Quixote braced his buckler on his arm, and with his hand on his sword exclaimed, 'O Lady of Beauty, strength and support of my faint heart, it is time for thee to turn the eyes of thy greatness on this thy captive knight on the brink of so mighty an adventure.' By this he felt himself so inspirited that he would not have flinched if all the carriers in the world had assailed him. The comrades of the wounded perceiving the plight they were in began from a distance to shower stones on Don Quixote, who screened himself as best he could with his buckler, not daring to quit the trough and leave his armour unprotected. The landlord shouted to them to leave him alone, for he had already told them that he was mad, and as a madman he would not be accountable even if he killed them all. Still louder shouted Don Quixote, calling them knaves and traitors, and the lord of the castle, who allowed knights-errant to be treated in this fashion, a villain and a low-born knight whom, had he received the order of knighthood, he would call to account for his treachery. 'But of you,' he cried, 'base and vile rabble, I make no account; fling, strike,

[1] That is, inflicting two cuts that formed a cross.

come on, do all ye can against me, ye shall see what the reward of your folly and insolence will be.' This he uttered with so much spirit and boldness that he filled his assailants with a terrible fear, and as much for this reason as at the persuasion of the landlord they left off stoning him, and he allowed them to carry off the wounded, and with the same calmness and composure as before resumed the watch over his armour.

But these freaks of his guest were not much to the liking of the landlord, so he determined to cut matters short and confer upon him at once the unlucky order of knighthood before any further misadventure could occur; so, going up to him, he apologised for the rudeness which, without his knowledge, had been offered to him by these low people, who, however, had been well punished for their audacity. As he had already told him, he said, there was no chapel in the castle, nor was it needed for what remained to be done, for, as he understood the ceremonial of the order, the whole point of being dubbed a knight lay in the accolade and in the slap on the shoulder, and that could be administered in the middle of a field; and that he had now done all that was needful as to watching the armour, for all requirements were satisfied by a watch of two hours only, while he had been more than four about it. Don Quixote believed it all, and told him he stood there ready to obey him, and to make an end of it with as much despatch as possible; for, if he were again attacked, and felt himself to be a dubbed knight, he would not, he thought, leave a soul alive in the castle, except such as out of respect he might spare at his bidding.

Thus warned and menaced, the castellan forthwith brought out a book in which he used to enter the straw and barley he served out to the carriers, and, with a lad carrying a candle-end, and the two damsels already mentioned, he returned to where Don Quixote stood, and bade him kneel down. Then, reading from his account-book as if he were repeating some devout prayer, in the middle of his delivery he raised his hand and gave him a sturdy blow on the neck, and then, with his own sword, a smart slap on the shoulder, all the while muttering between his teeth as if he was saying his prayers. Having done this, he directed one of the ladies to gird on his sword, which she did with great self-possession and gravity, and not a little was required to prevent a burst of laughter at each stage of the ceremony; but what they had already seen of the novice knight's prowess kept their laughter within bounds. On girding him with the sword the worthy lady said to him, 'May God make your worship a very fortunate knight, and grant you success in battle.' Don Quixote asked her name in order that he might from that time forward know to whom he was beholden for the favour he had received, as he meant to confer upon her some portion of the honour he acquired by the might of his arm. She answered with great humility that she was called La Tolosa, and that she was the daughter of a cobbler of Toledo who lived in the stalls of Sanchobienaya,[1] and that wherever she might be she would serve and esteem him as her lord. Don Quixote said in reply that she would do him a favour if thence-

[1] An old *plaza* in Toledo, so called probably from a family of the name of Ben Haya; or, as Pellicer suggests, from a corruption of Minaya.

forward she assumed the 'Don' and called herself Doña Tolosa. She promised she would, and then the other buckled on his spur, and with her followed almost the same conversation as with the lady of the sword. He asked her name, and she said it was La Molinera,[1] and that she was the daughter of a respectable miller of Antequera; and of her likewise Don Quixote requested that she would adopt the 'Don' and call herself Doña Molinera, making offers to her of further services and favours.

Having thus, with hot haste and speed, brought to a conclusion these never-till-now-seen ceremonies, Don Quixote was on thorns until he saw himself on horseback sallying forth in quest of adventures; and saddling Rocinante at once he mounted, and embracing his host, as he returned thanks for his kindness in knighting him, he addressed him in language so extraordinary that it is impossible to convey an idea of it or report it. The landlord, to get him out of the inn, replied with no less rhetoric though with shorter words, and without calling upon him to pay the reckoning let him go with a Godspeed.

[1] I.e. 'the Milleress.'

Note A (*page* 125).

The localities here mentioned were, and some of them still are, haunts of the rogue and vagabond, or, what would be called in Spain, the *picaro* class. The Curing-grounds of Malaga was a place outside the town where fish was dried; 'the Isles of Riaran' was the slang name of a low suburb of the same city; the Precinct (*compas*) of Seville was a district on the river side, not far from the *plaza de toros*; the Little Market of Segovia was in the

hollow spanned by the great aqueduct on the south side of the town; the Olivera of Valencia was a small *plaza* in the middle of the town; the 'Rondilla of Granada' was probably in the Albaycin quarter; the 'Strand of San Lucar' and the 'Taverns of Toledo' explain themselves sufficiently; and the 'Colt of Cordova' was a district on the south side of the city, which took its name from a horse in stone standing over a fountain in its centre. As Fermin Caballero says in a queer little book called the *Geographical Knowledge of Cervantes*, it is clear that Cervantes knew by heart the 'Mapa picaresco de España.'

CHAPTER IV.

OF WHAT HAPPENED TO OUR KNIGHT WHEN HE LEFT THE INN.

Day was dawning when Don Quixote quitted the inn, so happy, so gay, so exhilarated at finding himself dubbed a knight, that his joy was like to burst his horse-girths. However, recalling the advice of his host as to the requisites he ought to carry with him, especially that referring to money and shirts, he determined to go home and provide himself with all, and also with a squire, for he reckoned upon securing a farm-labourer,[1] a neighbour of his, a poor man with a family, but very well qualified for the office of squire to a knight. With this object he turned his horse's head towards his village, and Rocinante, thus reminded of his old quarters, stepped out so briskly that he hardly seemed to tread the earth.

He had not gone far, when out of a thicket on his right there seemed to come feeble cries as of some one in distress, and the instant he heard them he exclaimed, 'Thanks be to heaven for the favour it accords me, that it so soon offers me an opportunity of fulfilling the obligation I have undertaken, and gathering the fruit of my ambition. These

[1] See Note A, p. 143.

cries, no doubt, come from some man or woman in want of help, and needing my aid and protection;' and wheeling, he turned Rocinante in the direction whence the cries seemed to proceed. He had gone but a few paces into the wood, when he saw a mare tied to an oak, and tied to another, and stripped from the waist upwards, a youth of about fifteen years of age, from whom the cries came. Nor were they without cause, for a lusty farmer was flogging him with a belt and following up every blow with scoldings and commands, repeating, 'Your mouth shut and your eyes open!' while the youth made answer, 'I won't do it again, master mine; by God's passion I won't do it again, and I'll take more care of the flock another time.'

Seeing what was going on, Don Quixote said in an angry voice, 'Discourteous knight, it ill becomes you to assail one who cannot defend himself; mount your steed and take your lance' (for there was a lance leaning against the oak to which the mare was tied), 'and I will make you know that you are behaving as a coward.' The farmer, seeing before him this figure in full armour brandishing a lance over his head, gave himself up for dead, and made answer meekly, 'Sir Knight, this youth that I am chastising is my servant, employed by me to watch a flock of sheep that I have hard by, and he is so careless that I lose one every day, and when I punish him for his carelessness and knavery he says I do it out of niggardliness, to escape paying him the wages I owe him, and before God, and on my soul, he lies.'

'Lies before me, base clown!' said Don Quixote. 'By the sun that shines on us I have a mind to run you through with this lance. Pay him at once without another word; if

not, by the God that rules us I will make an end of you, and annihilate you on the spot; release him instantly.'

The farmer hung his head, and without a word untied his servant, of whom Don Quixote asked how much his master owed him.

He replied, nine months at seven reals a month. Don Quixote added it up, found that it came to sixty-three reals, and told the farmer to pay it down immediately, if he did not want to die for it.

The trembling clown replied that as he lived and by the oath he had sworn (though he had not sworn any) it was not so much; for there were to be taken into account and deducted three pairs of shoes he had given him, and a real for two blood-lettings when he was sick.

'All that is very well,' said Don Quixote; 'but let the shoes and the blood-lettings stand as a set-off against the blows you have given him without any cause; for if he spoiled the leather of the shoes you paid for, you have damaged that of his body, and if the barber took blood from him when he was sick, you have drawn it when he was sound; so on that score he owes you nothing.'

'The difficulty is, Sir Knight,[1] that I have no money here; let Andres come home with me, and I will pay him all, real by real.'

'I go with him!' said the youth. 'Nay, God forbid! no, señor, not for the world; for once alone with me, he would flay me like a Saint Bartholomew.'

'He will do nothing of the kind,' said Don Quixote; 'I have only to command, and he will obey me; and as

[1] See Note B, p. 143.

he has sworn to me by the order of knighthood which he has received, I leave him free, and I guarantee the payment.'

'Consider what you are saying, señor,' said the youth; 'this master of mine is not a knight, nor has he received any order of knighthood; for he is Juan Haldudo the Rich, of Quintanar.'

'That matters little,' replied Don Quixote; 'there may be Haldudos knights;[1] moreover, everyone is the son of his works.'[2]

'That is true,' said Andres; 'but this master of mine —of what works is he the son, when he refuses me the wages of my sweat and labour?'

'I do not refuse, brother Andres,' said the farmer; 'be good enough to come along with me, and I swear by all the orders of knighthood there are in the world to pay you as I have agreed, real by real, and perfumed.'[3]

'For the perfumery I excuse you,' said Don Quixote; 'give it to him in reals, and I shall be satisfied; and see that you do as you have sworn; if not, by the same oath I swear to come back and hunt you out and punish you; and I shall find you though you should lie closer than a lizard. And if you desire to know who it is lays this command upon you, that you may be more firmly bound to obey it, know that I am the valorous Don Quixote of La Mancha, the undoer of wrongs and injustices; and so, God be with you, and keep in mind what you have promised and sworn

[1] *Haldudos*—wearers of long skirts. [2] Prov. 112.

[3] 'Perfumed'—a way of expressing completeness or perfection of condition.

under those penalties that have been already declared to you.'

So saying, he gave Rocinante the spur and was soon out of reach. The farmer followed him with his eyes, and when he saw that he had cleared the wood and was no longer in sight, he turned to his boy Andres, and said, 'Come here, my son, I want to pay you what I owe you, as that undoer of wrongs has commanded me.'

'My oath on it,' said Andres, 'your worship will be well advised to obey the command of that good knight—may he live a thousand years—for, as he is a valiant and just judge, by Roque,[1] if you do not pay me, he will come back and do as he said.'

'My oath on it, too,' said the farmer; 'but as I have a strong affection for you, I want to add to the debt in order to add to the payment;' and seizing him by the arm, he tied him up to the oak again, where he gave him such a flogging that he left him for dead.

'Now, Master Andres,' said the farmer, 'call on the undoer of wrongs; you will find he won't undo that, though I am not sure that I have quite done with you, for I have a good mind to flay you alive as you feared.' But at last he untied him, and gave him leave to go look for his judge in order to put the sentence pronounced into execution.

Andres went off rather down in the mouth, swearing he would go to look for the valiant Don Quixote of La

[1] An obscure oath, of which there is no satisfactory explanation as to who or what Roque was, whether the San Roque who gave the name to the town near Gibraltar, or some Manchegan celebrity.

Mancha and tell him exactly what had happened, and that all would have to be repaid him sevenfold; but for all that, he went off weeping, while his master stood laughing.

Thus did the valiant Don Quixote right that wrong, and, thoroughly satisfied with what had taken place, as he considered he had made a very happy and noble beginning with his knighthood, he took the road towards his village in perfect self-content, saying in a low voice, 'Well mayest thou this day call thyself fortunate above all on earth, O Dulcinea del Toboso, fairest of the fair! since it has fallen to thy lot to hold subject and submissive to thy full will and pleasure a knight so renowned as is and will be Don Quixote of La Mancha, who, as all the world knows, yesterday received the order of knighthood, and hath to-day righted the greatest wrong and grievance that ever injustice conceived and cruelty perpetrated: who hath to-day plucked the rod from the hand of yonder ruthless oppressor so wantonly lashing that tender child.'

He now came to a road branching in four directions, and immediately he was reminded of those cross-roads where knights-errant used to stop to consider which road they should take. In imitation of them he halted for a while, and after having deeply considered it, he gave Rocinante his head, submitting his own will to that of his hack, who followed out his first intention, which was to make straight for his own stable. After he had gone about two miles Don Quixote perceived a large party of people, who, as afterwards appeared, were some Toledo traders, on their way to buy silk at Murcia. There were six of them coming along under their sunshades, with four

servants mounted, and three muleteers on foot. Scarcely had Don Quixote descried them when the fancy possessed him that this must be some new adventure; and to help him to imitate as far as he could those passages[1] he had read of in his books, here seemed to come one made on purpose, which he resolved to attempt. So with a lofty bearing and determination he fixed himself firmly in his stirrups, got his lance ready, brought his buckler before his breast, and planting himself in the middle of the road, stood waiting the approach of these knights-errant, for such he now considered and held them to be; and when they had come near enough to see and hear, he exclaimed with a haughty gesture, 'All the world stand, unless all the world confess that in all the world there is no maiden fairer than the Empress of La Mancha, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso.'

The traders halted at the sound of this language and the sight of the strange figure that uttered it, and from both figure and language at once guessed the craze of their owner; they wished, however, to learn quietly what was the object of this confession that was demanded of them, and one of them, who was rather fond of a joke and was very sharp-witted, said to him, 'Sir Knight, we do not know who this good lady is that you speak of; show her to us, for, if she be of such beauty as you suggest, with all our hearts and without any pressure we will confess the truth that is on your part required of us.'

'If I were to show her to you,' replied Don Quixote,

[1] Not passages of the book, but passages of arms like that of Suero de Quiñones on the bridge of Orbigo in the reign of John II.

'what merit would you have in confessing a truth so manifest? The essential point is that without seeing her you must believe, confess, affirm, swear, and defend it;[1] else ye have to do with me in battle, ill-conditioned, arrogant rabble that ye are; and come ye on, one by one as the order of knighthood requires, or all together as is the custom and vile usage of your breed, here do I bide and await you, relying on the justice of the cause I maintain.'

'Sir Knight,' replied the trader, 'I entreat your worship in the name of this present company of princes, that, to save us from charging our consciences with the confession of a thing we have never seen or heard of, and one moreover so much to the prejudice of the Empresses and Queens of the Alcarria and Estremadura,[2] your worship will be pleased to show us some portrait of this lady, though it be no bigger than a grain of wheat; for by the thread one gets at the ball,[3] and in this way we shall be satisfied and easy, and you will be content and pleased; nay, I believe we are already so far agreed with you that even though her portrait should show her blind of one eye, and distilling vermilion and sulphur from the other, we would nevertheless, to gratify your worship, say all in her favour that you desire.'

'She distils nothing of the kind, vile rabble,' said Don Quixote, burning with rage, 'nothing of the kind, I say, only ambergris and civet in cotton;[4] nor is she one-eyed or humpbacked, but straighter than a Guadarrama

[1] See Note C, p. 143. [2] See Note D, p. 143.

[3] Prov. 114. The ball, i.e. that on which it is wound.

[4] Civet was the perfume most in request at the time, and was imported packed in cotton.

spindle:[1] but ye must pay for the blasphemy ye have uttered against beauty like that of my lady.'

And so saying, he charged with levelled lance against the one who had spoken, with such fury and fierceness that, if luck had not contrived that Rocinante should stumble midway and come down, it would have gone hard with the rash trader. Down went Rocinante, and over went his master, rolling along the ground for some distance; and when he tried to rise he was unable, so encumbered was he with lance, buckler, spurs, helmet, and the weight of his old armour; and all the while he was struggling to get up he kept saying, 'Fly not, cowards and caitiffs! stay, for not by my fault, but my horse's, am I stretched here.'

One of the muleteers in attendance, who could not have had much good nature in him, hearing the poor prostrate man blustering in this style, was unable to refrain from giving him an answer on his ribs; and coming up to him he seized his lance, and having broken it in pieces, with one of them he began so to belabour our Don Quixote that, notwithstanding and in spite of his armour, he milled him like a measure of wheat. His masters called out not to lay on so hard and to leave him alone, but the muleteer's blood was up, and he did not care to drop the game until he had vented the rest of his wrath, and gathering up the remaining fragments of the lance he finished with a discharge upon the unhappy victim, who all through the storm of sticks that rained on him never ceased threatening heaven, and earth, and the brigands, for such they seemed to him. At last the muleteer was tired, and the

[1] See Note E, p. 144.

traders continued their journey, taking with them matter for talk about the poor fellow who had been cudgelled. He when he found himself alone made another effort to rise; but if he was unable when whole and sound, how was he to rise after having been thrashed and well-nigh knocked to pieces? And yet he esteemed himself fortunate, as it seemed to him that this was a regular knight-errant's mishap, and entirely, he considered, the fault of his horse. However, battered in body as he was, to rise was beyond his power.

Note A (*page* 134).

Labrador, the word used here to describe the status of Sancho, means, generally, a tiller of the soil, and includes farmers employing labourers, like Juan Haldudo the Rich, who is so described lower down, as well as those who tilled their land themselves or worked for others. Sancho was one of the latter class, as appears from a remark of his own in the Second Part.

Note B (*page* 136).

Cervantes now and then in dialogue does not specify the speaker, but the omissions are so rare that they are probably oversights, and I have generally supplied them.

Note C (*page* 141).

It is strange that this passage should have escaped the notice of those ingenious critics whose mania it is to hunt for hidden meanings in *Don Quixote*. With a moderate amount of acumen it ought to be easy to extract from these words a manifest 'covert attack' on Church, Faith, and Dogma.

Note D (*page* 141).

The Alcarria is a bare, thinly populated district, in the upper valley of the Tagus, stretching from Guadalajara to the confines of Aragon. Estremadura is the most backward of all the provinces of Spain. In

elevating these two regions into the rank of empires, the waggish trader falls in with the craze of Don Quixote.

Note E (*page* 142).

Mas derecho que un huso—'straighter than a spindle'—is a popular phrase in use to this day. The addition of 'Guadarrama' Clemencin explains by saying that spindles were made in great quantities of the beech wood that grew on the Guadarrama Sierra. Fermin Caballero (*Pericia Geográfica de Cervantes*) holds that the reference is to the pine trees on the Guadarrama Pass.

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH THE NARRATIVE OF OUR KNIGHT'S MISHAP IS CONTINUED.

FINDING, then, that in fact he could not move, he bethought himself of having recourse to his usual remedy, which was to think of some passage in his books, and his craze brought to his mind that about Baldwin and the Marquis of Mantua, when Carloto left him wounded on the mountain side,[1] a story known by heart by the children, not forgotten by the young men, and lauded and even believed by the old folk; and for all that not a whit truer than the miracles of Mahomet. This seemed to him to fit exactly the case in which he found himself, so, making a show of severe suffering, he began to roll on the ground and with feeble breath repeat the very words which the wounded knight of the wood is said to have uttered:

Where art thou, lady mine, that thou
My sorrow dost not rue?
Thou canst not know it, lady mine,
Or else thou art untrue.

And so he went on with the ballad as far as the lines:

O noble Marquis of Mantua,
My Uncle and liege lord!

[1] See Note A, p. 151.

As chance would have it, when he had got to this line there happened to come by a peasant from his own village, a neighbour of his, who had been with a load of wheat to the mill, and he, seeing the man stretched there, came up to him and asked him who he was and what was the matter with him that he complained so dolefully.

Don Quixote was firmly persuaded that this was the Marquis of Mantua, his uncle, so the only answer he made was to go on with his ballad, in which he told the tale of his misfortune, and of the loves of the Emperor's son and his wife, all exactly as the ballad sings it.

The peasant stood amazed at hearing such nonsense, and relieving him of the visor, already battered to pieces by blows, he wiped his face, which was covered with dust, and as soon as he had done so he recognised him and said, 'Señor Don Quixada' (for so he appears to have been called when he was in his senses and had not yet changed from a quiet country gentleman into a knight-errant), 'who has brought your worship to this pass?' But to all questions the other only went on with his ballad.

Seeing this, the good man removed as well as he could his breastplate and backpiece to see if he had any wound, but he could perceive no blood nor any mark whatever. He then contrived to raise him from the ground, and with no little difficulty hoisted him upon his ass, which seemed to him to be the easiest mount for him; and collecting the arms, even to the splinters of the lance, he tied them on Rocinante, and leading him by the bridle and the ass by the halter he took the road for the village, very sad to hear what absurd stuff Don Quixote was talking. Nor was Don

Quixote less so, for what with blows and bruises he could not sit upright on the ass, and from time to time he sent up sighs to heaven, so that once more he drove the peasant to ask what ailed him. And it could have been only the devil himself that put into his head tales to match his own adventures, for now, forgetting Baldwin, he bethought himself of the Moor Abindarraez, when the Alcaide of Antequera, Rodrigo de Narvaez, took him prisoner and carried him away to his castle; so that when the peasant again asked him how he was and what ailed him, he gave him for reply the same words and phrases that the captive Abencerrage gave to Rodrigo de Narvaez, just as he had read the story in the 'Diana' of Jorge de Montemayor [1] where it is written, applying it to his own case so aptly that the peasant went along cursing his fate that he had to listen to such a lot of nonsense; from which, however, he came to the conclusion that his neighbour was mad, and so made all haste to reach the village to escape the wearisomeness of this harangue of Don Quixote's; who, at the end of it, said, 'Señor Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, your worship must know that this fair Xarifa I have mentioned is now the lovely Dulcinea del Toboso, for whom I have done, am doing, and will do the most famous deeds of chivalry that in this world have been seen, are to be seen, or ever shall be seen.'

To this the peasant answered, 'Señor—sinner that I am!—cannot your worship see that I am not Don Rodrigo de Narvaez nor the Marquis of Mantua, but Pedro Alonso your neighbour, and that your worship is neither

[1] See Note B, p. 151.

Baldwin nor Abindarraez, but the worthy gentleman Señor Quixada?'

'I know who I am,' replied Don Quixote, 'and I know that I may be not only those I have named, but all the Twelve Peers of France and even all the Nine Worthies, since my achievements surpass all that they have done all together and each of them on his own account.'

With this talk and more of the same kind they reached the village just as night was beginning to fall, but the peasant waited until it was a little later that the belaboured gentleman might not be seen riding in such a miserable trim. When it was what seemed to him the proper time he entered the village and went to Don Quixote's house, which he found all in confusion, and there were the curate and the village barber, who were great friends of Don Quixote, and his housekeeper was saying to them in a loud voice, 'What does your worship think can have befallen my master, señor licenciate Pero Perez?' for so the curate was called; 'it is six days now since anything has been seen of him, or the hack, or the buckler, lance, or armour. Miserable me! I am certain of it, and it is as true as that I was born to die, that these accursed books of chivalry he has, and has got into the way of reading so constantly, have upset his reason; for now I remember having often heard him saying to himself that he would turn knight-errant and go all over the world in quest of adventures. To the devil and Barabbas with such books, that have brought to ruin in this way the finest understanding there was in all La Mancha!'

The niece said the same, and, indeed, more: 'You must

know, Master Nicholas'—for that was the name of the barber—'it was often my uncle's way to stay two days and nights together poring over these unholy books of misventures, after which he would fling the book away and snatch up his sword and fall to slashing the walls; and when he was tired out he would say he had killed four giants like four towers; and the sweat that flowed from him when he was weary he said was the blood of the wounds he had received in battle; and then he would drink a great jug of cold water and become calm and quiet, saying that this water was a most precious potion which the sage Esquife, a great magician and friend of his, had brought him. But I take all the blame upon myself for never having told your worships of my uncle's vagaries, that you might put a stop to them before things had come to this pass, and burn all these accursed books—for he has a great number—that richly deserve to be burned like heretics.'

'So say I too,' said the curate, 'and by my faith tomorrow shall not pass without public judgment upon them, and may they be condemned to the flames lest they lead those that read them to behave as my good friend seems to have behaved.'

All this the peasant heard, and from it he understood at last what was the matter with his neighbour, so he began calling aloud, 'Open, your worships, to Señor Baldwin and to Señor the Marquis of Mantua, who comes badly wounded, and to Señor Abindarraez, the Moor, whom the valiant Rodrigo de Narvaez, the Alcaide of Antequera, brings captive.'

At these words they all hurried out, and when they recognised their friend, master, and uncle, who had not yet

dismounted from the ass because he could not, they ran to embrace him.

'Hold!' said he, 'for I am badly wounded through my horse's fault; carry me to bed, and if possible send for the wise Urganda to cure and see to my wounds.'

'See there! plague on it!' cried the housekeeper at this: 'did not my heart tell the truth as to which foot my master went lame of? To bed with your worship at once, and we will contrive to cure you here without fetching that Hurgada. A curse I say once more, and a hundred times more, on those books of chivalry that have brought your worship to such a pass.'

They carried him to bed at once, and after searching for his wounds could find none, but he said they were all bruises from having had a severe fall with his horse Rocinante when in combat with ten giants, the biggest and the boldest to be found on earth.

'So, so!' said the curate, 'are there giants in the dance? By the sign of the Cross I will burn them to-morrow before the day is over.'

They put a host of questions to Don Quixote, but his only answer to all was—give him something to eat, and leave him to sleep, for that was what he needed most. They did so, and the curate questioned the peasant at great length as to how he had found Don Quixote. He told him all, and the nonsense he had talked when found and on the way home, all which made the licenciate the more eager to do what he did the next day, which was to summon his friend the barber, Master Nicholas, and go with him to Don Quixote's house.

Note A (*page* 145).

The subject of the old ballad—*De Mantua salió el Marques* (Duran's *Romancero General*, No. 355); a *chanson de geste*, indeed, rather than a ballad, as it runs to something over 800 lines. Pellicer wrongly assigns it to Geronimo Treviño, a sixteenth century author. It is in the Antwerp *Cancionero* of 1550 and the Saragossa *Silva* of the same date.

Note B (*page* 147).

From the words used by Cervantes he seems to have known or suspected that Montemayor was not the author of the romantic story of Abindarraez and Xarifa. It was inserted in the second edition of the *Diana*, the year of the author's death, and it had previously appeared as a separate novel at Toledo.

CHAPTER VI.

OF THE DIVERTING AND IMPORTANT SCRUTINY WHICH THE CURATE AND THE BARBER MADE IN THE LIBRARY OF OUR INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN.

He was still sleeping; so the curate asked[1] the niece for the keys of the room where the books, the authors of all the mischief, were, and right willingly she gave them. They all went in, the housekeeper with them, and found more than a hundred volumes of big books very well bound, and some other small ones.[2] The moment the housekeeper saw them she turned about and ran out of the room, and came back immediately with a saucer of holy water and a sprinkler, saying, 'Here, your worship, señor licenciate, sprinkle this room; don't leave any magician of the many there are in these books to bewitch us in revenge for our design of banishing them from the world.'

The simplicity of the housekeeper made the licenciate laugh, and he directed the barber to give him the books one by one to see what they were about, as there might be some to be found among them that did not deserve the penalty of fire.

'No,' said the niece, 'there is no reason for showing

[1] See Note A, p. 163. [2] See Note B, p. 163.

mercy to any of them; they have every one of them done mischief; better fling them out of the window into the court and make a pile of them and set fire to them; or else carry them into the yard, and there a bonfire can be made without the smoke giving any annoyance.'[1] The housekeeper said the same, so eager were they both for the slaughter of those innocents, but the curate would not agree to it without first reading at any rate the titles.

The first that Master Nicholas put into his hand was the four books of 'Amadis of Gaul.' 'This seems a mysterious thing,' said the curate, 'for, as I have heard said, this was the first book of chivalry printed in Spain, and from this all the others derive their birth and origin;[2] so it seems to me that we ought inexorably to condemn it to the flames as the founder of so vile a sect.'

'Nay, sir,' said the barber, 'I, too, have heard say that this is the best of all the books of this kind that have been written, and so, as something singular in its line, it ought to be pardoned.'

'True,' said the curate; 'and for that reason let its life be spared for the present. Let us see that other which is next to it.'

'It is,' said the barber, 'the "Sergas de Esplandian, the lawful son of Amadis of Gaul."'[3]

'Then verily,' said the curate, 'the merit of the father must not be put down to the account of the son. Take it, mistress housekeeper; open the window and fling it into

[1] The court the niece speaks of, was the *patio* or open space in the middle of the house; the *corral* or yard was on the outside.

[2] See Note C, p. 163.

[3] See Note D, p. 163.

the yard and lay the foundation of the pile for the bonfire we are to make.'

The housekeeper obeyed with great satisfaction, and the worthy 'Esplandian' went flying into the yard to await with all patience the fire that was in store for him.

'Proceed,' said the curate.

'This that comes next,' said the barber, 'is "Amadis of Greece,"[1] and, indeed, I believe all those on this side are of the same Amadis lineage.'

'Then to the yard with the whole of them,' said the curate; 'for to have the burning of Queen Pintiquiniestra, and the shepherd Darinel and his eclogues, and the bedevilled and involved discourses of his author, I would burn with them the father who begot me if he were going about in the guise of a knight-errant.'

'I am of the same mind,' said the barber.

'And so am I,' added the niece.

'In that case,' said the housekeeper, 'here, into the yard with them!'

They were handed to her, and as there were many of them, she spared herself the staircase, and flung them down out of the window.

'Who is that tub there?' said the curate.

'This,' said the barber, 'is "Don Olivante de Laura."'[2]

'The author of that book,' said the curate, 'was the same that wrote "The Garden of Flowers," and truly there is no deciding which of the two books is the more truthful, or, to put it better, the less lying; all I can say is, send this one into the yard for a swaggering fool.'

[1] See Note E, p. 163. [2] See Note F, p. 163.

'This that follows is "Florismarte of Hircania,"' said the barber.[1]

'Señor Florismarte here?' said the curate; 'then by my faith he must take up his quarters in the yard, in spite of his marvellous birth and visionary adventures, for the stiffness and dryness of his style deserve nothing else; into the yard with him and the other, mistress housekeeper.'

'With all my heart, señor,' said she, and executed the order with great delight.

'This,' said the barber, 'is "The Knight Platir."'[2]

'An old book that,' said the curate, 'but I find no reason for clemency in it; send it after the others without appeal;' which was done.

Another book was opened, and they saw it was entitled, 'The Knight of the Cross.'

'For the sake of the holy name this book has,' said the curate, 'its ignorance might be excused; but then, they say, "behind the cross there 's the devil;" to the fire with it.'[3]

Taking down another book, the barber said, 'This is "The Mirror of Chivalry."'[4]

'I know his worship,' said the curate; 'that is where Señor Reinaldos of Montalvan figures with his friends and comrades, greater thieves than Cacus, and the Twelve Peers of France with the veracious historian Turpin;

[1] The correct title is *Historia del muy Animoso y Esforzado Principe Feliæmarte de Hircania*, but the hero is also called Florismarte. It was by Melchor Ortega de Ubeda, and appeared in 1556.

[2] See Note G, p. 164. [3] See Note H, p. 164.

[4] See Note I, p. 164.

however, I am not for condemning them to more than perpetual banishment, because, at any rate, they have some share in the invention of the famous Matteo Boiardo, whence too the Christian poet Ludovico Ariosto wove his web, to whom, if I find him here, and speaking any language but his own, I shall show no respect whatever; but if he speaks his own tongue I will put him upon my head.'[1]

'Well, I have him in Italian,' said the barber, 'but I do not understand him.'

'Nor would it be well that you should understand him,' said the curate, 'and on that score we might have excused the Captain[2] if he had not brought him into Spain and turned him into Castilian. He robbed him of a great deal of his natural force, and so do all those who try to turn books written in verse into another language, for, with all the pains they take and all the cleverness they show, they never can reach the level of the originals as they were first produced. In short, I say that this book, and all that may be found treating of those French affairs, should be thrown into or deposited in some dry well, until after more consideration it is settled what is to be done with them; excepting always one "Bernardo del Carpio" that is going about, and another called "Roncesvalles;" for these, if they come into my hands, shall pass into those of the housekeeper, and from hers into the fire without any reprieve.'[3]

To all this the barber gave his assent, and looked upon it as right and proper, being persuaded that the curate was

[1] An Oriental mode of showing respect for a document.
[2] See Note K, p. 164. [3] See Note L, p. 165.

so staunch to the Faith and loyal to the Truth that he would not for the world say anything opposed to them. Opening another book he saw it was "Palmerin de Oliva," and beside it was another called "Palmerin of England," seeing which the licenciate said, 'Let the Olive be made firewood of at once and burned until no ashes even are left; and let that Palm of England be kept and preserved as a thing that stands alone, and let such another case be made for it as that which Alexander found among the spoils of Darius and set aside for the safe keeping of the works of the poet Homer. This book, gossip, is of authority for two reasons, first because it is very good, and secondly because it is said to have been written by a wise and witty king of Portugal.[1] All the adventures at the Castle of Miraguarda[2] are excellent and of admirable contrivance, and the language is polished and clear, studying and observing the style befitting the speaker with propriety and judgment. So then, provided it seems good to you, Master Nicholas, I say let this and "Amadis of Gaul" be remitted the penalty of fire, and as for all the rest, let them perish without further question or query.'

'Nay, gossip,' said the barber, 'for this that I have here is the famous "Don Belianis."'[3]

'Well,' said the curate, 'that and the second, third, and fourth parts all stand in need of a little rhubarb to purge their excess of bile, and they must be cleared of all

[1] See Note M, p. 165.

[2] Miraguarda is not the name of the Castle, but of the lady who lived in it, and whose charms were the cause of the adventures.

[3] *Belianis de Grecia*, already mentioned in the first chapter as one of Don Quixote's special studies.

that stuff about the Castle of Fame and other greater affectations, to which end let them be allowed the over-seas term,[1] and, according as they mend, so shall mercy or justice be meted out to them; and in the mean time, gossip, do you keep them in your house and let no one read them.'

'With all my heart,' said the barber; and not caring to tire himself with reading more books of chivalry, he told the housekeeper to take all the big ones and throw them into the yard. It was not said to one dull or deaf, but to one who enjoyed burning them more than weaving the broadest and finest web that could be; and seizing about eight at a time, she flung them out of the window.

In carrying so many together she let one fall at the feet of the barber, who took it up, curious to know whose it was, and found it said, 'History of the Famous Knight, Tirante el Blanco.'

'God bless me!' said the curate with a shout, '"Tirante el Blanco" here! Hand it over, gossip, for in it I reckon I have found a treasury of enjoyment and a mine of recreation. Here is Don Kyrieleison of Montalvan, a valiant knight, and his brother Thomas of Montalvan, and the knight Fonseca, with the battle the bold Tirante fought with the mastiff, and the witticisms of the damsel Placerdemivida, and the loves and wiles of the widow Reposada, and the empress in love with the squire Hipolito—in truth, gossip, by right of its style it is the best book in the

[1] The 'over-seas term' was the allowance of time granted in the case of persons beyond the seas, when sued or indicted, to enable them to appear and show cause why judgment should not be given against them.

world. Here knights eat and sleep, and die in their beds, and make their wills before dying, and a great deal more of which there is nothing in all the other books. Nevertheless, I say he who wrote it, for deliberately composing such fooleries, deserves to be sent to the galleys for life. Take it home with you and read it, and you will see that what I have said is true.'[1]

'As you will,' said the barber; 'but what are we to do with these little books that are left?'

'These must be, not chivalry, but poetry,' said the curate; and opening one he saw it was the 'Diana' of Jorge de Montemayor, and, supposing all the others to be of the same sort, 'these,' he said, 'do not deserve to be burned like the others, for they neither do nor can do the mischief the books of chivalry have done, being books of entertainment that can hurt no one.'

'Ah, señor!' said the niece, 'your worship had better order these to be burned as well as the others; for it would be no wonder if, after being cured of his chivalry disorder, my uncle, by reading these, took a fancy to turn shepherd and range the woods and fields singing and piping; or, what would be still worse, to turn poet, which they say is an incurable and infectious malady.'

'The damsel is right,' said the curate, 'and it will be well to put this stumbling-block and temptation out of our friend's way. To begin, then, with the "Diana" of Montemayor. I am of opinion it should not be burned, but that it should be cleared of all that about the sage Felicia and the magic water, and of almost all the longer pieces of

[1] See Note N, p. 165.

verse: let it keep, and welcome, its prose and the honour of being the first of books of the kind.'

'This that comes next,' said the barber, 'is the "Diana," entitled the "Second Part, by the Salamancan," and this other has the same title, and its author is Gil Polo.'

'As for that of the Salamancan,' replied the curate, 'let it go to swell the number of the condemned in the yard, and let Gil Polo's be preserved as if it came from Apollo himself:[1] but get on, gossip, and make haste, for it is growing late.'

'This book,' said the barber, opening another, 'is the ten books of the "Fortune of Love," written by Antonio de Lofraso, a Sardinian poet.'

'By the orders I have received,' said the curate, 'since Apollo has been Apollo, and the Muses have been Muses, and poets have been poets, so droll and absurd a book as this has never been written, and in its way it is the best and the most singular of all of this species that have as yet appeared, and he who has not read it may be sure he has never read what is delightful. Give it here, gossip, for I make more account of having found it than if they had given me a cassock of Florence stuff.'[2]

He put it aside with extreme satisfaction, and the barber went on, 'These that come next are "The Shepherd of Iberia," "The Nymphs of Henares," and "The Enlightenment of Jealousy."'[3]

'Then all we have to do,' said the curate, 'is to hand them over to the secular arm of the housekeeper, and ask me not why, or we shall never have done.'

[1] See Note O, p. 165. [2] See Note P, p. 166. [3] See Note Q, p. 166.

'This next is the "Pastor de Filida."'

'No Pastor that,' said the curate, 'but a highly polished courtier; let it be preserved as a precious jewel.'[1]

'This large one here,' said the barber, 'is called "The Treasury of various Poems."'

'If there were not so many of them,' said the curate, 'they would be more relished: this book must be weeded and cleansed of certain vulgarities which it has with its excellences; let it be preserved because the author is a friend of mine, and out of respect for other more heroic and loftier works that he has written.'[2]

'This,' continued the barber, 'is the "Cancionero" of Lopez de Maldonado.'[3]

'The author of that book, too,' said the curate, 'is a great friend of mine, and his verses from his own mouth are the admiration of all who hear them, for such is the sweetness of his voice that he enchants when he chants them: it gives rather too much of its eclogues, but what is good was never yet plentiful:[4] let it be kept with those that have been set apart. But what book is that next it?'

'The "Galatea" of Miguel de Cervantes,' said the barber.

'That Cervantes has been for many years a great friend of mine, and to my knowledge he has had more experience in reverses than in verses. His book has some

[1] See Note R, p. 166.

[2] *Tesoro de varias Poesias, compuesto por Pedro de Padilla* (Madrid, 1580). The author is one of those praised by Cervantes in the 'Canto de Caliope' in the *Galatea*.

[3] Lopez de Maldonado, whose *Cancionero* appeared at Madrid in 1586, is another of the poets praised in the *Galatea*.

[4] Prov. 26.

good invention in it, it presents us with something but brings nothing to a conclusion: we must wait for the Second Part it promises: perhaps with amendment it may succeed in winning the full measure of grace that is now denied it; and in the mean time do you, señor gossip, keep it shut up in your own quarters.'[1]

'Very good,' said the barber; 'and here come three together, the "Araucana" of Don Alonso de Ercilla, the "Austriada" of Juan Rufo, Justice of Cordova, and the "Montserrate" of Christobal de Virues, the Valencian poet.'[2]

'These three books,' said the curate, 'are the best that have been written in Castilian in heroic verse, and they may compare with the most famous of Italy; let them be preserved as the richest treasures of poetry that Spain possesses.'

The curate was tired and would not look into any more books, and so he decided that, 'contents uncertified,' all the rest should be burned; but just then the barber held open one, called 'The Tears of Angelica.'

'I should have shed tears myself,' said the curate when he heard the title, 'had I ordered that book to be burned, for its author was one of the famous poets of the world, not to say of Spain, and was very happy in the translation of some of Ovid's fables.'[3]

[1] See Note S, p. 166. [2] See Note T, p. 166. [3] See Note U, p. 167.

Note A (*page* 152).

In the original the passage runs: 'Who was even still sleeping. He asked the niece for the keys,' &c. It is a minor instance of Cervantes' disregard of the ordinary laws of composition, and also a proof that at this stage of the work he had not originally contemplated a division into chapters.

Note B (*page* 152).

The romances of chivalry were, with not more than two or three exceptions, produced in the folio form, while the books of poetry, the pastorals, the *cancioneros*, and *romanceros*, were either in small quarto or much more commonly in small octavo corresponding in size with our duodecimo.

Note C (*page* 153).

The curate was quite correct in his idea that *Amadis of Gaul* was the parent of the chivalry literature, but not in his statement that it was the first book of the kind printed in Spain, for it is not likely it was printed before *Tirant lo Blanch*, *Oliveros de Castilla*, or the *Carcel de Amor*. The earliest known edition was printed in Rome in 1519, but there can be no doubt that this is a reprint of a Spanish edition, of perhaps even an earlier date than 1510, which has been given as that of the first edition.

Note D (*page* 153).

Las Sergas (i.e. *las ἔργα*—the achievements) *de Esplandian* (1521) forms the fifth book of the Amadis Series, and is the composition of Montalvo himself, as is also, apparently, the fourth book of *Amadis of Gaul*. He only claims to have edited the first three.

Note E (*page* 154).

Amadis of Greece, by Feliciano de Silva (1535), forms the ninth book of the Amadis Series. Pintiquiniestra was Queen of Sobradisa, and Darinel was a shepherd and wrestler of Alexandria. The Spanish romances of 'the lineage of Amadis' are twelve in number, and there are besides doubtful members of the family in Italian and French.

Note F (*page* 154).

Olivante de Laura, by Antonio de Torquemada, appeared first at Barcelona in 1564. Gayangos suggests that Cervantes must have been thinking of a

later quarto or octavo edition, for the original folio is not so exceptionally stout as the description in the text implies. The *Garden of Flowers* (1575), a treatise of wonders natural and supernatural, was translated into English in 1600 as *The Spanish Mandeville*, a title which may seem to justify the curate's criticism; but it does not come with a good grace from Cervantes, who made free use of the book in the First Part of *Persiles and Sigismunda*, and in the Second Part of *Don Quixote*. The book is really an entertaining one.

Note G (*page* 155).

Platir is the fourth book of the Palmerin Series. The hero is the son of Primaleon, and grandson of Palmerin de Oliva. Its author is unknown. It appeared first in 1533.

Note H (*page* 155).

The *Knight of the Cross* appeared in two parts: the first, under the title of *Lepolemo*, by an unknown author, in 1543; the second, with the achievements of *Leandro el Bel*, the son of Lepolemo, by Pedro de Luxan, in 1563. 'Behind the Cross,' &c., Prov. 75, was evidently a favourite proverb with Cervantes.

Note I (*page* 155).

The Mirror of Chivalry—*Espejo de Caballerias*—was published at Seville in four parts, 1533–50. Next to the history of Charlemagne and the Twelve Peers, it was the most popular of the Carlovingian series of romances. It is creditable to Cervantes as a critic that he should have mentioned Boiardo as he does, at a time when it was the fashion to regard the *Orlando Innamorato* as a rude and semibarbarous production, only endurable in the *rifacimento* of Ludovico Domenichi.

Note K (*page* 156).

Geronimo Jiménez de Urrea, whose translation of *Ariosto* into Spanish was first printed at Antwerp in 1549. This is not the only passage in which Cervantes declares against translation. In chapter lxii. of the Second Part he puts his objection still more strongly, and there extends it to translation of prose. And yet of all great writers there is not one who is under such obligations to translation as Cervantes. The influence of Homer and Virgil would be scarcely less than it is if they had never been translated; Shakespeare and Milton wrote in a language destined to become the most widely read on the face of the globe, and no reader of any culture needs an interpreter for Molière or Le Sage. But how would Cervantes have fared in the world if, according to his own principles, he had been confined to his native Castilian?

Note L (*page* 156).

The condemned books are the *History of the Deeds of Bernardo del Carpio*, by Augustin Alonso of Salamanca (Toledo, 1585); and the *Famous Battle of Roncesvalles*, by Francisco Garrido de Villena (Valencia, 1555).

Note M (*page* 157).

Palmerin de Oliva, the founder of the Palmerin Series of Romances, was first printed at Salamanca in 1511. It is said to have been written by a lady of Augustobriga (i.e. Burgos, according to some, but more probably Ciudad Rodrigo), but nothing certain is known of the author. *Palmerin de Inglaterra*, like *Amadis*, was until lately supposed to be, as Cervantes supposed it, of Portuguese origin; but the question was settled a few years ago by Vicente Salvá, who discovered a Toledo edition of 1547, twenty years earlier than the Portuguese edition on which the claims of Francisco de Moraes, or of John II., rested. An acrostic gives the name of the author, Luis Hurtado.

Note N (*page* 159).

Tirante el Blanco is the title of the translation into Castilian of the romance of *Tirant lo Blanch*, first published in Valencian at Valencia in 1490. Joanot Martorell, who is said to have translated it from English into Portuguese and thence into Valencian, was no doubt the author. Only three copies are known to exist, one in the University at Valencia, another in the College of the Sapienza in Rome, and the third in the British Museum. The Castilian version appeared at Valladolid in 1511. Don Pascual de Gayangos is in doubt whether the curate's eulogy is to be taken as ironical or serious, but rather inclines to the belief that Cervantes meant to praise the book. It would be rash to differ with such an authority, otherwise I should say that the laudation is rather too boisterously expressed and too like the extravagant eulogy of Lo Frasso farther on, to be sincerely meant.

Note O (*page* 160).

Los Siete Libros de la Diana de Jorge de Montemayor. Impreso en Valencia, 4to. The first edition is undated, but from the dedication appears to have been printed in the author's lifetime. He died in 1561, in which year the second edition, with additions, appeared. (*V.* note [2], chap. v.) The *Diana* was the first and best of the Spanish pastoral romances, the taste for which was created by Sannazaro's *Arcadia*. The Salamancan was Alonso Perez, who published a continuation of the *Diana* at Alcalá de Henares in 1564, but Gil Polo's, printed the same year at Valencia, has been generally preferred. The pun on Polo and Apolo is not so obvious in English

An excellent English translation of all three by Bartholomew Yong was published in 1598.

Note P (*page* 160).

The *Fortuna d'Amor, por Antonio de lo Frasso, Militar, Sardo*, appeared at Barcelona in 1573. In the *Viage del Parnaso* Cervantes treats the book in the same bantering strain, which misled Pedro de Pineda, one of the editors of Lord Carteret's *Quixote*, and induced him to bring out a new edition in 1740. The book is an utterly worthless one, and highly prized by collectors.

Note Q (*page* 160).

The books here referred to are the *Pastor de Iberia*, by Bernardo de la Vega (Seville, 1591); the *Nimphas y Pastores de Henares*, by Bernardo Gonzalez de Bovadilla (Alcalá de Henares, 1587); and the *Desengaño de Zelos*, by Bartolme Lopez de Enciso (Madrid, 1586).

Note R (*page* 161).

The *Pastor de Filida* (Madrid, 1582), one of the best of the pastorals, was by Luis Galvez de Montalvo of Guadalajara, a retainer of the great Mendoza family, and apparently an intimate personal friend of Cervantes, who, under the name of Tirsi, is referred to in the pastoral as a *clarissimo ingenio* worthy of being mentioned with Ercilla. Montalvo, in return, is introduced under the name of Siralvo into the *Galatea* of Cervantes, to which he contributed a complimentary sonnet.

Note S (*page* 162).

The play upon words in the original is 'more versed in misfortunes than in verses.' This introduction of himself and his forgotten pastoral is Cervantes all over in its tone of playful stoicism with a certain quiet self-assertion. It shows, moreover, pretty clearly, that until *Don Quixote* had made the author's name known, the *Galatea* had remained unnoticed.

Note T (*page* 162).

These three are examples of Spanish epic poetry. The *Araucana* of Ercilla (Madrid, 1569, 1578, 1590) is, next to the *Poem of the Cid*, the best effort in that direction in the language. The *Austriada*, which appeared first at Madrid in 1584, deals with the life and achievements of Don John of Austria, but it was probably the memory of Lepanto rather than the merits of the poem that made Cervantes give it a place here. The *Montserrate* of the dramatist Virues (Madrid, 1588) had for its subject the

repulsive Oriental legend which became popular in Spain with Garin the hermit of Monserrat for its hero, and which M. G. Lewis made the foundation of his famous romance, *The Monk*.

Note U (*page* 162).

The anticlimax here almost equals that famous one of Waller's:

'Under the tropic is our language spoke,
And part of Flanders hath received our yoke.'

The book referred to was entitled simply the *Angelica* by Luis Barahona de Soto (Madrid, 1586). In his praise of this poem we have one more instance of Cervantes' loyalty to a friend getting the better of his critical judgment.

CHAPTER VII.

OF THE SECOND SALLY OF OUR WORTHY KNIGHT DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA.

At this instant Don Quixote began shouting out, 'Here, here, valiant knights! here is need for you to put forth the might of your strong arms, for they of the Court are gaining the mastery in the tourney!' Called away by this noise and outcry, they proceeded no farther with the scrutiny of the remaining books, and so it is thought that 'The Carolea,' 'The Lion of Spain,' and 'The Deeds of the Emperor,' written by Don Luis de Avila, went to the fire unseen and unheard; for no doubt they were among those that remained, and perhaps if the curate had seen them they would not have undergone so severe a sentence.[1]

When they reached Don Quixote he was already out of bed, and was still shouting and raving, and slashing and cutting all round, as wide awake as if he had never slept.

They closed with him and by force got him back to bed, and when he had become a little calm, addressing the curate, he said to him, 'Of a truth, Señor Archbishop Turpin,[2] it is a great disgrace for us who call ourselves the Twelve Peers, so carelessly to allow the knights of the Court

[1] See Note A, p. 175. [2] See Note B, p. 175.

to gain the victory in this tourney, we the adventurers having carried off the honour on the three former days.'

'Hush, gossip,' said the curate; 'please God, the luck may turn, and what is lost to-day may be won to-morrow;[1] for the present let your worship have a care of your health, for it seems to me that you are over-fatigued, if not badly wounded.'

'Wounded no,' said Don Quixote, 'but bruised and battered no doubt, for that bastard Don Roland has cudgelled me with the trunk of an oak tree, and all for envy, because he sees that I alone rival him in his achievements. But I should not call myself Reinaldos of Montalvan did he not pay me for it in spite of all his enchantments as soon as I rise from this bed. For the present let them bring me something to eat, for that, I feel, is what will be more to my purpose, and leave it to me to avenge myself.'

They did as he wished; they gave him something to eat, and once more he fell asleep, leaving them marvelling at his madness.

That night the housekeeper burned to ashes all the books that were in the yard and in the whole house; and some must have been consumed that deserved preservation in everlasting archives, but their fate and the laziness of the examiner did not permit it, and so in them was verified the proverb that sometimes the innocent suffer for the guilty.[2]

One of the remedies which the curate and the barber immediately applied to their friend's disorder was to wall

[1] Prov. 188. [2] Prov. 165.

up and plaster the room where the books were, so that when he got up he should not find them (possibly the cause being removed, the effect might cease), and they might say that a magician had carried them off, room and all; and this was done with all despatch. Two days later Don Quixote got up, and the first thing he did was to go and look at his books, and not finding the room where he had left it, he wandered from side to side looking for it. He came to the place where the door used to be, and tried it with his hands, and turned and twisted his eyes in every direction without saying a word; but after a good while he asked his housekeeper whereabouts was the room that held his books.

The housekeeper, who had been already well instructed in what she was to answer, said, 'What room or what nothing is it that your worship is looking for? There are neither room nor books in this house now, for the devil himself has carried all away.'

'It was not the devil,' said the niece, 'but a magician who came on a cloud one night after the day your worship left this, and dismounting from a serpent that he rode he entered the room, and what he did there I know not, but after a little while he made off, flying through the roof, and left the house full of smoke; and when we went to see what he had done we saw neither book nor room: but we remember very well, the housekeeper and I, that on leaving, the old villain said in a loud voice that, for a private grudge he owed the owner of the books and the room, he had done mischief in that house that would be discovered by-and-by: he said too that his name was the Sage Muñaton.'

'He must have said Friston,'[1] said Don Quixote.

'I don't know whether he called himself Friston or Friton,' said the housekeeper, 'I only know that his name ended with "ton."'

'So it does,' said Don Quixote, 'and he is a sage magician, a great enemy of mine, who has a spite against me because he knows by his arts and lore that in process of time I am to engage in single combat with a knight whom he befriends and that I am to conquer, and he will be unable to prevent it; and for this reason he endeavours to do me all the ill turns that he can; but I promise him it will be hard for him to oppose or avoid what is decreed by Heaven.'

'Who doubts that?' said the niece; 'but, uncle, who mixes you up in these quarrels? Would it not be better to remain at peace in your own house instead of roaming the world looking for better bread than ever came of wheat,[2] never reflecting that many go for wool and come back shorn?'[3]

'Oh, niece of mine,' replied Don Quixote, 'how much astray art thou in thy reckoning: ere they shear me I shall have plucked away and stripped off the beards of all who would dare to touch only the tip of a hair of mine.'

[1] Friston, a magician, the reputed author of *Belianis de Grecia*.

[2] Prov. 171. *Buscar pan de trastrigo*: there is some difference of opinion as to the meaning of *trastrigo*, but it seems on the whole more probable that it means wheat of such superlative quality as to be unattainable; at any rate, the proverb is used in reference to seeking things that are out of reach.

[3] Prov. 124.. A very old proverb, as old at least as the poem of Fernan Gonzalez.

The two were unwilling to make any further answer, as they saw that his anger was kindling.

In short, then, he remained at home fifteen days very quietly without showing any signs of a desire to take up with his former delusions, and during this time he held lively discussions with his two gossips, the curate and the barber, on the point he maintained, that knights-errant were what the world stood most in need of, and that in him was to be accomplished the revival of knight-errantry. The curate sometimes contradicted him, sometimes agreed with him, for if he had not observed this precaution he would have been unable to bring him to reason.

Meanwhile Don Quixote worked upon a farm labourer, a neighbour of his, an honest man (if indeed that title can be given to him who is poor), but with very little wit in his pate. In a word, he so talked him over, and with such persuasions and promises, that the poor clown made up his mind to sally forth with him and serve him as esquire. Don Quixote, among other things, told him he ought to be ready to go with him gladly, because any moment an adventure might occur that might win an island in the twinkling of an eye and leave him governor of it. On these and the like promises Sancho Panza (for so the labourer was called) left wife and children, and engaged himself as esquire to his neighbour. Don Quixote next set about getting some money; and selling one thing and pawning another, and making a bad bargain in every case, he got together a fair sum. He provided himself with a buckler, which he begged as a loan from a friend, and, restoring his battered helmet as best he could, he warned

his squire Sancho of the day and hour he meant to set out, that he might provide himself with what he thought most needful. Above all, he charged him to take alforjas [1] with him. The other said he would, and that he meant to take also a very good ass he had, as he was not much given to going on foot. About the ass, Don Quixote hesitated a little, trying whether he could call to mind any knight-errant taking with him an esquire mounted on ass-back, but no instance occurred to his memory. For all that, however, he determined to take him, intending to furnish him with a more honourable mount when a chance of it presented itself, by appropriating the horse of the first discourteous knight he encountered. Himself he provided with shirts and such other things as he could, according to the advice the host had given him; all which being settled and done, without taking leave, Sancho Panza of his wife and children, or Don Quixote of his housekeeper and niece, they sallied forth unseen by anybody from the village one night, and made such good way in the course of it that by daylight they held themselves safe from discovery, even should search be made for them.

Sancho rode on his ass like a patriarch with his alforjas and bota,[2] and longing to see himself soon governor of the island his master had promised him. Don Quixote decided upon taking the same route and road he had taken on his first journey, that over the Campo de Montiel, which

[1] *Alforjas*—a sort of double wallet serving for saddle-bags, but more frequently carried slung across the shoulder.

[2] The *bota* is the leathern wine-bag which is as much a part of the Spanish wayfarer's paraphernalia as the *alforjas*. It cannot, of course, be properly translated 'bottle.'

he travelled with less discomfort than on the last occasion, for, as it was early morning and the rays of the sun fell on them obliquely, the heat did not distress them.

And now said Sancho Panza to his master, 'Your worship will take care, Señor Knight-errant, not to forget about the island you have promised me, for be it ever so big I'll be equal to governing it.'

To which Don Quixote replied, 'Thou must know, friend Sancho Panza, that it was a practice very much in vogue with the knights-errant of old to make their squires governors of the islands or kingdoms they won,[1] and I am determined that there shall be no failure on my part in so liberal a custom; on the contrary, I mean to improve upon it, for they sometimes, and perhaps most frequently, waited until their squires were old, and then when they had had enough of service and hard days and worse nights, they gave them some title or other, of count, or at the most marquis, of some valley or province more or less; but if thou livest and I live, it may well be that before six days are over, I may have won some kingdom that has others dependent upon it, which will be just the thing to enable thee to be crowned king of one of them. Nor needst thou count this wonderful, for things and chances fall to the lot of such knights in ways so unexampled and unexpected that I might easily give thee even more than I promise thee.'

'In that case,' said Sancho Panza, 'if I should become a king by one of those miracles your worship speaks of,

[1] Amadis, for instance, made his squire Gandalin governor of the Insula Firme.

even Juana Gutierrez, my old woman,[1] would come to be queen and my children infantes.'

'Well, who doubts it?' said Don Quixote.

'I doubt it,' replied Sancho Panza, 'because for my part I am persuaded that though God should shower down kingdoms upon earth, not one of them would fit the head of Mari Gutierrez. Let me tell you, señor, she is not worth two maravedis for a queen; countess will fit her better, and that only with God's help.'

'Leave it to God, Sancho,' returned Don Quixote, 'for he will give her what suits her best; but do not undervalue thyself so much as to come to be content with anything less than being governor of a province.'

'I will not, señor,' answered Sancho, 'especially as I have a man of such quality for a master in your worship, who will be able to give me all that will be suitable for me and that I can bear.'

[1] *mi oislo*, a sort of pet-name for a wife in old Spanish among the lower orders:

'Acuerda de su oislo
Mirando en pobre casa.'

Note A (*page* 168).

The books referred to are the *Carolea* of Geronimo Sempere (1560), which deals with the victories of Charles V.; the *Leon de España*, by Pedro de la Vezilla, a poem on the history of the city of Leon; and, probably, the *Carlo Famoso* of Louis Zapata, for there is no book known with the title of *The Deeds of the Emperor*, and the work of Avila is simply a prose commentary on the wars against the Protestants of Germany.

Note B (*page* 168).

Turpin (or Tilpin), Charlemagne's chaplain, and Archbishop of Rheims: according to the *Chanson de Roland*, one of those slain at Roncesvalles; but also claimed as author of the *Chronicle of Charlemagne*, which, however, was probably not composed before the end of the eleventh or beginning of the twelfth century. He died in the year of the Roncesvalles rout, 778.

CHAPTER VIII.

OF THE GOOD FORTUNE WHICH THE VALIANT DON QUIXOTE HAD IN THE TERRIBLE AND UNDREAMT-OF ADVENTURE OF THE WINDMILLS, WITH OTHER OCCURRENCES WORTHY TO BE FITLY RECORDED.

At this point they came in sight of thirty or forty windmills that there are on that plain,[1] and as soon as Don Quixote saw them he said to his squire, 'Fortune is arranging matters for us better than we could have shaped our desires ourselves, for look there, friend Sancho Panza, where thirty or more monstrous giants present themselves, all of whom I mean to engage in battle and slay, and with whose spoils we shall begin to make our fortunes; for this is righteous warfare, and it is God's good service to sweep so evil a breed from off the face of the earth.'

'What giants?' said Sancho Panza.

'Those thou seest there,' answered his master, 'with the long arms, and some have them nearly two leagues long.'

'Look, your worship,' said Sancho; 'what we see there are not giants but windmills, and what seem to be their arms are the sails that turned by the wind make the millstone go.'

[1] These famous windmills had not been very long set up, and owed their existence to the failure of water-power in the Zancara, an affluent of th Guadiana, about thirty years before *Don Quixote* was written. They are scattered over the plain between Alcazar de S. Juan and Villaharta. (*V.* map.)

'It is easy to see,' replied Don Quixote, 'that thou art not used to this business of adventures; those are giants; and if thou art afraid, away with thee out of this and betake thyself to prayer while I engage them in fierce and unequal combat.'

So saying, he gave the spur to his steed Rocinante, heedless of the cries his squire Sancho sent after him, warning him that most certainly they were windmills and not giants he was going to attack. He, however, was so positive they were giants that he neither heard the cries of Sancho, nor perceived, near as he was, what they were, but made at them shouting, 'Fly not, cowards and vile beings, for it is a single knight that attacks you.'

A slight breeze at this moment sprang up, and the great sails began to move, seeing which Don Quixote exclaimed, 'Though ye flourish more arms than the giant Briareus, ye have to reckon with me.'

So saying, and commending himself with all his heart to his lady Dulcinea, imploring her to support him in such a peril, with lance in rest and covered by his buckler, he charged at Rocinante's fullest gallop and fell upon the first mill that stood in front of him; but as he drove his lance-point into the sail the wind whirled it round with such force that it shivered the lance to pieces, sweeping with it horse and rider, who went rolling over on the plain, in a sorry condition. Sancho hastened to his assistance as fast as his ass could go, and when he came up found him unable to move, with such a shock had Rocinante fallen with him.

'God bless me!' said Sancho, 'did I not tell your worship to mind what you were about, for they were only

windmills? and no one could have made any mistake about it but one who had something of the same kind in his head.'

'Hush, friend Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'the fortunes of war more than any other are liable to frequent fluctuations; and moreover I think, and it is the truth, that that same sage Friston who carried off my study and books, has turned these giants into mills in order to rob me of the glory of vanquishing them, such is the enmity he bears me; but in the end his wicked arts will avail but little against my good sword.'

'God order it as he may,' said Sancho Panza, and helping him to rise got him up again on Rocinante, whose shoulder was half out; and then, discussing the late adventure, they followed the road to Puerto Lapice, for there, said Don Quixote, they could not fail to find adventures in abundance and variety, as it was a great thoroughfare.[1] For all that, he was much grieved at the loss of his lance, and saying so to his squire, he added, 'I remember having read how a Spanish knight, Diego Perez de Vargas by name, having broken his sword in battle, tore from an oak a ponderous bough or branch, and with it did such things that day, and pounded so many Moors, that he got the surname of Machuca,[2] and he and his descendants from that day forth were called Vargas y Machuca. I mention this because from the first oak[3] I see I mean to rend such another

[1] Being a stage on the great high road from Madrid to Seville.

[2] From *machucar* or *machacar*, 'to pound.' The feat referred to by Don Quixote was performed at the siege of Jerez under Alfonso X. in 1264, and is the subject of a spirited ballad which Lockhart has treated with even more than his usual freedom.

[3] In the ballad it is an olive tree, but the olive does not flourish in La

branch, large and stout like that, with which I am determined and resolved to do such deeds that thou mayest deem thyself very fortunate in being found worthy to come and see them, and be an eye-witness of things that will with difficulty be believed.'

'Be that as God will,' said Sancho, 'I believe it all as your worship says it; but straighten yourself a little, for you seem all on one side, may be from the shaking of the fall.'

'That is the truth,' said Don Quixote, 'and if I make no complaint of the pain it is because knights-errant are not permitted to complain of any wound, even though their bowels be coming out through it.'

'If so,' said Sancho, 'I have nothing to say; but God knows I would rather your worship complained when anything ailed you. For my part, I confess I must complain however small the ache may be; unless indeed this rule about not complaining extends to the squires of knights-errant also.'

Don Quixote could not help laughing at his squire's simplicity, and he assured him he might complain whenever and however he chose, just as he liked, for, so far, he had never read of anything to the contrary in the order of knighthood.

Sancho bade him remember it was dinner-time, to which his master answered that he wanted nothing himself just then, but that *he* might eat when he had a mind. With this permission Sancho settled himself as comfortably as he

Mancha, so Don Quixote substitutes oak, *encina* or *roble*, the former, the evergreen, being rather the more common in Spain.

could on his beast, and taking out of the alforjas what he had stowed away in them, he jogged along behind his master munching deliberately, and from time to time taking a pull at the bota with a relish that the thirstiest tapster in Malaga might have envied; and while he went on in this way, gulping down draught after draught, he never gave a thought to any of the promises his master had made him, nor did he rate it as hardship but rather as recreation going in quest of adventures, however dangerous they might be. Finally they passed the night among some trees, from one of which Don Quixote plucked a dry branch to serve him after a fashion as a lance, and fixed on it the head he had removed from the broken one. All that night Don Quixote lay awake thinking of his lady Dulcinea, in order to conform to what he had read in his books, how many a night in the forests and deserts knights used to lie sleepless supported by the memory of their mistresses. Not so did Sancho Panza spend it, for having his stomach full of something stronger than chicory water he made but one sleep of it, and, if his master had not called him, neither the rays of the sun beating on his face nor all the cheery notes of the birds welcoming the approach of day would have had power to waken him. On getting up he tried the bota and found it somewhat less full than the night before, which grieved his heart because they did not seem to be on the way to remedy the deficiency readily. Don Quixote did not care to break his fast, for, as has been already said, he confined himself to savoury recollections for nourishment.

They returned to the road they had set out with,

leading to Puerto Lapice, and at three in the afternoon they came in sight of it. 'Here, brother Sancho Panza,' said Don Quixote when he saw it, 'we may plunge our hands up to the elbows in what they call adventures; but observe, even shouldst thou see me in the greatest danger in the world, thou must not put a hand to thy sword in my defence, unless indeed thou perceivest that those who assail me are rabble or base folk; for in that case thou mayest very properly aid me; but if they be knights it is on no account permitted or allowed thee by the laws of knighthood to help me until thou hast been dubbed a knight.'

'Most certainly, señor,' replied Sancho, 'your worship shall be fully obeyed in this matter; all the more as of myself I am peaceful and no friend to mixing in strife and quarrels: it is true that as regards the defence of my own person I shall not give much heed to those laws, for laws human and divine allow each one to defend himself against any assailant whatever.'

'That I grant,' said Don Quixote, 'but in this matter of aiding me against knights thou must put a restraint upon thy natural impetuosity.'

'I will do so, I promise you,' answered Sancho, 'and I will keep this precept as carefully as Sunday.'

While they were thus talking there appeared on the road two friars of the order of St. Benedict, mounted on two dromedaries, for not less tall were the two mules they rode on. They wore travelling spectacles and carried sunshades; and behind them came a coach attended by four or five persons on horseback and two muleteers on foot. In the coach there was, as afterwards appeared, a

Biscay lady on her way to Seville, where her husband was about to take passage for the Indies with an appointment of high honour. The friars, though going the same road, were not in her company; but the moment Don Quixote perceived them he said to his squire, 'Either I am mistaken, or this is going to be the most famous adventure that has ever been seen, for those black bodies we see there must be, and doubtless are, magicians who are carrying off some stolen princess in that coach, and with all my might I must undo this wrong.'

'This will be worse than the windmills,' said Sancho. 'Look, señor; those are friars of St. Benedict, and the coach plainly belongs to some travellers: mind, I tell you to mind well what you are about and don't let the devil mislead you.'

'I have told thee already, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'that on the subject of adventures thou knowest little. What I say is the truth, as thou shalt see presently.'

So saying, he advanced and posted himself in the middle of the road along which the friars were coming, and as soon as he thought they had come near enough to hear what he said, he cried aloud, 'Devilish and unnatural beings, release instantly the highborn princesses whom you are carrying off by force in this coach, else prepare to meet a speedy death as the just punishment of your evil deeds.'

The friars drew rein and stood wondering at the appearance of Don Quixote as well as at his words, to which they replied, 'Señor Caballero, we are not devilish or unnatural, but two brothers of St. Benedict following

our road, nor do we know whether or not there are any captive princesses coming in this coach.'

'No soft words with me, for I know you, lying rabble,' said Don Quixote, and without waiting for a reply he spurred Rocinante and with levelled lance charged the first friar with such fury and determination, that, if the friar had not flung himself off the mule, he would have brought him to the ground against his will, and sore wounded, if not killed outright. The second brother, seeing how his comrade was treated, drove his heels into his castle of a mule and made off across the country faster than the wind.

Sancho Panza, when he saw the friar on the ground, dismounting briskly from his ass, rushed towards him and began to strip off his gown. At that instant the friars' muleteers came up and asked what he was stripping him for. Sancho answered them that this fell to him lawfully as spoil of the battle which his lord Don Quixote had won. The muleteers, who had no idea of a joke and did not understand all this about battles and spoils, seeing that Don Quixote was some distance off talking to the travellers in the coach, fell upon Sancho, knocked him down, and leaving hardly a hair in his beard, belaboured him with kicks and left him stretched breathless and senseless on the ground; and without any more delay helped the friar to mount, who, trembling, terrified, and pale, as soon as he found himself in the saddle, spurred after his companion, who was standing at a distance looking on, watching the result of the onslaught; then, not caring to wait for the end of the affair just begun, they pursued their

journey making more crosses than if they had the devil after them.

Don Quixote was, as has been said, speaking to the lady in the coach: 'Your beauty, lady mine,' said he, 'may now dispose of your person as may be most in accordance with your pleasure, for the pride of your ravishers lies prostrate on the ground through this strong arm of mine; and lest you should be pining to know the name of your deliverer, know that I am called Don Quixote of La Mancha, knight-errant and adventurer, and captive to the peerless and beautiful lady Dulcinea del Toboso: and in return for the service you have received of me I ask no more than that you should return to El Toboso, and on my behalf present yourself before that lady and tell her what I have done to set you free.'

One of the squires in attendance upon the coach, a Biscayan, was listening to all Don Quixote was saying, and, perceiving that he would not allow the coach to go on, but was saying it must return at once to El Toboso, he made at him, and seizing his lance addressed him in bad Castilian and worse Biscayan[1] after this fashion, 'Begone, caballero, and ill go with thee; by the God that made me, unless thou quittest coach, slayest thee as art here a Biscayan.'

Don Quixote understood him quite well, and answered him very quietly, 'If thou wert a knight, as thou art none, I should have already chastised thy folly and rashness, miserable creature.' To which the Biscayan returned, 'I

[1] See Note A, p. 187.

no gentleman![1]—I swear to God thou liest as I am Christian: if thou droppest lance and drawest sword, soon shalt thou see thou art carrying water to the cat:[2] Biscayan on land, hidalgo at sea, hidalgo at the devil, and look, if thou sayest otherwise thou liest.'

'"'You will see presently,' said Agrajes,"'[3] replied Don Quixote; and throwing his lance on the ground he drew his sword, braced his buckler on his arm, and attacked the Biscayan, bent upon taking his life.

The Biscayan, when he saw him coming on, though he wished to dismount from his mule, in which, being one of those sorry ones let out for hire, he had no confidence, had no choice but to draw his sword; it was lucky for him, however, that he was near the coach, from which he was able to snatch a cushion that served him for a shield; and then they went at one another as if they had been two mortal enemies. The others strove to make peace between them, but could not, for the Biscayan declared in his disjointed phrase that if they did not let him finish his battle he would kill his mistress and everyone that strove to prevent him. The lady in the coach, amazed and terrified at what she saw, ordered the coachman to draw aside a little, and set herself to watch this severe struggle, in the course of which the Biscayan smote Don Quixote a mighty stroke on the shoulder over the top of his buckler, which, given to

[1] *Caballero* means 'gentleman' as well as knight, and the peppery Biscayan assumes that Don Quixote has used the word in the former sense.

[2] *Quien ha de llevar el gato al agua?* (Prov. 102.) 'Who will carry the cat to the water?' is a proverbial way of indicating an apparently insuperable difficulty. Between rage and ignorance the Biscayan, it will be seen, inverts the phrase.

[3] See Note B, p. 187.

one without armour, would have cleft him to the waist. Don Quixote, feeling the weight of this prodigious blow, cried aloud, saying, 'O lady of my soul, Dulcinea, flower of beauty, come to the aid of this your knight, who, in fulfilling his obligations to your beauty, finds himself in this extreme peril.' To say this, to lift his sword, to shelter himself well behind his buckler, and to assail the Biscayan was the work of an instant, determined as he was to venture all upon a single blow. The Biscayan, seeing him come on in this way, was convinced of his courage by his spirited bearing, and resolved to follow his example, so he waited for him keeping well under cover of his cushion, being unable to execute any sort of manœuvre with his mule, which, dead tired and never meant for this kind of game, could not stir a step.

On, then, as aforesaid, came Don Quixote against the wary Biscayan, with uplifted sword and a firm intention of splitting him in half, while on his side the Biscayan waited for him sword in hand, and under the protection of his cushion; and all present stood trembling, waiting in suspense the result of blows such as threatened to fall, and the lady in the coach and the rest of her following were making a thousand vows and offerings to all the images and shrines of Spain, that God might deliver her squire and all of them from this great peril in which they found themselves. But it spoils all, that at this point and crisis the author of the history leaves this battle impending,[1] giving as excuse that he could find nothing more written about these achievements of Don Quixote than what has

[1] See Note C, p. 187.

been already set forth. It is true the second author of this work was unwilling to believe that a history so curious could have been allowed to fall under the sentence of oblivion, or that the wits of La Mancha could have been so undiscerning as not to preserve in their archives or registries some documents referring to this famous knight; and this being his persuasion, he did not despair of finding the conclusion of this pleasant history, which, heaven favouring him, he did find in a way that shall be related in the Second Part.[1]

[1] See Note D, p. 187.

Note A (*page* 184).

In the humorous tract *The Book of all Things, and many more*, Quevedo mentions as the chief characteristic of the Biscayan dialect that it changes the first person of the verb into the second. This may be observed in the specimen given here: another example of Biscayan will be found in Cervantes' interlude of the *Viscaino Fingido*.

Note B (*page* 185).

Agrajes was the cousin and companion of Amadis of Gaul. The phrase quoted above (Prov. 4) became a popular one, and is introduced as such among others of the same sort by Quevedo in the vision of the *Visita de los Chistes*. It is hard to say why it should have been fixed on Agrajes, who does not seem to use it as often as others, Amadis himself for instance.

Note C (*page* 186).

The abrupt suspension of the narrative and the reason assigned are in imitation of devices of the chivalry-romance writers. Montalvo, for instance, breaks off in the ninety-eighth chapter of *Esplandian*, and in the next gives an account of the discovery of the sequel, very much as Cervantes has done here and in the next chapter.

Note D (*page* 187).

Cervantes divided his first volume of *Don Quixote* into four parts, possibly in imitation of the four books of the *Amadis* of Montalvo; but the chapters were numbered without regard to this division, which he also ignored in 1615, when he called his new volume 'Second' instead of 'Fifth' Part.

CHAPTER IX.

IN WHICH IS CONCLUDED AND FINISHED THE TERRIFIC BATTLE BETWEEN THE GALLANT BISCAYAN AND THE VALIANT MANCHEGAN.

In the First Part of this history we left the valiant Biscayan and the renowned Don Quixote with drawn swords uplifted, ready to deliver two such furious slashing blows that if they had fallen full and fair they would at least have split and cleft them asunder from top to toe and laid them open like a pomegranate; and at this so critical point the delightful history came to a stop and stood cut short without any intimation from the author where what was missing was to be found.

This distressed me greatly, because the pleasure derived from having read such a small portion turned to vexation at the thought of the poor chance that presented itself of finding the large part that, so it seemed to me, was missing of such an interesting tale. It appeared to me to be a thing impossible and contrary to all precedent that so good a knight should have been without some sage to undertake the task of writing his marvellous achievements; a thing that was never wanting to any of those knights-errant who, they say, went after adventures; for every one of them had one or two sages as if made on purpose, who not only recorded their deeds but described their most

trifling thoughts and follies, however secret they might be; and such a good knight could not have been so unfortunate as not to have what Platir and others like him had in abundance. And so I could not bring myself to believe that such a gallant tale had been left maimed and mutilated, and I laid the blame on Time, the devourer and destroyer of all things, that had either concealed or consumed it.

On the other hand, it struck me that, inasmuch as among his books there had been found such modern ones as 'The Enlightenment of Jealousy' and the 'Nymphs and Shepherds of Henares,' his story must likewise be modern, and that though it might not be written, it might exist in the memory of the people of his village and of those in the neighbourhood. This reflection kept me perplexed and longing to know really and truly the whole life and wondrous deeds of our famous Spaniard, Don Quixote of La Mancha, light and mirror of Manchegan chivalry, and the first that in our age and in these so evil days devoted himself to the labour and exercise of the arms of knight-errantry, righting wrongs, succouring widows, and protecting damsels of that sort that used to ride about, whip in hand,[1] on their palfreys, with all their virginity about them, from mountain to mountain and valley to valley—for, if it were not for some ruffian, or boor with a hood and hatchet, or monstrous giant, that forced them, there were in days of yore damsels that at the end of eighty years, in all which time they had never slept a day under a roof, went to their graves as much maids as the mothers that bore them. I say, then, that in these and other respects our

[1] See Note A, p. 195.

gallant Don Quixote is worthy of everlasting and notable praise, nor should it be withheld even from me for the labour and pains spent in searching for the conclusion of this delightful history; though I know well that if Heaven, chance, and good fortune had not helped me, the world would have remained deprived of an entertainment and pleasure that for a couple of hours or so may well occupy him who shall read it attentively. The discovery of it occurred in this way.

One day, as I was in the Alcaná[1] of Toledo, a boy came up to sell some pamphlets and old papers to a silk mercer, and, as I am fond of reading even the very scraps of paper in the streets, led by this natural bent of mine I took up one of the pamphlets the boy had for sale, and saw that it was in characters which I recognised as Arabic, and, as I was unable to read them though I could recognise them, I looked about to see if there were any Spanish-speaking Morisco at hand to read them for me; nor was there any great difficulty in finding such an interpreter, for even had I sought one for an older and better language[2] I should have found him. In short, chance provided me with one, who when I told him what I wanted and put the book into his hands, opened it in the middle and after reading a little in it began to laugh. I asked him what he was laughing at, and he replied that it was at something the book had written in the margin by way of a note. I bade him tell it to me; and he still laughing said, 'In the margin, as I told you, this is written: "*This Dulcinea del Toboso so often*

[1] *Alcaná*, a market-place in Toledo in the neighbourhood of the cathedral.
[2] I.e. Hebrew.

mentioned in this history had, they say, the best hand of any woman in all La Mancha for salting pigs."'

When I heard Dulcinea del Toboso named, I was struck with surprise and amazement, for it occurred to me at once that these pamphlets contained the history of Don Quixote. With this idea I pressed him to read the beginning, and doing so, turning the Arabic offhand into Castilian, he told me it meant, '*History of Don Quixote of La Mancha, written by Cid Hamet Benengeli,*[1] *an Arab historian.*' It required great caution to hide the joy I felt when the title of the book reached my ears, and snatching it from the silk mercer, I bought all the papers and pamphlets from the boy for half a real; and if he had had his wits about him and had known how eager I was for them, he might have safely calculated on making more than six reals by the bargain. I withdrew at once with the Morisco into the cloister of the cathedral, and begged him to turn all these pamphlets that related to Don Quixote into the Castilian tongue, without omitting or adding anything to them, offering him whatever payment he pleased. He was satisfied with two arrobas of raisins and two bushels of wheat, and promised to translate them faithfully and with all despatch; but to make the matter more easy, and not to let such a precious find out of my hands, I took him to my house, where in little more than a month and a half he translated the whole just as it is set down here.

[1] J. A. Conde suggested that Ben Engeli—'son of the stag'—is the Arabic equivalent of the name 'Cervantes,' the root of which he assumed to be *ciervo*. Cervantes *may*, of course, have intended what Conde attributes to him, but the name in reality has nothing to do with *ciervo*, and comes from Servando. (*V.* Introduction, p. 16.)

In the first pamphlet the battle between Don Quixote and the Biscayan was drawn to the very life, they planted in the same attitude as the history describes, their swords raised, and the one protected by his buckler, the other by his cushion, and the Biscayan's mule so true to nature that it could be seen to be a hired one a bowshot off. The Biscayan had an inscription under his feet which said, '*Don Sancho de Azpeitia*,' which no doubt must have been his name; and at the feet of Rocinante was another that said, '*Don Quixote*.' Rocinante was marvellously portrayed, so long and thin, so lank and lean, with so much backbone and so far gone in consumption, that he showed plainly with what judgment and propriety the name of Rocinante had been bestowed upon him. Near him was Sancho Panza holding the halter of his ass, at whose feet was another label that said, 'Sancho Zancas,' and according to the picture, he must have had a big belly, a short body, and long shanks, for which reason, no doubt, the names of Panza and Zancas were given him, for by these two surnames the history several times calls him.[1] Some other trifling particulars might be mentioned, but they are all of slight importance and have nothing to do with the true relation of the history; and no history can be bad so long as it is true.

If against the present one any objection be raised on the score of its truth, it can only be that its author was an

[1] *Panza* = 'paunch:' *Zancas* = 'shanks;' but in spite of what Cervantes says, we hear no more of Sancho's long shanks, for which the reader will be grateful. It would have been difficult to realise a long-legged Sancho.

Arab, as lying is a very common propensity with those of that nation; though, as they are such enemies of ours, it is conceivable that there were omissions rather than additions made in the course of it. And this is my own opinion; for, where he could and should give freedom to his pen in praise of so worthy a knight, he seems to me deliberately to pass it over in silence; which is ill done and worse contrived, for it is the business and duty of historians to be exact, truthful, and wholly free from passion, and neither interest nor fear, hatred nor love, should make them swerve from the path of truth, whose mother is history,[1] rival of time, storehouse of deeds, witness for the past, example and counsel for the present, and warning for the future. In this I know will be found all that can be desired in the pleasantest, and if it be wanting in any good quality, I maintain it is the fault of its hound of an author and not the fault of the subject. To be brief, its Second Part, according to the translation, began in this way:

With trenchant swords upraised and poised on high, it seemed as though the two valiant and wrathful combatants stood threatening heaven, and earth, and hell, with such resolution and determination did they bear themselves. The fiery Biscayan was the first to strike a blow, which was delivered with such force and fury that had not the sword turned in its course, that single stroke would have sufficed to put an end to the bitter struggle and to all the adventures of our knight; but that good fortune which

[1] A curious instance of the carelessness with which Cervantes wrote and corrected, if, indeed, he corrected at all: of course he meant the opposite of what he said—that truth was the mother of history.

reserved him for greater things, turned aside the sword of his adversary, so that, although it smote him upon the left shoulder, it did him no more harm than to strip all that side of its armour, carrying away a great part of his helmet with half of his ear, all which with fearful ruin fell to the ground, leaving him in a sorry plight.

Good God! Who is there that could properly describe the rage that filled the heart of our Manchegan when he saw himself dealt with in this fashion? All that can be said is, it was such that he again raised himself in his stirrups, and, grasping his sword more firmly with both hands, he came down on the Biscayan with such fury, smiting him full over the cushion and over the head, that —even so good a shield proving useless—as if a mountain had fallen on him, he began to bleed from nose, mouth, and ears, reeling as if about to fall backwards from his mule, as no doubt he would have done had he not flung his arms about its neck; at the same time, however, he slipped his feet out of the stirrups and then unclasped his arms, and the mule, taking fright at the terrible blow, made off across the plain, and with a few plunges flung its master to the ground. Don Quixote stood looking on very calmly, and, when he saw him fall, leaped from his horse and with great briskness ran to him, and, presenting the point of his sword to his eyes, bade him surrender, or he would cut his head off. The Biscayan was so bewildered that he was unable to answer a word, and it would have gone hard with him, so blind was Don Quixote, had not the ladies in the coach, who had hitherto been watching the combat in great terror, hastened to where he stood and implored him with

earnest entreaties to grant them the great grace and favour of sparing their squire's life; to which Don Quixote replied with much gravity and dignity, 'In truth, fair ladies, I am well content to do what ye ask of me; but it must be on one condition and understanding, which is that this knight promise me to go to the village of El Toboso, and on my part present himself before the peerless lady Dulcinea, that she deal with him as shall be most pleasing to her.'

The terrified and disconsolate ladies, without discussing Don Quixote's demand or asking who Dulcinea might be, promised that their squire should do all that had been commanded on his part.

'Then, on the faith of that promise,' said Don Quixote, 'I shall do him no further harm, though he well deserves it of me.'

Note A (*page* 189).

Instead of *azotes* (whips) Clemencin suggests *azores* (hawks), and refers to chapter xxx. Part II., where a hawk in hand is especially mentioned as the usual accompaniment of a noble lady on horseback.

CHAPTER X.

OF THE PLEASANT DISCOURSE THAT PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE SANCHO PANZA.

Now by this time Sancho had risen, rather the worse for the handling of the friars' muleteers, and stood watching the battle of his master, Don Quixote, and praying to God in his heart that it might be his will to grant him the victory, and that he might thereby win some island to make him governor of, as he had promised. Seeing, therefore, that the struggle was now over, and that his master was returning to mount Rocinante, he approached to hold the stirrup for him, and, before he could mount, he went on his knees before him, and taking his hand, kissed it saying, 'May it please your worship, Señor Don Quixote, to give me the government of that island which has been won in this hard fight, for be it ever so big I feel myself in sufficient force to be able to govern it as much and as well as anyone in the world who has ever governed islands.'

To which Don Quixote replied, 'Thou must take notice, brother Sancho, that this adventure and those like it are not adventures of islands, but of cross-roads, in which nothing is got except a broken head or an ear the less: have patience, for adventures will present themselves from

which I may make you, not only a governor, but something more.'

Sancho gave him many thanks, and again kissing his hand and the skirt of his hauberk, helped him to mount Rocinante, and mounting his ass himself, proceeded to follow his master, who at a brisk pace, without taking leave, or saying anything further to the ladies belonging to the coach, turned into a wood that was hard by. Sancho followed him at his ass's best trot, but Rocinante stepped out so that, seeing himself left behind, he was forced to call to his master to wait for him. Don Quixote did so, reining in Rocinante until his weary squire came up, who on reaching him said, 'It seems to me, señor, it would be prudent in us to go and take refuge in some church, for, seeing how mauled he with whom you fought has been left, it will be no wonder if they give information of the affair to the Holy Brotherhood[1] and arrest us, and, faith, if they do, before we come out of gaol we shall have to sweat for it.'

'Peace,' said Don Quixote; 'where hast thou ever seen or heard that a knight-errant has been arraigned before a court of justice, however many homicides he may have committed?'

'I know nothing about omecils,'[2] answered Sancho, 'nor in my life have had anything to do with one; I only know that the Holy Brotherhood looks after those who

[1] The Santa Hermandad, a tribunal established in the thirteenth century, but revived in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, with summary jurisdiction over offenders against life and property on the highways and outside of the municipal boundaries.

[2] *Omecillo* or *homecillo* was an old form of the word *homecidio*, but in popular parlance it meant the fine imposed in default of appearance to answer a charge of assault and battery.

fight in the fields, and in that other matter I do not meddle.'

'Then thou needst have no uneasiness, my friend,' said Don Quixote, 'for I will deliver thee out of the hands of the Chaldeans, much more out of those of the Brotherhood. But tell me, as thou livest, hast thou seen a more valiant knight than I in all the known world; hast thou read in history of any who has or had higher mettle in attack, more spirit in maintaining it, more dexterity in wounding or skill in overthrowing?'

'The truth is,' answered Sancho, 'that I have never read any history, for I can neither read nor write, but what I will venture to bet is that a more daring master than your worship I have never served in all the days of my life, and God grant that this daring be not paid for where I have said; what I beg of your worship is to dress your wound, for a great deal of blood flows from that ear, and I have here some lint and a little white ointment in the alforjas.'

'All that might be well dispensed with,' said Don Quixote, 'if I had remembered to make a vial of the balsam of Fierabras,[1] for time and medicine are saved by one single drop.'

'What vial and what balsam is that?' said Sancho Panza.

'It is a balsam,' answered Don Quixote, 'the receipt of which I have in my memory, with which one need have no fear of death, or dread dying of any wound; and so when I make it and give it to thee thou hast nothing to do when

[1] Fierabras, i.e. *Fier à bras* = 'Arm-strong,' a giant in Nicolas de Piamonte's history of Charlemagne and the Peers.

in some battle thou seest they have cut me in half through the middle of the body—as is wont to happen frequently—but neatly and with great nicety, ere the blood congeal, to place that portion of the body which shall have fallen to the ground upon the other half which remains in the saddle, taking care to fit it on evenly and exactly. Then thou shalt give me to drink but two drops of the balsam I have mentioned, and thou shalt see me become sounder than an apple.'

'If that be so,' said Panza, 'I renounce henceforth the government of the promised island, and desire nothing more in payment of my many and faithful services than that your worship give me the receipt of this supreme liquor, for I am persuaded it will be worth more than two reals an ounce anywhere, and I want no more to pass the rest of my life in ease and honour; but it remains to be told if it costs much to make it.'

'With less than three reals six quarts[1] of it may be made,' said Don Quixote.

'Sinner that I am!' said Sancho, 'then why does your worship put off making it and teaching it to me?'

'Peace, friend,' answered Don Quixote; 'greater secrets I mean to teach thee and greater favours to bestow upon thee; and for the present let us see to the dressing, for my ear pains me more than I could wish.'

Sancho took out some lint and ointment from the alforjas; but when Don Quixote came to see his helmet shattered, he was like to lose his senses, and clapping his hand upon his sword and raising his eyes to heaven, he

[1] In the original, *tres azumbres.*

said, 'I swear by the Creator of all things and the four Gospels in their fullest extent, to do as the great Marquis of Mantua did when he swore to avenge the death of his nephew Baldwin (and that was not to eat bread from a table-cloth, nor embrace his wife, and other points which, though I cannot now call them to mind, I here grant as expressed), until I take complete vengeance upon him who has committed such an offence against me.'

Hearing this, Sancho said to him, 'Your worship should bear in mind, Señor Don Quixote, that if the knight has done what was commanded him in going to present himself before my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he will have done all that he was bound to do, and does not deserve further punishment unless he commits some new offence.'

'Thou hast said well and hit the point,' answered Don Quixote; 'and so I recall the oath in so far as relates to taking fresh vengeance on him, but I make and confirm it anew to lead the life I have said until such time as I take by force from some knight another helmet such as this and as good; and think not, Sancho, that I am raising smoke with straw in doing so, for I have one to imitate in the matter, since the very same thing to a hair happened in the case of Mambrino's helmet, which cost Sacripante so dear.' [1]

'Señor,' replied Sancho, 'let your worship send all such oaths to the devil, for they are very pernicious to salvation and prejudicial to the conscience; just tell me now, if for

[1] Mambrino, a Moorish king in the *Orlando* of Boiardo, whose enchanted helmet was won by Rinaldo. It was Dardinel, however, not Sacripante, to whom it cost so dear. (V. *Ariosto*, c. xviii., st. 151.)

several days to come we fall in with no man armed with a helmet, what are we to do? Is the oath to be observed in spite of all the inconvenience and discomfort it will be to sleep in your clothes, and not to sleep in a house, and a thousand other mortifications contained in the oath of that old fool the Marquis of Mantua, which your worship is now wanting to revive? Let your worship observe that there are no men in armour travelling on any of these roads, nothing but carriers and carters, who not only do not wear helmets, but perhaps never heard tell of them all their lives.'

'Thou art wrong there,' said Don Quixote, 'for we shall not have been two hours among these cross-roads before we see more men in armour than came to Albraca to win the fair Angelica.'[1]

'Enough,' said Sancho; 'so be it then, and God grant us success, and that the time for winning that island which is costing me so dear may soon come, and then let me die.'

'I have already told thee, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'not to give thyself any uneasiness on that score; for if an island should fail, there is the kingdom of Denmark, or of Sobradisa, which will fit thee as a ring fits the finger, and all the more that being on *terra firma* thou wilt all the better enjoy thyself. But let us leave that to its own time; see if thou hast anything for us to eat in those alforjas, because we must presently go in quest of some castle where we may lodge to-night and make the balsam I told thee of,

[1] Albraca, a stronghold of Galafron, King of Cathay and father of Angelica. The siege is one of the incidents in the *Orlando* of Boiardo.

for I swear to thee by God, this ear is giving me great pain.'

'I have here an onion and a little cheese and a few scraps of bread,' said Sancho, 'but they are not victuals fit for a valiant knight like your worship.'

'How little thou knowest about it,' answered Don Quixote; 'I would have thee to know, Sancho, that it is the glory of knights-errant to go without eating for a month, and even when they do eat, that it should be of what comes first to hand; and this would have been clear to thee hadst thou read as many histories as I have, for, though they are very many, among them all I have found no mention made of knights-errant eating, unless by accident or at some sumptuous banquets prepared for them, and the rest of the time they passed in dalliance. And though it is plain they could not do without eating and performing all the other natural functions, because, in fact, they were men like ourselves, it is plain too that, wandering as they did the most part of their lives through woods and wilds and without a cook, their most usual fare would be rustic viands such as those thou dost now offer me; so that, friend Sancho, let not that distress thee which pleases me, and do not seek to make a new world or pervert knight-errantry.'[1]

'Pardon me, your worship,' said Sancho, 'for, as I cannot read or write, as I said just now, I neither know nor comprehend the rules of the profession of chivalry: henceforward I will stock the alforjas with every kind of dry fruit for your worship, as you are a knight; and for

[1] Literally, take knight-errantry off its hinges.

myself, as I am not one, I will furnish them with poultry and other things more substantial.'

'I do not say, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'that it is imperative on knights-errant not to eat anything else but the fruits thou speakest of; only that their more usual diet must be those, and certain herbs they found in the fields which they knew and I know too.'

'A good thing it is,' answered Sancho, 'to know those herbs, for to my thinking it will be needful some day to put that knowledge into practice.'

And here taking out what he said he had brought, the pair made their repast peaceably and sociably. But anxious to find quarters for the night, they with all despatch made an end of their poor dry fare, mounted at once, and made haste to reach some habitation before night set in; but daylight and the hope of succeeding in their object failed them close by the huts of some goatherds, so they determined to pass the night there, and it was as much to Sancho's discontent not to have reached a house, as it was to his master's satisfaction to sleep under the open heaven, for he fancied that each time this happened to him he performed an act of ownership that helped to prove his chivalry.

CHAPTER XI.

OF WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE WITH CERTAIN GOATHERDS.

He was cordially welcomed by the goatherds, and Sancho, having as best he could put up Rocinante and the ass, drew towards the fragrance that came from some pieces of salted goat simmering in a pot on the fire; and though he would have liked at once to try if they were ready to be transferred from the pot to the stomach, he refrained from doing so as the goatherds removed them from the fire, and laying sheepskins on the ground, quickly spread their rude table, and with signs of hearty good-will invited them both to share what they had. Round the skins six of the men belonging to the fold seated themselves, having first with rough politeness pressed Don Quixote to take a seat upon a trough which they placed for him upside down. Don Quixote seated himself, and Sancho remained standing to serve the cup, which was made of horn. Seeing him standing, his master said to him, 'That thou mayest see, Sancho, the good that knight-errantry contains in itself, and how those who fill any office in it are on the high road to be speedily honoured and esteemed by the world, I desire that thou seat thyself here at my side and in the company of these worthy people, and that thou be one with me who

am thy master and natural lord, and that thou eat from my plate and drink from whatever I drink from; for the same may be said of knight-errantry as of love, that it levels all.'

'Great thanks,' said Sancho, 'but I may tell your worship that provided I have enough to eat, I can eat it as well, or better, standing, and by myself, than seated alongside of an emperor. And indeed, if the truth is to be told, what I eat in my corner without form or fuss has much more relish for me, even though it be bread and onions, than the turkeys of those other tables where I am forced to chew slowly, drink little, wipe my mouth every minute, and cannot sneeze or cough if I want or do other things that are the privileges of liberty and solitude. So, señor, as for these honours which your worship would put upon me as a servant and follower of knight-errantry (which I am, being your worship's squire), exchange them for other things which may be of more use and advantage to me; for these, though I fully acknowledge them as received, I renounce from this moment to the end of the world.'

'For all that,' said Don Quixote, 'thou must seat thyself, because him who humbleth himself God exalteth;' and seizing him by the arm he forced him to sit down beside himself.

The goatherds did not understand this jargon about squires and knights-errant, and all they did was to eat in silence and stare at their guests, who with great elegance and appetite were stowing away pieces as big as one's fist. The course of meat finished, they spread upon the sheepskins a great heap of parched acorns, and with them they put down a half cheese harder than if it had been made

of mortar. All this while the horn was not idle, for it went round so constantly, now full, now empty, like the bucket of a water-wheel,[1] that it soon drained one of the two wine-skins that were in sight. When Don Quixote had quite appeased his appetite he took up a handful of the acorns, and contemplating them attentively delivered himself somewhat in this fashion:[2]

'Happy the age, happy the time, to which the ancients gave the name of golden, not because in that fortunate age the gold so coveted in this our iron one was gained without toil, but because they that lived in it knew not the two words "*mine*" and "*thine*"! In that blessed age all things were in common; to win the daily food no labour was required of any save to stretch forth his hand and gather it from the sturdy oaks that stood generously inviting him with their sweet ripe fruit. The clear streams and running brooks yielded their savoury[3] limpid waters in noble abundance. The busy and sagacious bees fixed their republic in the clefts of the rocks and hollows of the trees, offering without usance the plenteous produce of their fragrant toil to every hand. The mighty cork trees, unenforced save of their own courtesy, shed the broad light bark that served at first to roof the houses supported by rude stakes, a protection against the inclemency of heaven alone. Then all was peace, all friendship, all concord; as yet the dull share of the crooked plough had not dared to rend and pierce the tender bowels of our first mother that

[1] 'Water-wheel'—*noria*—a machine used for irrigation in Spain, by which the water is raised in pots or buckets attached to the circumference of a large wheel.

[2] See Note A, p. 213.

[3] See Note B, p. 213.

without compulsion yielded from every portion of her broad fertile bosom all that could satisfy, sustain, and delight the children that then possessed her. Then was it that the innocent and fair young shepherdesses roamed from vale to vale and hill to hill, with flowing locks, and no more garments than were needful modestly to cover what modesty seeks and ever sought to hide. Nor were their ornaments like those in use to-day, set off by Tyrian purple, and silk tortured in endless fashions, but the wreathed leaves of the green dock and ivy, wherewith they went as bravely and becomingly decked as our Court dames with all the rare and far-fetched artifices that idle curiosity has taught them. Then the love-thoughts of the heart clothed themselves simply and naturally[1] as the heart conceived them, nor sought to commend themselves by forced and rambling verbiage. Fraud, deceit, or malice had then not yet mingled with truth and sincerity. Justice held her ground, undisturbed and unassailed by the efforts of favour and of interest, that now so much impair, pervert, and beset her. Arbitrary law had not yet established itself in the mind of the judge, for then there was no cause to judge and no one to be judged. Maidens and modesty, as I have said, wandered at will alone and unattended, without fear of insult from lawlessness or libertine assault, and if they were undone it was of their own will and pleasure. But now in this hateful age of ours not one is safe, not though some new labyrinth like that of Crete conceal and surround her; even there the pestilence of gallantry will make its way to them through

[1] See Note C, p. 213.

chinks or on the air by the zeal of its accursed importunity, and, despite of all seclusion, lead them to ruin. In defence of these, as time advanced and wickedness increased, the order of knights-errant was instituted, to defend maidens, to protect widows, and to succour the orphans and the needy. To this order I belong, brother goatherds, to whom I return thanks for the hospitality and kindly welcome ye offer me and my squire; for though by natural law all living are bound to show favour to knights-errant, yet, seeing that without knowing this obligation ye have welcomed and feasted me, it is right that with all the goodwill in my power I should thank you for yours.'

All this long harangue (which might very well have been spared) our knight delivered because the acorns they gave him reminded him of the golden age; and the whim seized him to address all this unnecessary argument to the goatherds, who listened to him gaping in amazement without saying a word in reply. Sancho likewise held his peace and ate acorns, and paid repeated visits to the second wine-skin, which they had hung up on a cork tree to keep the wine cool.

Don Quixote was longer in talking than in finishing his supper, at the end of which one of the goatherds said, 'That your worship, señor knight-errant, may say with more truth that we show you hospitality with ready goodwill, we will give you amusement and pleasure by making one of our comrades sing: he will be here before long, and he is a very intelligent youth and deep in love, and what is more he can read and write and play on the rebeck [1] to perfection.'

[1] In the Spanish, *rabel*, a small three-stringed lute of Moorish origin.

The goatherd had hardly done speaking, when the notes of the rebeck reached their ears; and shortly after, the player came up, a very good-looking young man of about two-and-twenty. His comrades asked him if he had supped, and on his replying that he had, he who had already made the offer said to him, 'In that case, Antonio, thou mayest as well do us the pleasure of singing a little, that the gentleman, our guest here, may see that even in the mountains and woods there are musicians: we have told him of thy accomplishments, and we want thee to show them and prove that we say true; so, as thou livest, pray sit down and sing that ballad about thy love that thy uncle the prebendary made thee, and that was so much liked in the town.'

'With all my heart,' said the young man, and without waiting for any more pressing he seated himself on the trunk of a felled oak, and tuning his rebeck, presently began with right good grace to sing to these words.

ANTONIO'S BALLAD.[1]

Thou dost love me well, Olalla;
  Well I know it, even though
Love's mute tongues, thine eyes, have never
  By their glances told me so.

For I know my love thou knowest,
  Therefore thine to claim I dare:
Once it ceases to be secret,
  Love need never feel despair.

[1] See Note D, p. 213.

True it is, Olalla, sometimes
  Thou hast all too plainly shown
That thy heart is brass in hardness,
  And thy snowy bosom stone.

Yet for all that, in thy coyness,
  And thy fickle fits between,
Hope is there—at least the border
  Of her garment may be seen.

Lures to faith are they, those glimpses,
  And to faith in thee I hold;
Kindness cannot make it stronger,
  Coldness cannot make it cold.

If it be that love is gentle,
  In thy gentleness I see
Something holding out assurance
  To the hope of winning thee.

If it be that in devotion
  Lies a power hearts to move,
That which every day I show thee,
  Helpful to my suit should prove.

Many a time thou must have noticed—
  If to notice thou dost care—
How I go about on Monday
  Dressed in all my Sunday wear.

Love's eyes love to look on brightness;
  Love loves what is gaily drest;
Sunday, Monday, all I care is
  Thou shouldst see me in my best.

No account I make of dances,
Or of strains that pleased thee so,
Keeping thee awake from midnight
Till the cocks began to crow;

Or of how I roundly swore it
That there 's none so fair as thou;
True it is, but as I said it,
By the girls I 'm hated now.

For Teresa of the hillside
At my praise of thee was sore;
Said, 'You think you love an angel;
It 's a monkey you adore;

'Caught by all her glittering trinkets,
And her borrowed braids of hair,
And a host of made-up beauties
That would Love himself ensnare.'

'T was a lie, and so I told her,
And her cousin at the word
Gave me his defiance for it;
And what followed thou hast heard.

Mine is no high-flown affection,
Mine no passion *par amours*—
As they call it—what I offer
Is an honest love, and pure.

Cunning cords[1] the holy Church has,
Cords of softest silk they be;
Put thy neck beneath the yoke, dear;
Mine will follow, thou wilt see.

[1] *Coyundas*, the cords or thongs by which the horns of the draught oxen are bound to the yoke.

Else—and once for all I swear it
By the saint of most renown—
If I ever quit the mountains,
'T will be in a friar's gown.

Here the goatherd brought his song to an end, and though Don Quixote entreated him to sing more, Sancho had no mind that way, being more inclined for sleep than for listening to songs; so said he to his master, 'Your worship will do well to settle at once where you mean to pass the night, for the labour these good men are at all day does not allow them to spend the night in singing.'

'I understand thee, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote; 'I perceive clearly that those visits to the wine-skin demand compensation in sleep rather than in music.'

'It's sweet to us all, blessed be God,' said Sancho.

'I do not deny it,' replied Don Quixote; 'but settle thyself where thou wilt; those of my calling are more becomingly employed in watching than in sleeping; still it would be as well if thou wert to dress this ear for me again, for it is giving me more pain than it need.'

Sancho did as he bade him, but one of the goatherds seeing the wound told him not to be uneasy, as he would apply a remedy with which it would be soon healed; and gathering some leaves of rosemary, of which there was a great quantity there, he chewed them and mixed them with a little salt, and applying them to the ear he secured them firmly with a bandage, assuring him that no other treatment would be required, and so it proved.

Note A (*page* 206).

The eulogy of the golden age is one of the *loci classici* of *Don Quixote* quoted in every Spanish anthology; the reader, however, must not judge of it by translation, which cannot give the stately roll and flow of the original Castilian.

Note B (*page* 206).

Water is almost worshipped in thirsty Spain, and many a complimentary epithet bestowed upon it that sounds odd under moister skies: *agua muy rica*—'very rich water'—is a common encomium from a Spaniard after a hearty pull at the *alcarraza*.

Note C (*page* 207).

Clemencin and Hartzenbusch, why I know not, object to *se decoraban*, the reading of the original editions, and the latter substitutes *se declaraban*. I venture to think the original reading admits of the interpretation I have given.

Note D (*page* 209).

Antonio's ballad is in imitation of a species of popular poetry that occupies nearly as large a space as the romantic and historical ballads in the old *romanceros*. These gay, *naïve*, simple lays of peasant life and love are as thoroughly national and peculiar to Spain as the historical ballads themselves, and in every way present a striking contrast to the artificial pastoral sonnets and canciones of Italian importation. The imitation of this kind of poetry was a favourite pastime with the poets of the Spanish Augustan age, and strange to say the poet who showed the lightest touch and brightest fancy in these compositions, and caught most happily the simplicity and freshness of the originals, was Gongora, whose name is generally associated with poetry the exact opposite of this in every particular. Cervantes apparently valued himself more upon his sonnets and artificial verses; a preference regretted, I imagine, by most of his readers. This ballad has been hardly treated by the translators. The language and measures used by Shelton and Jervas are about as well adapted to represent a Spanish popular lyric as a dray-horse to draw a pony-chaise. The measure of the original is the ordinary ballad measure, an eight-syllable trochaic, with the assonant rhyme in the second and fourth lines. The latter peculiarity I have made no attempt to imitate here, but examples of it will be found farther on.

CHAPTER XII.

OF WHAT A GOATHERD RELATED TO THOSE WITH DON QUIXOTE.

Just then another young man, one of those who fetched their provisions from the village, came up and said, 'Do you know what is going on in the village, comrades?'

'How could we know it?' replied one of them.

'Well, then, you must know,' continued the young man, 'this morning that famous student-shepherd called Chrysostom died, and it is rumoured that he died of love for that devil of a village girl the daughter of Guillermo the Rich, she that wanders about the wolds here in the dress of a shepherdess.'

'You mean Marcela?' said one.

'Her I mean,' answered the goatherd; 'and the best of it is, he has directed in his will that he is to be buried in the fields like a Moor, and at the foot of the rock where the Cork-tree spring is, because, as the story goes (and they say he himself said so), that was the place where he first saw her. And he has also left other directions which the clergy of the village say should not and must not be obeyed because they savour of paganism. To all which his great friend Ambrosio the student, he who, like him, also went dressed as a shepherd, replies that everything

must be done without any omission according to the directions left by Chrysostom, and about this the village is all in commotion; however, report says that, after all, what Ambrosio and all the shepherds his friends desire will be done, and to-morrow they are coming to bury him with great ceremony where I said. I am sure it will be something worth seeing; at least I will not fail to go and see it even if I knew I should not return to the village to-morrow.'

'We will do the same,' answered the goatherds, 'and cast lots to see who must stay to mind the goats of all.'

'Thou sayest well, Pedro,' said one, 'though there will be no need of taking that trouble, for I will stay behind for all; and don't suppose it is virtue or want of curiosity in me; it is that the splinter that ran into my foot the other day will not let me walk.'

'For all that, we thank thee,' answered Pedro.

Don Quixote asked Pedro to tell him who the dead man was and who the shepherdess, to which Pedro replied that all he knew was that the dead man was a wealthy gentleman belonging to a village in those mountains, who had been a student at Salamanca for many years, at the end of which he returned to his village with the reputation of being very learned and deeply read. Above all, they said, he was learned in the science of the stars and of what went on yonder in the heavens and the sun and the moon, for he told us of the cris of the sun and moon to the exact time.'

'Eclipse it is called, friend, not cris, the darkening of those two luminaries,' said Don Quixote; but Pedro, not troubling himself with trifles, went on with his story,

saying, 'Also he foretold when the year was going to be one of abundance or estility.'

'Sterility, you mean, friend,' said Don Quixote.

'Sterility or estility,' answered Pedro, 'it is all the same in the end. And I can tell you that by this his father and friends who believed him grew very rich because they did as he advised them, bidding them "sow barley this year, not wheat; this year you may sow pulse[1] and not barley; the next there will be a full oil crop, and the three following not a drop will be got."'

'That science is called astrology,' said Don Quixote.

'I do not know what it is called,' replied Pedro, 'but I know that he knew all this and more besides. But, to make an end, not many months had passed after he returned from Salamanca, when one day he appeared dressed as a shepherd with his crook and sheepskin, having put off the long gown he wore as a scholar; and at the same time his great friend, Ambrosio by name, who had been his companion in his studies, took to the shepherd's dress with him. I forgot to say that Chrysostom who is dead was a great man for writing verses, so much so that he made carols for Christmas Eve, and plays[2] for Corpus Christi which the young men of our village acted, and all said they were excellent. When the villagers saw the two scholars so unexpectedly appearing in shepherds' dress they were lost in wonder, and could not guess what had led them to make so extraordinary a change. About this time the

[1] 'Pulse'—*garbanzos*, or chick-peas, one of the invariable constituents of the *olla* or *puchero*, and therefore an important crop in Spain.

[2] 'Plays'—*autos*, religious allegorical dramas.

father of our Chrysostom died, and he was left heir to a large amount of property in chattels as well as in land, no small number of cattle and sheep, and a large sum of money, of all of which the young man was left dissolute owner, and indeed he was deserving of it all, for he was a very good comrade, and kind-hearted, and a friend of worthy folk, and had a countenance like a benediction. Presently it came to be known that he had changed his dress with no other object than to wander about these wastes after that shepherdess Marcela our lad mentioned a while ago, with whom the deceased Chrysostom had fallen in love. And I must tell you now, for it is well you should know it, who this girl is; perhaps, and even without any perhaps, you will not have heard anything like it all the days of your life, though you should live more years than sarna.'[1]

'Say Sara,' said Don Quixote, unable to endure the goatherd's confusion of words.

'The sarna lives long enough,' answered Pedro; 'and if, señor, you must go finding fault with words at every step, we shall not make an end of it this twelvemonth.'

'Pardon me, friend,' said Don Quixote; 'but, as there is such a difference between sarna and Sara, I told you of it; however, you have answered very rightly, for sarna lives longer than Sara: so continue your story, and I will not object any more to anything.'

'I say then, my dear sir,' said the goatherd, 'that in our village there was a farmer even richer than the father of Chrysostom, who was named Guillermo, and upon whom

[1] See Note A, p. 222.

God bestowed, over and above great wealth, a daughter at whose birth her mother died, the most respected woman there was in this neighbourhood; I fancy I can see her now with that countenance which had the sun on one side and the moon on the other; and moreover active, and kind to the poor, for which I trust that at the present moment her soul is in bliss with God in the other world. Her husband Guillermo died of grief at the death of so good a wife, leaving his daughter Marcela, a child and rich, to the care of an uncle of hers, a priest and prebendary in our village. The girl grew up with such beauty that it reminded us of her mother's, which was very great, and yet it was thought that the daughter's would exceed it; and so when she reached the age of fourteen to fifteen years nobody beheld her but blessed God that had made her so beautiful, and the greater number were in love with her past redemption. Her uncle kept her in great seclusion and retirement, but for all that the fame of her great beauty spread so that, as well for it as for her great wealth, her uncle was asked, solicited, and importuned, to give her in marriage not only by those of our town but of those many leagues round, and by the persons of highest quality in them. But he, being a good Christian man, though he desired to give her in marriage at once, seeing her to be old enough, was unwilling to do so without her consent, not that he had any eye to the gain and profit which the custody of the girl's property brought him while he put off her marriage; and, faith, this was said in praise of the good priest in more than one set in the town. For I would have you know, Sir Errant, that in these little villages everything is talked about

and everything is carped at, and rest assured, as I am, that the priest must be over and above good who forces his parishioners to speak well of him, especially in villages.'

'That is the truth,' said Don Quixote; 'but go on, for the story is very good, and you, good Pedro, tell it with very good grace.'

'May that of the Lord not be wanting to me,' said Pedro; 'that is the one to have. To proceed: you must know that though the uncle put before his niece and described to her the qualities of each one in particular of the many who had asked her in marriage, begging her to marry and make a choice according to her own taste, she never gave any other answer than that she had no desire to marry just yet, and that being so young she did not think herself fit to bear the burden of matrimony. At these, to all appearance, reasonable excuses that she made, her uncle ceased to urge her, and waited till she was somewhat more advanced in age and could mate herself to her own liking. For, said he—and he said quite right—parents are not to settle children in life against their will. But when one least looked for it, lo and behold! one day the demure Marcela makes her appearance turned shepherdess; and, in spite of her uncle and all those of the town that strove to dissuade her, took to going a-field with the other shepherd-lasses of the village, and tending her own flock. And so, since she appeared in public, and her beauty came to be seen openly, I could not well tell you how many rich youths, gentlemen and peasants, have adopted the costume of Chrysostom, and go about these fields making love to her. One of these, as has been already said, was our deceased

friend, of whom they say that he did not love but adore her. But you must not suppose, because Marcela chose a life of such liberty and independence, and of so little or rather no retirement, that she has given any occasion, or even the semblance of one, for disparagement of her purity and modesty; on the contrary, such and so great is the vigilance with which she watches over her honour, that of all those that court and woo her not one has boasted, or can with truth boast, that she has given him any hope however small of obtaining his desire. For although she does not avoid or shun the society and conversation of the shepherds, and treats them courteously and kindly, should any one of them come to declare his intention to her, though it be one as proper and holy as that of matrimony, she flings him from her like a catapult. And with this kind of disposition she does more harm in this country than if the plague had got into it, for her affability and her beauty draw on the hearts of those that associate with her to love her and to court her, but her scorn and her frankness [1] bring them to the brink of despair; and so they know not what to say save to proclaim her aloud cruel and hard-hearted, and other names of the same sort which well describe the nature of her character; and if you should remain here any time, señor, you would hear these hills and valleys resounding with the laments of the rejected ones who pursue her. Not far from this there is a spot where there are a couple of dozen of tall beeches, and there is not one of them but has carved and written on its smooth bark the name of Marcela, and

[1] 'Frankness'—*desengaño*—more properly 'undeceiving,' but there is no equivalent word in English.

above some a crown carved on the same tree as though her lover would say more plainly that Marcela wore and deserved that of all human beauty. Here one shepherd is sighing, there another is lamenting; there love songs are heard, here despairing elegies. One will pass all the hours of the night seated at the foot of some oak or rock, and there, without having closed his weeping eyes, the sun finds him in the morning bemused and bereft of sense; and another without relief or respite to his sighs, stretched on the burning sand in the full heat of the sultry summer noontide, makes his appeal to the compassionate heavens, and over one and the other, over these and all, the beautiful Marcela triumphs free and careless. And all of us that know her are waiting to see what her pride will come to, and who is to be the happy man that will succeed in taming a nature so formidable and gaining possession of a beauty so supreme. All that I have told you being such well-established truth, I am persuaded that what they say of the cause of Chrysostom's death, as our lad told us, is the same. And so I advise you, señor, fail not to be present to-morrow at his burial, which will be well worth seeing, for Chrysostom had many friends, and it is not half a league from this place to where he directed he should be buried.'

'I will make a point of it,' said Don Quixote, 'and I thank you for the pleasure you have given me by relating so interesting a tale.'

'Oh,' said the goatherd, 'I do not know even the half of what has happened to the lovers of Marcela, but perhaps to-morrow we may fall in with some shepherd on the road who can tell us; and now it will be well for you to go and

sleep under cover, for the night air may hurt your wound, though with the remedy I have applied to you there is no fear of an untoward result.'

Sancho Panza, who was wishing the goatherd's loquacity at the devil,[1] on his part begged his master to go into Pedro's hut to sleep. He did so, and passed all the rest of the night in thinking of his lady Dulcinea, in imitation of the lovers of Marcela. Sancho Panza settled himself between Rocinante and his ass, and slept, not like a lover who had been discarded, but like a man who had been soundly kicked.

[1] See Note B, p. 222.

Note A (*page* 217).

Mas viejo que sarna—(Prov. 250) 'older than itch'—is a very old popular phrase. Don Quixote, either not knowing it or else not recognising it in the form in which Pedro puts it, supposes him to mean Sarah the wife of Abraham. Though Cervantes tries to observe dramatic propriety by making Pedro blunder, in the end he puts into his mouth language as fine and words as long as Don Quixote's.

Note B (*page* 222).

Perhaps the reader will think Sancho had some justification; an epidemic of verbosity, indeed, rages round the corpse of the unhappy Chrysostom; but it must be remembered verbosity was then rampant in literature and especially in Spanish literature, as all who know *Guzman de Alfarache*, *The Picara Justina*, *Marcos de Obregon*, and books of the same sort, will own; and if Cervantes did not wholly escape it, his fits of it were only occasional.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN WHICH IS ENDED THE STORY OF THE SHEPHERDESS MARCELA, WITH OTHER INCIDENTS.

But hardly had day begun to show itself through the balconies of the east, when five of the six goatherds came to rouse Don Quixote and tell him that if he was still of a mind to go and see the famous burial of Chrysostom they would bear him company. Don Quixote, who desired nothing better, rose and ordered Sancho to saddle and pannel at once, which he did with all despatch, and with the same they all set out forthwith. They had not gone a quarter of a league when at the meeting of two paths they saw coming towards them some six shepherds dressed in black sheepskins and with their heads crowned with garlands of cypress and bitter oleander. Each of them carried a stout holly staff in his hand, and along with them there came two men of quality on horseback in handsome travelling dress, with three servants on foot accompanying them. Courteous salutations were exchanged on meeting, and inquiring one of the other which way each party was going, they learned that all were bound for the scene of the burial, so they went on all together.

One of those on horseback addressing his companion said to him, 'It seems to me, Señor Vivaldo, that we may reckon as well spent the delay we shall incur in seeing this remarkable funeral, for remarkable it cannot but be judging by the strange things these shepherds have told us, of both the dead shepherd and homicide shepherdess.'

'So I think too,' replied Vivaldo, 'and I would delay not to say a day, but four, for the sake of seeing it.'

Don Quixote asked them what it was they had heard of Marcela and Chrysostom. The traveller answered that the same morning they had met these shepherds, and seeing them dressed in this mournful fashion they had asked them the reason of their appearing in such a guise; which one of them gave, describing the strange behaviour and beauty of a shepherdess called Marcela, and the loves of many who courted her, together with the death of that Chrysostom to whose burial they were going. In short, he repeated all that Pedro had related to Don Quixote.

This conversation dropped, and another was commenced by him who was called Vivaldo asking Don Quixote what was the reason that led him to go armed in that fashion in a country so peaceful. To which Don Quixote replied, 'The pursuit of my calling does not allow or permit me to go in any other fashion; easy life, enjoyment, and repose were invented for soft courtiers, but toil, unrest, and arms, were invented and made for those alone whom the world calls knight-errants, of whom I, though unworthy, am the least of all.'

The instant they heard this all set him down as mad, and the better to settle the point and discover what kind of

madness his was, Vivaldo proceeded to ask him what knights-errant meant.

'Have not your worships,' replied Don Quixote, 'read the annals and histories of England, in which are recorded the famous deeds of King Arthur, whom we in our popular Castilian invariably call King Artus, with regard to whom it is an ancient tradition, and commonly received all over that kingdom of Great Britain, that this king did not die, but was changed by magic art into a raven, and that in process of time he is to return to reign and recover his kingdom and sceptre; for which reason it cannot be proved that from that time to this any Englishman ever killed a raven? Well, then, in the time of this good king that famous order of chivalry of the Knights of the Round Table was instituted, and the amour of Don Lancelot of the Lake with the Queen Guinevere occurred, precisely as is there related, the go-between and confidante therein being the highly honourable dame Quintañona, whence came that ballad so well known and widely spread in our Spain—

O never surely was there knight
So served by hand of dame,
As served was he Sir Lancelot hight
When he from Britain came—[1]

with all the sweet and delectable course of his achievements in love and war. Handed down from that time, then, this order of chivalry went on extending and spreading itself over many and various parts of the world; and in it, famous and renowned for their deeds, were the mighty Amadis of Gaul with all his sons and descendants to the

[1] See Note A, p. 235.

fifth generation, and the valiant Felixmarte of Hircania, and the never sufficiently praised Tirante el Blanco, and in our own days almost we have seen and heard and talked with the invincible knight Don Belianis of Greece. This, then, sirs, is to be a knight-errant, and what I have spoken of is the order of his chivalry, of which, as I have already said, I, though a sinner, have made profession, and what the aforesaid knights professed that same do I profess, and so I go through these solitudes and wilds seeking adventures, resolved in soul to oppose my arm and person to the most perilous that fortune may offer me in aid of the weak and needy.'

By these words of his the travellers were able to satisfy themselves of Don Quixote's being out of his senses and of the form of madness that overmastered him, at which they felt the same astonishment that all felt on first becoming acquainted with it; and Vivaldo, who was a person of great shrewdness and of a lively temperament, in order to beguile the short journey which they said was required to reach the mountain, the scene of the burial, sought to give him an opportunity of going on with his absurdities. So he said to him, 'It seems to me, Señor Knight-errant, that your worship has made choice of one of the most austere professions in the world, and I imagine even that of the Carthusian monks is not so austere.'

'As austere it may perhaps be,' replied our Don Quixote, 'but so necessary for the world I am very much inclined to doubt. For, if the truth is to be told, the soldier who executes what his captain orders does no less than the captain himself who gives the order. My meaning is, that

churchmen in peace and quiet pray to Heaven for the welfare of the world, but we soldiers and knights carry into effect what they pray for, defending it with the might of our arms and the edge of our swords, not under shelter-but in the open air, a target for the intolerable rays of the sun in summer and the piercing frosts of winter. Thus are we God's ministers on earth and the arms by which his justice is done therein. And as the business of war and all that relates and belongs to it cannot be conducted without exceeding great sweat, toil, and exertion, it follows that those who make it their profession have undoubtedly more labour than those who in tranquil peace and quiet are engaged in praying to God to help the weak. I do not mean to say, nor does it enter into my thoughts, that the knight-errant's calling is as good as that of the monk in his cell; I would merely infer from what I endure myself that it is beyond a doubt a more laborious and a more belaboured one, a hungrier and thirstier, a wretcheder, raggeder, and lousier; for there is no reason to doubt that the knights-errant of yore endured much hardship in the course of their lives. And if some of them by the might of their arms did rise to be emperors, in faith it cost them dear in the matter of blood and sweat; and if those who attained to that rank had not had magicians and sages to help them they would have been completely baulked in their ambition and disappointed in their hopes.'

'That is my own opinion,' replied the traveller; 'but one thing among many others seems to me very wrong in knights-errant, and that is that when they find themselves about to engage in some mighty and perilous adventure in

which there is manifest danger of losing their lives, they never at the moment of engaging in it think of commending themselves to God, as is the duty of every good Christian in like peril; instead of which they commend themselves to their ladies with as much heartiness and devotion as if these were their gods, a thing which seems to me to savour somewhat of heathenism.'

'Sir,' answered Don Quixote, 'that cannot be on any account omitted, and the knight-errant would be disgraced who acted otherwise: for it is usual and customary in knight-errantry that the knight-errant who on engaging in any great feat of arms has his lady before him, should turn his eyes towards her softly and lovingly, as though with them entreating her to favour and protect him in the hazardous venture he is about to undertake, and even though no one hear him, he is bound to say certain words between his teeth, commending himself to her with all his heart, and of this we have innumerable instances in the histories. Nor is it to be supposed from this that they are to omit commending themselves to God, for there will be time and opportunity for doing so while they are engaged in their task.'

'For all that,' answered the traveller, 'I feel some doubt still, because often I have read how words will arise between two knights-errant, and from one thing to another it comes about that their anger kindles and they wheel their horses round and take a good stretch of field, and then without any more ado at the top of their speed they come to the charge, and in mid-career they commend themselves to their ladies; and what commonly comes of

the encounter is that one falls over the haunches of his horse pierced through and through by his antagonist's lance, and as for the other, it is only by holding on to the mane of his horse that he can help falling to the ground; but I know not how the dead man had time to commend himself to God in the course of such rapid work as this; it would have been better if those words which he spent in commending himself to his lady in the midst of his career had been devoted to his duty and obligation as a Christian. Moreover, it is my belief that all knights-errant have not ladies to commend themselves to, for they are not all in love.'

'That is impossible,' said Don Quixote: 'I say it is impossible that there could be a knight-errant without a lady, because to such it is as natural and proper to be in love as to the heavens to have stars: most certainly no history has been seen in which there is to be found a knight-errant without an amour, and for the simple reason that without one he would be held no legitimate knight but a bastard, and one who had gained entrance into the stronghold of the said knighthood, not by the door, but over the wall like a thief and a robber.'

'Nevertheless,' said the traveller, 'if I remember rightly, I think I have read that Don Galaor, the brother of the valiant Amadis of Gaul, never had any special lady to whom he might commend himself, and yet he was not the less esteemed, and was a very stout and famous knight.'

To which our Don Quixote made answer, 'Sir, one solitary swallow does not make summer;[1] moreover, I know that that knight was in secret very deeply in love;

[1] Prov. 106.

besides which, that way of falling in love with all that took his fancy was a natural propensity which he could not control. But, in short, it is very manifest that he had one alone whom he made mistress of his will, to whom he commended himself very frequently and very secretly, for he prided himself on being a reticent knight.'

'Then if it be essential that every knight-errant should be in love,' said the traveller, 'it may be fairly supposed that your worship is so, as you are of the order; and if you do not pride yourself on being as reticent as Don Galaor, I entreat you as earnestly as I can, in the name of all this company and in my own, to inform us of the name, country, rank, and beauty of your lady, for she will esteem herself fortunate if all the world knows that she is loved and served by such a knight as your worship seems to be.'

At this Don Quixote heaved a deep sigh and said, 'I cannot say positively whether my sweet enemy is pleased or not that the world should know I serve her; I can only say in answer to what has been so courteously asked of me, that her name is Dulcinea, her country El Toboso, a village of La Mancha, her rank must be at least that of a princess, since she is my queen and lady, and her beauty superhuman, since all the impossible and fanciful attributes of beauty which the poets apply to their ladies are verified in her; for her hairs are gold, her forehead Elysian fields, her eyebrows rainbows, her eyes suns, her cheeks roses, her lips coral, her teeth pearls, her neck alabaster, her bosom marble, her hands ivory, her fairness snow, and what modesty conceals from sight such, I think and imagine, as rational reflection can only extol, not compare.'

'We should like to know her lineage, race, and ancestry,' said Vivaldo.

To which Don Quixote replied, 'She is not of the ancient Roman Curtii, Caii, or Scipios, nor of the modern Colonnas or Orsini, nor of the Moncadas or Requesenes of Catalonia, nor yet of the Rebellas or Villanovas of Valencia; Palafoxes, Nuzas, Rocabertis, Corellas, Lunas, Alagones, Urreas, Foces, or Gurreas of Aragon; Cerdas, Manriques, Mendozas, or Guzmans of Castile; Alencastros, Pallas, or Meneses of Portugal; but she is of those of El Toboso of La Mancha, a lineage that, though modern, may furnish a source of gentle blood for the most illustrious families of the ages that are to come, and this let none dispute with me save on the condition that Zerbino placed at the foot of the trophy of Orlando's arms, saying,

> These let none move
> Who dareth not his might with Roland prove.'[1]

'Although mine is of the Cachopins of Laredo,'[2] said the traveller, 'I will not venture to compare it with that of El Toboso of La Mancha, though, to tell the truth, no such surname has until now ever reached my ears.'

'What!' said Don Quixote, 'has that never reached them?'

The rest of the party went along listening with great attention to the conversation of the pair, and even the very goatherds and shepherds perceived how exceedingly out of his wits our Don Quixote was. Sancho Panza alone thought that what his master said was the truth, knowing who he was and having known him from his birth; and all

[1] See Note B, p. 235. [2] See Note C, p. 236.

that he felt any difficulty in believing was that about the fair Dulcinea del Toboso, because neither any such name nor any such princess had ever come to his knowledge though he lived so close to El Toboso.[1] They were going along conversing in this way, when they saw descending a gap between two high mountains[2] some twenty shepherds, all clad in sheepskins of black wool, and crowned with garlands which, as afterwards appeared, were, some of them of yew, some of cypress. Six of the number were carrying a bier covered with a great variety of flowers and branches, on seeing which one of the goatherds said, 'Those who come there are the bearers of Chrysostom's body, and the foot of that mountain is the place where he ordered them to bury him.' They therefore made haste to reach the spot, and did so by the time those who came had laid the bier upon the ground, and four of them with sharp pick-axes were digging a grave by the side of a hard rock. They greeted each other courteously, and then Don Quixote and those who accompanied him turned to examine the bier, and on it, covered with flowers, they saw a dead body in the dress of a shepherd, to all appearance of one thirty years of age, and showing even in death that in life he had been of comely features and gallant bearing. Around him on the bier itself were laid some books, and several papers open and folded; and those who were looking on as well as those who were opening the grave and all the others who were there preserved a strange silence, until one of those who had borne the body said to another, 'Observe carefully, Ambrosio, if this is the place Chrysostom spoke

[1] See Note D, p. 236. [2] See Note E, p. 236.

of, since you are anxious that what he directed in his will should be so strictly complied with.'

'This is the place,' answered Ambrosio, 'for in it many a time did my poor friend tell me the story of his hard fortune. Here it was, he told me, that he saw for the first time that mortal enemy of the human race, and here, too, for the first time he declared to her his passion, as honourable as it was devoted, and here it was that at last Marcela ended by scorning and rejecting him so as to bring the tragedy of his wretched life to a close; here, in memory of misfortunes so great, he desired to be laid in the bowels of eternal oblivion.'[1] Then turning to Don Quixote and the travellers he went on to say, 'That body, sirs, on which you are looking with compassionate eyes, was the abode of a soul on which Heaven bestowed a vast share of its riches. That is the body of Chrysostom, who was unrivalled in wit, unequalled in courtesy, unapproached in gentle bearing, a phœnix in friendship, generous without limit, grave without arrogance, gay without vulgarity, and, in short, first in all that constitutes goodness and second to none in all that makes up misfortune. He loved deeply, he was hated; he adored, he was scorned; he wooed a wild beast, he pleaded with marble, he pursued the wind, he cried to the wilderness, he served ingratitude, and for reward was made the prey of death in the mid-course of life, cut short by a shepherdess whom he sought to immortalise in the memory of mankind, as these papers which you see could fully prove, had he not commanded me to consign them to the fire after having consigned his body to the earth.'

[1] See Note F, p. 236.

'You would deal with them more harshly and cruelly than their owner himself,' said Vivaldo, 'for it is neither right nor proper to do the will of one who enjoins what is wholly unreasonable; it would not have been reasonable in Augustus Cæsar had he permitted the directions left by the divine Mantuan in his will to be carried into effect. So that, Señor Ambrosio, while you consign your friend's body to the earth, you should not consign his writings to oblivion, for if he gave the order in bitterness of heart, it is not right that you should irrationally obey it. On the contrary, by granting life to those papers, let the cruelty of Marcela live for ever, to serve as a warning in ages to come to all men to shun and avoid falling into like danger: for I and all of us who have come here know already the story of this your love-stricken and heart-broken friend, and we know, too, your friendship, and the cause of his death, and the directions he gave at the close of his life; from which sad story may be gathered how great was the cruelty of Marcela, the love of Chrysostom, and the loyalty of your friendship, together with the end awaiting those who pursue rashly the path that insane passion opens to their eyes. Last night we learned the death of Chrysostom and that he was to be buried here, and out of curiosity and pity we left our direct road and resolved to come and see with our eyes that which when heard of had so moved our compassion, and in consideration of that compassion and our desire to prove it if we might by condolence, we beg of you, excellent Ambrosio, or at least I on my own account entreat you, that instead of burning those papers you allow me to carry away some of them.'

And without waiting for the shepherd's answer, he stretched out his hand and took up some of those that were nearest to him; seeing which Ambrosio said, 'Out of courtesy, señor, I will grant your request as to those you have taken, but it is idle to expect me to abstain from burning the remainder.'

Vivaldo, who was eager to see what the papers contained, opened one of them at once, and saw that its title was 'Lay of Despair.'

Ambrosio hearing it said, 'That is the last paper the unhappy man wrote; and that you may see, señor, to what an end his misfortunes brought him, read it so that you may be heard, for you will have time enough for that while we are waiting for the grave to be dug.'

'I will do so very willingly,' said Vivaldo; and as all the bystanders were equally eager they gathered round him, and he, reading in a loud voice, found that it ran as follows.

Note A (*page* 225).

The ballad (*Cancionero de Romances*, Antwerp, s.a., and Duran, No. 352) is that parodied by Don Quixote in chap. ii. 'Britain' is, of course, Brittany; Lancelot's father, King Ban, was a Breton. The idea of the 'go-between' is derived from an Italian source, but the name Quintañona is Spanish; it means simply an old woman, one who has a quintal, or hundredweight, of years on her back. The transformation of Arthur into a raven is also a Southern addition to the Arthurian legend. Cervantes ridicules the story in *Persiles and Sigismunda*.

Note B (*page* 231).

'Nessun la mova
Che star non possa con Orlando prova.'
Orlando Furioso, xxiv. 57.

But Zerbino's inscription was simply 'Armatura d' Orlando Paladino,' and the quotation is merely the poet's gloss upon it.

Note C (*page* 231).

Cachopin, or Gachupin, a word of Indian origin, and applied to Spaniards living in or returned from the Indies. Laredo is a seaport close to Santander, where also the Cachopins were numerous, as appears from a quaint inscription on one of the houses quoted by Bowle.

Note D (*page* 232).

Hartzenbusch in his anxiety for precision alters this, as he considers that El Toboso, being about seven leagues from Argamasilla, cannot be properly described as 'near' it.

Note E (*page* 232).

It is hardly necessary to observe that these high mountains in the neighbourhood of Argamasilla are purely imaginary. The nearest that could by any stretch of courtesy be called high would be those of the Toledo Sierra some sixty or seventy miles distant.

Note F (*page* 233).

This is one of the passages selected by Biedermann as specimens of blunders made by Cervantes, but by *en memoria* Cervantes does not mean to 'commemorate,' but rather to 'mark' or 'signalise.'

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEREIN ARE INSERTED THE DESPAIRING VERSES OF THE DEAD SHEPHERD, TOGETHER WITH OTHER INCIDENTS NOT LOOKED FOR.[1]

THE LAY OF CHRYSOSTOM.[2]

SINCE thou dost in thy cruelty desire
The ruthless rigour of thy tyranny
From tongue to tongue, from land to land proclaimed,
The very Hell will I constrain to lend
This stricken breast of mine deep notes of woe
To serve my need of fitting utterance.
And as I strive to body forth the tale
Of all I suffer, all that thou hast done,
Forth shall the dread voice roll, and bear along
Shreds from my vitals torn for greater pain.

[1] There is here a play upon the words *desesperados*, 'despairing,' and *no esperados*, 'not looked for:' many of the headings to the chapters contain some verbal conceit of this kind.

[2] The 'Lay of Chrysostom' must not be judged of by a translation. The original is not so much a piece of poetry, as a fantasia in rhyme and an experiment in versification. Whether Italian or Spanish, the *canzone* or *cancion* is from its style hard to translate into our matter-of-fact English, but the difficulty here is increased by the peculiarly complex stanza and intricate system of interlaced rhymes which Cervantes adopted, as well as by the inimitable rhythm and harmony of the lines. One peculiarity, borrowed, it may be, from Garcilaso, is that of a line with a medial rhyme to the termination of the preceding line, which produces a cadence that falls upon the ear like that of waves upon a distant shore. It might be possible to imitate the arrangement of rhymes, but to imitate the effect or reproduce the melody in our consonantal language would be an utter impossibility.

Then listen, not to dulcet harmony,
But to a discord wrung by mad despair
Out of this bosom's depths of bitterness,
To ease my heart and plant a sting in thine.

The lion's roar, the fierce wolf's savage howl,
The horrid hissing of the scaly snake,
The awesome cries of monsters yet unnamed,
The crow's ill-boding croak, the hollow moan
Of wild winds wrestling with the restless sea,
The wrathful bellow of the vanquished bull,
The plaintive sobbing of the widowed dove,[1]
The envied owl's sad note,[2] the wail of woe
That rises from the dreary choir of Hell,
Commingled in one sound, confusing sense,
Let all these come to aid my soul's complaint,
For pain like mine demands new modes of song.

No echoes of that discord shall be heard
Where Father Tagus rolls, or on the banks
Of olive-bordered Betis;[3] to the rocks
Or in deep caverns shall my plaint be told,
And by a lifeless tongue in living words;
Or in dark valleys or on lonely shores,
Where neither foot of man nor sunbeam falls;
Or in among the poison-breathing swarms
Of monsters nourished by the sluggish Nile.
For, though it be to solitudes remote
The hoarse vague echoes of my sorrows sound
Thy matchless cruelty, my dismal fate
Shall carry them to all the spacious world.

[1] 'And the hoarse sobbing of the widowed dove.'
Drummond of Hawthornden.

[2] The owl was the only bird that witnessed the Crucifixion, and it became for that reason an object of envy to the other birds, so much so that it cannot appear in the daytime without being persecuted.

[3] Betis—i.e. the Guadalquivir.

Disdain hath power to kill, and patience dies
Slain by suspicion, be it false or true;
And deadly is the force of jealousy:
Long absence makes of life a dreary void;
No hope of happiness can give repose
To him that ever fears to be forgot;
And death, inevitable, waits in all.
But I, by some strange miracle, live on
A prey to absence, jealousy, disdain;
Racked by suspicion as by certainty;
Forgotten, left to feed my flame alone.
And while I suffer thus, there comes no ray
Of hope to gladden me athwart the gloom;
Nor do I look for it in my despair;
But rather clinging to a cureless woe,
All hope do I abjure for evermore.

Can there be hope where fear is? Were it well,
When far more certain are the grounds of fear?
Ought I to shut mine eyes to jealousy,
If through a thousand heart-wounds it appears?
Who would not give free access to distrust,
Seeing disdain unveiled, and—bitter change!—
All his suspicions turned to certainties,
And the fair truth transformed into a lie?
Oh, thou fierce tyrant of the realms of love,
Oh, Jealousy! put chains upon these hands,
And bind me with thy strongest cord, Disdain.
But, woe is me! triumphant over all,
My sufferings drown the memory of you.

And now I die, and since there is no hope
Of happiness for me in life or death,
Still to my fantasy I 'll fondly cling.
I 'll say that he is wise who loveth well,
And that the soul most free is that most bound

In thraldom to the ancient tyrant Love.
I 'll say that she who is mine enemy
In that fair body hath as fair a mind,
And that her coldness is but my desert,
And that by virtue of the pain he sends
Love rules his kingdom with a gentle sway.
Thus, self-deluding, and in bondage sore,
And wearing out the wretched shred of life
To which I am reduced by her disdain,
I 'll give this soul and body to the winds,
All hopeless of a crown of bliss in store.

Thou whose injustice hath supplied the cause
That makes me quit the weary life I loathe,
As by this wounded bosom thou canst see
How willingly thy victim I become,
Let not my death, if haply worth a tear,
Cloud the clear heaven that dwells in thy bright eyes ;
I would not have thee expiate in aught
The crime of having made my heart thy prey ;
But rather let thy laughter gaily ring
And prove my death to be thy festival.
Fool that I am to bid thee ! well I know
Thy glory gains by my untimely end.

And now it is the time ; from Hell's abyss
Come thirsting Tantalus, come Sisyphus
Heaving the cruel stone, come Tityus
With vulture, and with wheel Ixion come,
And come the sisters of the ceaseless toil ;
And all into this breast transfer their pains,
And (if such tribute to despair be due)
Chant in their deepest tones a doleful dirge
Over a corse unworthy of a shroud.
Let the three-headed guardian of the gate,
And all the monstrous progeny of hell,

The doleful concert join: a lover dead
Methinks can have no fitter obsequies.

Lay of despair, grieve not when thou art gone
Forth from this sorrowing heart: my misery
Brings fortune to the cause that gave thee birth;
Then banish sadness even in the tomb.

The 'Lay of Chrysostom' met with the approbation of the listeners, though the reader said it did not seem to him to agree with what he had heard of Marcela's reserve and propriety, for Chrysostom complained in it of jealousy, suspicion, and absence, all to the prejudice of the good name and fame of Marcela; to which Ambrosio replied as one who knew well his friend's most secret thoughts, 'Señor, to remove that doubt I should tell you that when the unhappy man wrote this lay he was away from Marcela, from whom he had voluntarily separated himself, to try if absence would act with him as it is wont; and as everything distresses and every fear haunts the banished lover, so imaginary jealousies and suspicions, dreaded as if they were true, tormented Chrysostom; and thus the truth of what report declares of the virtue of Marcela remains unshaken, and with her envy itself should not and cannot find any fault save that of being cruel, somewhat haughty, and very scornful.'

'That is true,' said Vivaldo; and as he was about to read another paper of those he had preserved from the fire, he was stopped by a marvellous vision (for such it seemed) that unexpectedly presented itself to their eyes; for on the summit of the rock where they were digging the grave

there appeared the shepherdess Marcela, so beautiful that her beauty exceeded its reputation. Those who had never till then beheld her gazed upon her in wonder and silence, and those who were accustomed to see her were not less amazed than those who had never seen her before. But the instant Ambrosio saw her he addressed her, with manifest indignation, 'Art thou come, cruel basilisk of these mountains, to see if haply in thy presence blood will flow from the wounds of this wretched being thy cruelty has robbed of life; or is it to exult over the cruel work of thy humours that thou art come; or like another pitiless Nero to look down from that height upon the ruin of thy Rome in ashes; or in thy arrogance to trample on this ill-fated corpse, as the ungrateful daughter trampled on her father Tarquin's ?[1] Tell us quickly for what thou art come, or what it is thou wouldst have, for, as I know the thoughts of Chrysostom never failed to obey thee in life, I will make all these who call themselves his friends obey thee, though he be dead.'

'I come not, Ambrosio, for any of the purposes thou hast named,' replied Marcela, 'but to defend myself and to prove how unreasonable are all those who blame me for their sorrow and for Chrysostom's death; and therefore I ask all of you that are here to give me your attention, for it will not take much time or many words to bring the truth home to persons of sense. Heaven has made me, so you say, beautiful, and so much so that in spite of yourselves my beauty leads you to love me; and for the love you show

[1] It was the corpse of Servius Tullius that was so treated by his daughter Tullia, the wife of Tarquin, but Cervantes followed an old ballad in the *Flor de Enamorados*, which has, *Tullia hija de Tarquino*.

me you say, and even urge, that I am bound to love you. By that natural understanding which God has given me I know that everything beautiful attracts love, but I cannot see how, by reason of being loved, that which is loved for its beauty is bound to love that which loves it; besides, it may happen that the lover of that which is beautiful may be ugly, and ugliness being detestable, it is very absurd to say, "I love thee because thou art beautiful, thou must love me though I be ugly." But supposing the beauty equal on both sides, it does not follow that the inclinations must be therefore alike, for it is not every beauty that excites love, some but pleasing the eye without winning the affection; and if every sort of beauty excited love and won the heart, the will would wander vaguely to and fro unable to make choice of any; for as there is an infinity of beautiful objects there must be an infinity of inclinations, and true love, I have heard it said, is indivisible, and must be voluntary and not compelled. If this be so, as I believe it to be, why do you desire me to bend my will by force, for no other reason but that you say you love me? Nay—tell me—had Heaven made me ugly, as it has made me beautiful, could I with justice complain of you for not loving me? Moreover, you must remember that the beauty I possess was no choice of mine, for, be it what it may, Heaven of its bounty gave it me without my asking or choosing it; and as the viper, though it kills with it, does not deserve to be blamed for the poison it carries, as it is a gift of nature, neither do I deserve reproach for being beautiful; for beauty in a modest woman is like fire at a distance or a sharp sword; the one does not burn, the other

does not cut, those who do not come too near. Honour and virtue are the ornaments of the mind, without which the body, though it be so, has no right to pass for beautiful; but if modesty is one of the virtues that specially lend a grace and charm to mind and body, why should she who is loved for her beauty part with it to gratify one who for his pleasure alone strives with all his might and energy to rob her of it? I was born free, and that I might live in freedom I chose the solitude of the fields; in the trees of the mountains I find society, the clear waters of the brooks are my mirrors, and to the trees and waters I make known my thoughts and charms. I am a fire afar off, a sword laid aside. Those whom I have inspired with love by letting them see me, I have by words undeceived, and if their longings live on hope—and I have given none to Chrysostom or to any other—it cannot justly be said that the death of any is my doing, for it was rather his own obstinacy than my cruelty that killed him; and if it be made a charge against me that his wishes were honourable, and that therefore I was bound to yield to them, I answer that when on this very spot where now his grave is made he declared to me his purity of purpose, I told him that mine was to live in perpetual solitude, and that the earth alone should enjoy the fruits of my retirement and the spoils of my beauty; and if, after this open avowal, he chose to persist against hope and steer against the wind, what wonder is it that he should sink in the depths of his infatuation? If I had encouraged him, I should be false; if I had gratified him, I should have acted against my own better resolution and purpose. He was persistent in spite of warning, he

despaired without being hated. Bethink you now if it be reasonable that his suffering should be laid to my charge. Let him who has been deceived complain, let him give way to despair whose encouraged hopes have proved vain, let him flatter himself whom I shall entice, let him boast whom I shall receive; but let not him call me cruel or homicide to whom I make no promise, upon whom I practise no deception, whom I neither entice nor receive. It has not been so far the will of Heaven that I should love by fate, and to expect me to love by choice is idle. Let this general declaration serve for each of my suitors on his own account, and let it be understood from this time forth that if anyone dies for me it is not of jealousy or misery he dies, for she who loves no one can give no cause for jealousy to any, and candour is not to be confounded with scorn. Let him who calls me wild beast and basilisk, leave me alone as something noxious and evil; let him who calls me ungrateful, withhold his service; who calls me wayward, seek not my acquaintance; who calls me cruel, pursue me not; for this wild beast, this basilisk, this ungrateful, cruel, wayward being has no kind of desire to seek, serve, know, or follow them. If Chrysostom's impatience and violent passion killed him, why should my modest behaviour and circumspection be blamed? If I preserve my purity in the society of the trees, why should he who would have me preserve it among men, seek to rob me of it? I have, as you know, wealth of my own, and I covet not that of others; my taste is for freedom, and I have no relish for constraint; I neither love nor hate anyone; I do not deceive this one or court that, or trifle with one or play with another. The modest

converse of the shepherd girls of these hamlets and the care of my goats are my recreations; my desires are bounded by these mountains, and if they ever wander hence it is to contemplate the beauty of the heavens, steps by which the soul travels to its primeval abode.'

With these words, and not waiting to hear a reply, she turned and passed into the thickest part of a wood that was hard by, leaving all who were there lost in admiration as much of her good sense as of her beauty. Some—those wounded by the irresistible shafts launched by her bright eyes—made as though they would follow her, heedless of the frank declaration they had heard; seeing which, and deeming this a fitting occasion for the exercise of his chivalry in aid of distressed damsels, Don Quixote, laying his hand on the hilt of his sword, exclaimed in a loud and distinct voice:

'Let no one, whatever his rank or condition, dare to follow the beautiful Marcela, under pain of incurring my fierce indignation. She has shown by clear and satisfactory arguments that little or no fault is to be found with her for the death of Chrysostom, and also how far she is from yielding to the wishes of any of her lovers, for which reason, instead of being followed and persecuted, she should in justice be honoured and esteemed by all the good people of the world, for she shows that she is the only woman in it that holds to such a virtuous resolution.'

Whether it was because of the threats of Don Quixote, or because Ambrosio told them to fulfil their duty to their good friend, none of the shepherds moved or stirred from the spot until, having finished the grave and burned Chry-

sostom's papers, they laid his body in it, not without many tears from those who stood by. They closed the grave with a heavy stone until a slab was ready which Antonio said he meant to have prepared, with an epitaph which was to be to this effect:

Beneath the stone before your eyes
The body of a lover lies;
In life he was a shepherd swain,
In death a victim to disdain.
Ungrateful, cruel, coy, and fair,
Was she that drove him to despair,
And Love hath made her his ally
For spreading wide his tyranny.

They then strewed upon the grave a profusion of flowers and branches, and all expressing their condolence with his friend Ambrosio, took their leave. Vivaldo and his companion did the same; and Don Quixote bade farewell to his hosts and to the travellers, who pressed him to come with them to Seville, as being such a convenient place for finding adventures, for they presented themselves in every street and round every corner oftener than anywhere else. Don Quixote thanked them for their advice and for the disposition they showed to do him a favour, and said that for the present he would not, and must not go to Seville until he had cleared all these mountains of highwaymen and robbers, of whom report said they were full. Seeing his good intention, the travellers were unwilling to press him further, and once more bidding him farewell, they left him and pursued their journey, in the course of which they did not fail to discuss the story of Marcela and Chrysostom

as well as the madness of Don Quixote. He, on his part, resolved to go in quest of the shepherdess Marcela, and make offer to her of all the service he could render her; but things did not fall out with him as he expected, according to what is related in the course of this veracious history, of which the Second Part ends here.

CHAPTER XV.

IN WHICH IS RELATED THE UNFORTUNATE ADVENTURE THAT DON QUIXOTE FELL IN WITH WHEN HE FELL OUT WITH CERTAIN HEARTLESS YANGUESANS.

THE sage Cid Hamet Benengeli relates that as soon as Don Quixote took leave of his hosts and all who had been present at the burial of Chrysostom, he and his squire passed into the same wood which they had seen the shepherdess Marcela enter, and after having wandered for more than two hours in all directions in search of her without finding her, they came to a halt in a glade covered with tender grass, beside which ran a pleasant cool stream that invited and compelled them to pass there the hours of the noontide heat, which by this time was beginning to come on oppressively. Don Quixote and Sancho dismounted, and turning Rocinante and the ass loose to feed on the grass that was there in abundance, they ransacked the alforjas, and without any ceremony very peacefully and sociably master and man made their repast on what they found in them. Sancho had not thought it worth while to hobble Rocinante, feeling sure, from what he knew of his staidness and freedom from incontinence, that all the mares in the Cordova pastures would not lead him into an impropriety. Chance, however, and the devil, who is not always asleep, so ordained

it that feeding in this valley there was a drove of Galician ponies belonging to certain Yanguesan [1] carriers, whose way it is to take their midday rest with their teams in places and spots where grass and water abound; and that where Don Quixote chanced to be suited the Yanguesans' purpose very well. It so happened, then, that Rocinante took a fancy to disport himself with their ladyships the ponies, and abandoning his usual gait and demeanour as he scented them, he, without asking leave of his master, got up a briskish little trot and hastened to make known his wishes to them; they, however, it seemed, preferred their pasture to him, and received him with their heels and teeth to such effect that they soon broke his girths and left him naked without a saddle to cover him; but what must have been worse to him was that the carriers, seeing the violence he was offering to their mares, came running up armed with stakes,[2] and so belaboured him that they brought him sorely battered to the ground.

By this time Don Quixote and Sancho, who had witnessed the drubbing of Rocinante, came up panting, and said Don Quixote to Sancho, 'So far as I can see, friend Sancho, these are not knights but base folk of low birth: I mention it because thou canst lawfully aid me in taking due vengeance for the insult offered to Rocinante before our eyes.'

'What the devil vengeance can we take,' answered Sancho, 'if they are more than twenty, and we no more than two, or, indeed, perhaps not more than one and a half?'

[1] I.e. of Yanguas, a district in the north of Old Castile, near Logroño.

[2] Used by the carriers in loading their beasts to prop up the pack on one side while they are adjusting the balance on the other.

'I count for a hundred,' replied Don Quixote, and without more words he drew his sword and attacked the Yanguesans, and incited and impelled by the example of his master, Sancho did the same; and to begin with, Don Quixote delivered a slash at one of them that laid open the leather jerkin he wore, together with a great portion of his shoulder. The Yanguesans, seeing themselves assaulted by only two men while they were so many, betook themselves to their stakes, and driving the two into the middle they began to lay on with great zeal and energy; in fact, at the second blow they brought Sancho to the ground, and Don Quixote fared the same way, all his skill and high mettle availing him nothing, and fate willed it that he should fall at the feet of Rocinante, who had not yet risen; whereby it may be seen how furiously stakes can pound in angry boorish hands.[1] Then, seeing the mischief they had done, the Yanguesans with all the haste they could loaded their team and pursued their journey, leaving the two adventurers a sorry sight and in sorrier mood.

Sancho was the first to come to, and finding himself close to his master he called to him in a weak and doleful voice, 'Señor Don Quixote, ah, Señor Don Quixote!'

'What wouldst thou, brother Sancho?' answered Don Quixote in the same feeble suffering tone as Sancho.

'I would like, if it were possible,' answered Sancho Panza, 'your worship to give me a couple of sups of that potion of the fiery Blas,[2] if it be that you have any to

[1] An allusion probably to the story of Diego Perez de Vargas, 'the pounder.' (*V.* chapter viii.)

[2] Sancho's blunder in the name of Fierabras is droller in the original, as he says, *del feo Blas*, 'of the ugly Blas.'

hand there; perhaps it will serve for broken bones as well as for wounds.'

'If I only had it here, wretch that I am, what more should we want?' said Don Quixote; 'but I swear to thee, Sancho Panza, on the faith of a knight-errant, ere two days are over, unless fortune orders otherwise, I mean to have it in my possession, or my hand will have lost its cunning.'

'But in how many does your worship think we shall have the use of our feet?' answered Sancho Panza.

'For myself I must say I cannot guess how many,' said the battered knight Don Quixote; 'but I take all the blame upon myself, for I had no business to put hand to sword against men who were not dubbed knights like myself, and so I believe that in punishment for having transgressed the laws of chivalry the God of battles has permitted this chastisement to be administered to me; for which reason, brother Sancho, it is well thou shouldst receive a hint on the matter which I am now about to mention to thee, for it is of much importance to the welfare of both of us. It is that when thou shalt see rabble of this sort offering us insult thou art not to wait till I draw sword against them, for I shall not do so at all; but do thou draw sword and chastise them to thy heart's content, and if any knights come to their aid and defence I will take care to defend thee and assail them with all my might; and thou hast already seen by a thousand signs and proofs what the might of this strong arm of mine is equal to'—so uplifted had the poor gentleman become through the victory over the stout Biscayan.

But Sancho did not so fully approve of his master's admonition as to let it pass without saying in reply, 'Señor,

I am a man of peace, meek and quiet, and I can put up with any affront because I have a wife and children to support and bring up; so let it be likewise a hint to your worship, as it cannot be a mandate, that on no account will I draw sword either against clown or against knight, and that here before God I forgive all the insults that have been offered me or may be offered me, whether they have been, are, or shall be offered me by high or low, rich or poor, noble or commoner, not excepting any rank or condition whatsoever.'

To all which his master said in reply, 'I wish I had breath enough to speak somewhat easily, and that the pain I feel on this side would abate so as to let me explain to thee, Panza, the mistake thou makest. Come now, sinner, suppose the wind of fortune, hitherto so adverse, should turn in our favour, filling the sails of our desires so that safely and without impediment we put into port in some one of those islands I have promised thee, how would it be with thee if on winning it I made thee lord of it? Why, thou wilt make it well-nigh impossible through not being a knight nor having any desire to be one, nor possessing the courage nor the will to avenge insults or defend thy lordship; for thou must know that in newly conquered kingdoms and provinces the minds of the inhabitants are never so quiet nor so well disposed to the new lord that there is no fear of their making some move to change matters once more, and try, as they say, what chance may do for them; so it is essential that the new possessor should have good sense to enable him to govern, and valour to attack and defend himself, whatever may befall him.'

'In what has now befallen us,' answered Sancho, 'I'd have been well pleased to have that good sense and that valour your worship speaks of, but I swear on the faith of a poor man I am more fit for plasters than for arguments. See if your worship can get up, and let us help Rocinante, though he does not deserve it, for he was the main cause of all this thrashing. I never thought it of Rocinante, for I took him to be a virtuous person and as quiet as myself. After all, they say right that it takes a long time to come to know people, and that there is nothing sure in this life. Who would have said that, after such mighty slashes as your worship gave that unlucky knight-errant, there was coming, travelling post and at the very heels of them, such a great storm of sticks as has fallen upon our shoulders?'

'And yet thine, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'ought to be used to such squalls; but mine, reared in soft cloth and fine linen, it is plain they must feel more keenly the pain of this mishap, and if it were not that I imagine—why do I say imagine?—know of a certainty that all these annoyances are very necessary accompaniments of the calling of arms, I would lay me down here to die of pure vexation.'

To this the squire replied, 'Señor, as these mishaps are what one reaps of chivalry, tell me if they happen very often, or if they have their own fixed times for coming to pass; because it seems to me that after two harvests we shall be no good for the third, unless God in his infinite mercy helps us.'

'Know, friend Sancho,' answered Don Quixote, 'that the life of knights-errant is subject to a thousand dangers

and reverses, and neither more nor less is it within immediate possibility for knights-errant to become kings and emperors, as experience has shown in the case of many different knights with whose histories I am thorougtly acquainted; and I could tell thee now, if the pain would let me, of some who simply by might of arm have risen to the high stations I have mentioned; and those same, both before and after, experienced divers misfortunes and miseries; for the valiant Amadis of Gaul found himself in the power of his mortal enemy Arcalaus the magician, who, it is positively asserted, holding him captive, gave him more than two hundred lashes with the reins of his horse while tied to one of the pillars of a court;[1] and moreover there is a certain recondite author of no small authority who says that the Knight of Phœbus, being caught in a certain pitfall which opened under his feet in a certain castle, on falling found himself bound hand and foot in a deep pit underground, where they administered to him one of those things they call clysters, of sand and snow-water, that well-nigh finished him; and if he had not been succoured in that sore extremity by a sage, a great friend of his, it would have gone very hard with the poor knight; so I may well suffer in company with such worthy folk, for greater were the indignities which they had to suffer than those which we suffer. For I would have thee know, Sancho, that wounds caused by any instruments which happen by chance to be in hand inflict no indignity, and this is laid down in the law of the duel in express words: if, for instance, the cobbler strikes another with

[1] There is no account of any such flogging in the *Amadis*.

the last which he has in his hand, though it be in fact a piece of wood, it cannot be said for that reason that he whom he struck with it has been cudgelled. I say this lest thou shouldst imagine that because we have been drubbed in this affray we have therefore suffered any indignity; for the arms those men carried, with which they pounded us, were nothing more than their stakes, and not one of them, so far as I remember, carried rapier, sword, or dagger.'

'They gave me no time to see that much,' answered Sancho, 'for hardly had I laid hand on my tizona[1] when they signed the cross on my shoulders with their sticks in such style that they took the sight out of my eyes and the strength out of my feet, stretching me where I now lie, and where thinking of whether all those stake-strokes were an indignity or not gives me no uneasiness, which the pain of the blows does, for they will remain as deeply impressed on my memory as on my shoulders.'

'For all that let me tell thee, brother Panza,' said Don Quixote, 'that there is no recollection which time does not put an end to, and no pain which death does not remove.'

'And what greater misfortune can there be,' replied Panza, 'than the one that waits for time to put an end to it and death to remove it? If our mishap were one of those that are cured with a couple of plasters, it would not be so bad; but I am beginning to think that all the plasters in a hospital almost won't be enough to put us right.'

[1] Tizon was the name of one of the Cid's two famous swords; the word was altered into Tizona to suit the trochaic rhythm of the ballads. It means simply 'brand.'

'No more of that: pluck strength out of weakness, Sancho, as I mean to do,' returned Don Quixote, 'and let us see how Rocinante is, for it seems to me that not the least share of this mishap has fallen to the lot of the poor beast.'

'There is nothing wonderful in that,' replied Sancho, 'since he is a knight-errant too; what I wonder at is that my beast should have come off scot-free where we come out scotched.'[1]

'Fortune always leaves a door open in adversity in order to bring relief to it,' said Don Quixote; 'I say so because this little beast may now supply the want of Rocinante, carrying me hence to some castle where I may be cured of my wounds. And moreover I shall not hold it any dishonour to be so mounted, for I remember having read how the good old Silenus, the tutor and instructor of the gay god of laughter, when he entered the city of the hundred gates,[2] went very contentedly mounted on a handsome ass.'

'It may be true that he went mounted as your worship says,' answered Sancho, 'but there is a great difference between going mounted and going slung like a sack of manure.'[3]

To which Don Quixote replied, 'Wounds received in battle confer honour instead of taking it away; and so,

[1] See Note A, p. 259.

[2] Thebes; but that of the hundred gates was the Egyptian, not the Bœotian Thebes, which is the one here referred to.

[3] The grave drollery of Sancho's matter-of-fact reply is lost in translation, inasmuch as in Spanish 'to go mounted'—*ir caballero*—implies also 'to go like a gentleman.'

friend Panza, say no more, but, as I told thee before, get up as well as thou canst and put me on top of thy beast in whatever fashion pleases thee best, and let us go hence ere night come on and surprise us in these wilds.'

'And yet I have heard your worship say,' observed Panza, 'that it is very meet for knights-errant to sleep in wastes and deserts the best part of the year, and that they esteem it very good fortune.'

'That is,' said Don Quixote, 'when they cannot help it, or when they are in love; and so true is this that there have been knights who have remained two years on rocks, in sunshine and shade and all the inclemencies of heaven, without their ladies knowing anything of it; and one of these was Amadis when, under the name of Beltenebros, he took up his abode on the Peña Pobre for—I know not if it was eight years or eight months, for I am not very sure of the reckoning; at any rate he stayed there doing penance for I know not what pique the Princess Oriana had against him; but no more of this now, Sancho, and make haste before some other mishap like Rocinante's befalls the ass.'

'The very devil would be in it in that case,' said Sancho; and letting off thirty 'ohs,' and sixty sighs, and a hundred and twenty maledictions and execrations on whomsoever it was that had brought him there, he raised himself, stopping half-way bent like a Turkish bow without power to bring himself upright, but with all his pains he saddled his ass, who too had gone astray somewhat, yielding to the excessive licence of the day; he next raised up Rocinante, and as for him, had he possessed a tongue to complain with, most assuredly neither Sancho nor his master

would have been behind him.[1] To be brief, Sancho fixed Don Quixote on the ass and secured Rocinante with a leading rein, and taking the ass by the halter, he proceeded more or less in the direction in which it seemed to him the high road might be; and, as chance was conducting their affairs for them from good to better, he had not gone a short league when the road came in sight, and on it he perceived an inn, which to his annoyance and to the delight of Don Quixote must needs be a castle. Sancho insisted that it was an inn, and his master that it was not one, but a castle, and the dispute lasted so long that before the point was settled they had time to reach it, and into it Sancho entered with all his team[2] without any further controversy.

[1] This is another example of the loose construction and confusion into which Cervantes fell at times. Of course he meant to say that Rocinante would not have been behind them in complaining.

[2] See Note B, p. 259.

Note A (*page* 257).

In this characteristic comment of Sancho's, Hartzenbusch corrects *caballero andante* — 'knight-errant' — into *caballeria andante*—'horse-errant' (entirely overlooking the *tambien* — 'too'), and with profound gravity reminds us that Rocinante is a horse. Mr. J. P. Collier's 'old corrector' in the 1632 folio Shakespeare could hardly do worse than this. The play upon the words *sin costas* and *sin costillas* cannot be rendered literally; *sin costillas*—'without ribs'—means also in popular parlance bankrupt, 'cleaned out.'

Note B (*page* 259).

The entrance of a Spanish *venta* or *posada* is almost always a wide gateway through which both man and beast enter to their respective quarters. The high road—*camino real*—was the Madrid and Seville road, and on it, or some little distance one side or the other of it, all the adventures of the First Part are supposed to take place. From its distance from the Sierra Morena this venta would be somewhere near Valdepeñas, in the great wine-growing district. The scene of the release of the galley slaves in chapter xxii. would be near Almuradiel. (*V.* map.)

CHAPTER XVI.

OF WHAT HAPPENED TO THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN IN THE INN WHICH HE TOOK TO BE A CASTLE.

THE innkeeper, seeing Don Quixote slung across the ass, asked Sancho what was amiss with him. Sancho answered that it was nothing, only that he had fallen down from a rock and had his ribs a little bruised. The innkeeper had a wife whose disposition was not such as those of her calling commonly have, for she was by nature kind-hearted and felt for the sufferings of her neighbours, so she at once set about tending Don Quixote, and made her young daughter, a very comely girl, help her in taking care of her guest. There was besides in the inn, as servant, an Asturian lass with a broad face, flat poll, and snub nose, blind of one eye and not very sound in the other. The elegance of her shape, to be sure, made up for all her defects; she did not measure seven palms from head to foot, and her shoulders, which over-weighted her somewhat, made her contemplate the ground more than she liked. This graceful lass, then, helped the young girl, and the two made up a very bad bed for Don Quixote in a garret that showed evident signs of having formerly served for many years as a straw-loft, in which there was also quartered a carrier whose bed was placed a little beyond our Don Quixote's, and, though only made of

the pack-saddles and cloths of his mules, had much the advantage of it, as Don Quixote's consisted simply of four rough boards on two not very even trestles, a mattress, that for thinness might have passed for a quilt, full of pellets which, were they not seen through the rents to be wool, would to the touch have seemed pebbles in hardness, two sheets made of buckler leather, and a coverlet the threads of which anyone that chose might have counted without missing one in the reckoning.

On this accursed bed Don Quixote stretched himself, and the hostess and her daughter soon covered him with plasters from top to toe, while Maritornes—for that was the name of the Asturian—held the light for them, and while plastering him, the hostess, observing how full of wheals Don Quixote was in some places, remarked that this had more the look of blows than of a fall.

It was not blows, Sancho said, but that the rock had many points and projections, and that each of them had left its mark. 'Pray, señora,' he added, 'manage to save some tow, as there will be no want of some one to use it, for my loins too are rather sore.'

'Then you must have fallen too,' said the hostess.

'I did not fall,' said Sancho Panza, 'but from the shock I got at seeing my master fall, my body aches so that I feel as if I had had a thousand thwacks.'

'That may well be,' said the young girl, 'for it has many a time happened to me to dream that I was falling down from a tower and never coming to the ground, and when I awoke from the dream to find myself as weak and shaken as if I had really fallen.'

'There is the point, señora,' replied Sancho Panza, 'that I without dreaming at all, but being more awake than I am now, find myself with scarcely less wheals than my master, Don Quixote.'

'How is the gentleman called?' asked Maritornes the Asturian.

'Don Quixote of La Mancha,' answered Sancho Panza, 'and he is a knight-adventurer, and one of the best and stoutest that have been seen in the world this long time past.'

'What is a knight-adventurer?' said the lass.

'Are you so new in the world as not to know?' answered Sancho Panza. 'Well, then, you must know, sister, that a knight-adventurer is a thing that in two words is seen drubbed and emperor, that is to-day the most miserable and needy being in the world, and to-morrow will have two or three crowns of kingdoms to give his squire.'

'Then how is it,' said the hostess, 'that, belonging to so good a master as this, you have not, to judge by appearances, even so much as a county?'

'It is too soon yet,' answered Sancho, 'for we have only been a month going in quest of adventures, and so far we have met with nothing that can be called one, for it will happen that when one thing is looked for another thing is found; however, if my master Don Quixote gets well of this wound, or fall, and I am left none the worse of it, I would not change my hopes for the best title in Spain.'

To all this conversation Don Quixote was listening very attentively, and sitting up in bed as well as he could, and taking the hostess by the hand he said to her, 'Believe me,

fair lady, you may call yourself fortunate in having in this castle of yours sheltered my person, which is such that if I do not myself praise it, it is because of what is commonly said, that self-praise debaseth ;[1] but my squire will inform you who I am. I only tell you that I shall preserve for ever inscribed on my memory the service you have rendered me in order to tender you my gratitude while life shall last me; and would to Heaven love held me not so enthralled and subject to its laws and to the eyes of that fair ingrate whom I name between my teeth, but that those of this lovely damsel might be the masters of my liberty.'

The hostess, her daughter, and the worthy Maritornes listened in bewilderment to the words of the knight-errant, for they understood about as much of them as if he had been talking Greek, though they could perceive they were all meant for expressions of good-will and blandishments; and not being accustomed to this kind of language, they stared at him and wondered to themselves, for he seemed to them a man of a different sort from those they were used to, and thanking him in pot-house phrase for his civility they left him, while the Asturian gave her attention to Sancho, who needed it no less than his master.

The carrier had made an arrangement with her for recreation that night, and she had given him her word that when the guests were quiet and the family asleep she would come in search of him and meet his wishes unreservedly. And it is said of this good lass that she never made promises of the kind without fulfilling them, even though she made them in a forest and without any witness

[1] Prov. 6.

present, for she plumed herself greatly on being a lady and held it no disgrace to be in such an employment as servant in an inn, because, she said, misfortunes and ill-luck had brought her to that position. The hard, narrow, wretched, rickety bed of Don Quixote stood first in the middle of this star-lit stable,[1] and close beside it Sancho made his, which merely consisted of a rush mat and a blanket that looked as if it was of threadbare canvas rather than of wool. Next to these two beds was that of the carrier, made up, as has been said, of the pack-saddles and all the trappings of the two best mules he had, though there were twelve of them, sleek, plump, and in prime condition, for he was one of the rich carriers of Arévalo, according to the author of this history, who particularly mentions this carrier because he knew him very well, and they even say was in some degree a relation of his;[2] besides which Cid Hamet Benengeli was a historian of great research and accuracy in all things, as is very evident since he would not pass over in silence those that have been already mentioned, however trifling and insignificant they might be, an example that might be followed by those grave historians who relate transactions so curtly and briefly that we hardly get a taste of them, all the substance of the work being left in the ink-bottle from carelessness, perverseness, or ignorance. A thousand blessings on the author of 'Tablante de Ricamonte' and that of the other

[1] *Estrellado* seems to have puzzled most of the translators. Shelton omits it, and Jervas renders it 'illustrious.'

[2] The carrier business, Pellicer points out, was extensively followed by the Moriscoes, as it afforded them an excuse for absenting themselves from Mass.

book in which the deeds of the Conde Tomillas are recounted; with what minuteness they describe everything![1]

To proceed, then: after having paid a visit to his team and given them their second feed, the carrier stretched himself on his pack-saddles and lay waiting for his conscientious Maritornes. Sancho was by this time plastered and had lain down, and though he strove to sleep the pain of his ribs would not let him, while Don Quixote with the pain of his had his eyes as wide open as a hare's. The inn was all in silence, and in the whole of it there was no light except that given by a lantern that hung burning in the middle of the gateway. This strange stillness, and the thoughts, always present to our knight's mind, of the incidents described at every turn in the books that were the cause of his misfortune, conjured up to his imagination as extraordinary a delusion as can well be conceived, which was that he fancied himself to have reached a famous castle (for, as has been said, all the inns he lodged in were castles to his eyes), and that the daughter of the innkeeper was daughter of the lord of the castle, and that she, won by his high-bred bearing, had fallen in love with him, and had promised to come to his bed for a while that night without the knowledge of her parents; and holding all this fantasy that he had constructed as solid fact, he began to feel uneasy and to consider the perilous risk which his virtue was about to encounter, and he resolved in his heart to commit no treason to his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, even though the queen Guinevere

[1] *Crónica de Tablante de Ricmaonte*, a romance of uncertain date and origin, based upon the Arthurian legend. The Conde Tomillas was a personage at the Court of Charlemagne mentioned in the Montesinos ballads, but no book of his deeds is known.

herself and the dame Quintañona should present themselves before him.

While he was taken up with these vagaries, then, the time and the hour—an unlucky one for him—arrived for the Asturian to come, who in her smock, with bare feet and her hair gathered into a fustian coif, with noiseless and cautious steps entered the chamber where the three were quartered, in quest of the carrier; but scarcely had she gained the door when Don Quixote perceived her, and sitting up in his bed in spite of his plasters and the pain of his ribs, he stretched out his arms to receive his beauteous damsel. The Asturian, who went all doubled up and in silence with her hands before her feeling for her lover, encountered the arms of Don Quixote, who grasped her tightly by the wrist, and drawing her towards him, while she dared not utter a word, made her sit down on the bed. He then felt her smock, and although it was of sackcloth it appeared to him to be of the finest and softest silk: on her wrists she wore some glass beads, but to him they had the sheen of precious Orient pearls: her hair, which in some measure resembled a horse's mane, he rated as threads of the brightest gold of Araby, whose refulgence dimmed the sun himself: her breath, which no doubt smelt of yesterday's stale salad, seemed to him to diffuse a sweet aromatic fragrance from her mouth; and, in short, he drew her portrait in his imagination with the same features and in the same style as that which he had seen in his books of the other princess who, smitten by love, came with all the adornments that are here set down, to see the sorely wounded knight; and so great was the poor

gentleman's blindness that neither touch, nor smell, nor anything else about the good lass that would have made any but a carrier vomit, were enough to undeceive him; on the contrary, he was persuaded he had the goddess of beauty in his arms, and holding her firmly in his grasp he went on to say in a low, tender voice, 'Would that I found myself, lovely and exalted lady, in a position to repay such a favour as that which you, by the sight of your great beauty, have granted me; but fortune, which is never weary of persecuting the good, has chosen to place me upon this bed, where I lie so bruised and broken that though my inclination would gladly comply with yours it is impossible; besides, to this impossibility another yet greater is to be added, which is the faith that I have pledged to the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, sole lady of my most secret thoughts; and were it not that this stood in the way I should not be so insensible a knight as to miss the happy opportunity which your great goodness has offered me.'

Maritornes was fretting and sweating at finding herself held so fast by Don Quixote, and not understanding or heeding the words he addressed to her, she strove without speaking to free herself. The worthy carrier, whose unholy thoughts kept him awake, was aware of his doxy the moment she entered the door, and was listening attentively to all Don Quixote said; and jealous that the Asturian should have broken her word with him for another, drew nearer to Don Quixote's bed and stood still to see what would come of this talk which he could not understand; but when he perceived the

wench struggling to get free and Don Quixote striving to hold her, not relishing the joke he raised his arm and delivered such a terrible cuff on the lank jaws of the amorous knight that he bathed all his mouth in blood, and not content with this he mounted on his ribs and with his feet tramped all over them at a pace rather smarter than a trot. The bed, which was somewhat crazy and not very firm on its feet, unable to bear the additional weight of the carrier, came to the ground, and at the mighty crash of this the innkeeper awoke and at once concluded that it must be some brawl of Maritornes', because after calling loudly to her he got no answer. With this suspicion he got up, and lighting a lamp hastened to the quarter where he had heard the disturbance. The wench, seeing that her master was coming and knowing that his temper was terrible, frightened and panic-stricken made for the bed of Sancho Panza, who still slept,[1] and crouching upon it made a ball of herself.

The innkeeper came in exclaiming, 'Where art thou, strumpet? Of course this is some of thy work.' At this Sancho awoke, and feeling this mass almost on top of him fancied he had the nightmare and began to distribute fisticuffs all round, of which a certain share fell upon Maritornes, who, irritated by the pain and flinging modesty aside, paid back so many in return to Sancho that she woke him up in spite of himself. He then, finding himself so handled, by whom he knew not, raising himself up as well as he could, grappled with Maritornes, and he and she between them began the bitterest and drollest scrimmage

[1] We were told just before that Sancho was unable to sleep.

in the world. The carrier, however, perceiving by the light of the innkeeper's candle how it fared with his lady-love, quitting Don Quixote, ran to bring her the help she needed; and the innkeeper did the same but with a different intention, for his was to chastise the lass, as he believed that beyond a doubt she alone was the cause of all the harmony. And so, as the saying is, cat to rat, rat to rope, rope to stick, the carrier pounded Sancho, Sancho the lass, she him, and the innkeeper her, and all worked away so briskly that they did not give themselves a moment's rest; and the best of it was that the innkeeper's lamp went out, and as they were left in the dark they all laid on one upon the other in a mass so unmercifully that there was not a sound spot left where a hand could light.

It so happened that there was lodging that night in the inn an officer of what they call the Old Holy Brotherhood of Toledo, who, also hearing the extraordinary noise of the conflict, seized his staff and the tin case with his warrants, and made his way in the dark into the room crying, 'Hold! in the name of this Jurisdiction! Hold! in the name of the Holy Brotherhood!' The first that he came upon was the pummelled Don Quixote, who lay stretched senseless on his back upon his broken-down bed, and, his hand falling on the beard as he felt about, he continued to cry, 'Help for the Jurisdiction!' but perceiving that he whom he had laid hold of did not move or stir, he concluded that he was dead and that those in the room were his murderers, and with this suspicion he raised his voice still higher, calling out, 'Shut the inn gate; see that no one goes out; they have killed a man here!' This cry startled them all, and each

dropped the contest at the point at which the voice reached him. The innkeeper retreated to his room, the carrier to his pack-saddles, the lass to her crib; the unlucky Don Quixote and Sancho alone were unable to move from where they were. The officer on this let go Don Quixote's beard, and went out to look for a light to search for and apprehend the culprits; but not finding one, as the innkeeper had purposely extinguished the lantern on retreating to his room, he was compelled to have recourse to the hearth, where after much time and trouble he lit another lamp.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN WHICH ARE CONTAINED THE INNUMERABLE TROUBLES WHICH THE BRAVE DON QUIXOTE AND HIS GOOD SQUIRE SANCHO PANZA ENDURED IN THE INN, WHICH TO HIS MISFORTUNE HE TOOK TO BE A CASTLE.

By this time Don Quixote had recovered from his swoon; and in the same tone of voice in which he had called to his squire the day before when he lay stretched 'in the vale of the stakes,'[1] he began calling to him now, 'Sancho, my friend, art thou asleep? sleepest thou, friend Sancho?'

'How can I sleep, curses on it!' returned Sancho discontentedly and bitterly, 'when it is plain that all the devils have been at me this night?'

'Thou mayest well believe that,' answered Don Quixote, 'because, either I know little, or this castle is enchanted, for thou must know—but this that I am now about to tell thee thou must swear to keep secret until after my death.'

'I swear it,' answered Sancho.

'I say so,' continued Don Quixote, 'because I hate taking away anyone's good name.'

'I say,' repeated Sancho, 'that I swear to hold my

[1] The words quoted are the beginning of one of the Cid ballads, '*Por el val de las estacas.*'

tongue about it till the end of your worship's days, and God grant I may be able to let it out to-morrow.'

'Do I do thee such injuries, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'that thou wouldst see me dead so soon?'

'It is not for that,' replied Sancho, 'but because I hate keeping things long, and I don't want them to grow rotten with me from over-keeping.'

'At any rate,' said Don Quixote, 'I have more confidence in thy affection and good nature; and so I would have thee know that this night there befell me one of the strangest adventures that I could describe, and to relate it to thee briefly thou must know that a little while ago the daughter of the lord of this castle came to me, and that she is the most elegant and beautiful damsel that could be found in the wide world. What I could tell thee of the charms of her person! of her lively wit! of other secret matters which, to preserve the fealty I owe to my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, I shall pass over unnoticed and in silence! I will only tell thee that, either fate being envious of so great a boon placed in my hands by good fortune, or perhaps (and this is more probable) this castle being, as I have already said, enchanted, at the time when I was engaged in the sweetest and most amorous discourse with her, there came, without my seeing or knowing whence it came, a hand attached to some arm of some huge giant, that planted such a cuff on my jaws that I have them all bathed in blood, and then pummelled me in such a way that I am in a worse plight than yesterday when the carriers, on account of Rocinante's misbehaviour, inflicted on us the injury thou knowest of; whence I conjecture that there

must be some enchanted Moor guarding the treasure of this damsel's beauty, and that it is not for me.'

'Nor for me either,' said Sancho, 'for more than four hundred Moors have so thrashed me that the drubbing of the stakes was cakes and fancy-bread to it. But tell me, señor, what do you call this excellent and rare adventure that has left us as we are left now? Though your worship was not so badly off, having in your arms that incomparable beauty you spoke of; but I, what did I have, except the heaviest whacks I think I had in all my life? Unlucky me and the mother that bore me! for I am not a knight-errant and never expect to be one, and of all the mishaps, the greater part falls to my share.'

'Then thou hast been thrashed too?' said Don Quixote.

'Didn't I say so? worse luck to my line!' said Sancho.

'Be not distressed, friend,' said Don Quixote, 'for I will now make the precious balsam with which we shall cure ourselves in the twinkling of an eye.'

By this time the officer had succeeded in lighting the lamp, and came in to see the man that he thought had been killed; and as Sancho caught sight of him at the door, seeing him coming in his shirt, with a cloth on his head, and a lamp in his hand, and a very forbidding countenance, he said to his master, 'Señor, can it be that this is the enchanted Moor coming back to give us more castigation if there be anything still left in the ink-bottle?'

'It cannot be the Moor,' answered Don Quixote, 'for those under enchantment do not let themselves be seen by anyone.'

'If they don't let themselves be seen, they let them-

selves be felt,' said Sancho; 'if not, let my shoulders speak to the point.'

'Mine could speak too,' said Don Quixote, 'but that is not a sufficient reason for believing that what we see is the enchanted Moor.'

The officer came up, and finding them engaged in such a peaceful conversation, stood amazed; though Don Quixote, to be sure, still lay on his back unable to move from pure pummelling and plasters. The officer turned to him and said, 'Well, how goes it, good man?'

'I would speak more politely if I were you,' replied Don Quixote; 'is it the way of this country to address knights-errant in that style, you booby?'

The officer finding himself so disrespectfully treated by such a sorry-looking individual, lost his temper, and raising the lamp full of oil, smote Don Quixote such a blow with it on the head that he gave him a badly broken pate; then, all being in darkness, he went out, and Sancho Panza said, 'That is certainly the enchanted Moor, señor, and he keeps the treasure for others, and for us only the cuffs and lamp-whacks.'

'That is the truth,' answered Don Quixote, 'and there is no use in troubling oneself about these matters of enchantment or being angry or vexed at them, for as they are invisible and visionary we shall find no one on whom to avenge ourselves, do what we may; rise, Sancho, if thou canst, and call the alcaide of this fortress, and get him to give me a little oil, wine, salt, and rosemary to make the salutiferous balsam, for indeed I believe I have great need of it now, because I am losing much blood from the wound that phantom gave me.'

Sancho got up with pain enough in his bones, and went after the innkeeper in the dark, and meeting the officer, who was looking to see what had become of his enemy, he said to him, 'Señor, whoever you are, do us the favour and kindness to give us a little rosemary, oil, salt, and wine, for it is wanted to cure one of the best knights-errant on earth, who lies on yonder bed sorely wounded by the hands of the enchanted Moor that is in this inn.'

When the officer heard him talk in this way, he took him for a man out of his senses, and as day was now beginning to break, he opened the inn gate, and calling the host, he told him what this good man wanted. The host furnished him with what he required, and Sancho brought it to Don Quixote, who, with his hand to his head, was bewailing the pain of the blow of the lamp, which had done him no more harm than raising a couple of rather large lumps, and what he fancied blood was only the sweat that flowed from him in his sufferings during the late storm. To be brief, he took the materials, of which he made a compound, mixing them all and boiling them a good while until it seemed to him they had come to perfection. He then asked for some vial to pour it into, and as there was not one in the inn, he decided on putting it into a tin oil-bottle or flask of which the host made him a free gift; and over the flask he repeated more than eighty pater-nosters and as many more ave-marias, salves, and credos, accompanying each word with a cross by way of benediction, at all which there were present Sancho, the innkeeper, and the officer; for the carrier was now peacefully engaged in attending to the comfort of his mules.

This being accomplished, he felt anxious to make trial himself, on the spot, of the virtue of this precious balsam, as he considered it, and so he drank near a quart of what could not be put into the flask and remained in the pipkin in which it had been boiled; but scarcely had he done drinking when he began to vomit in such a way that nothing was left in his stomach, and with the pangs and spasms of vomiting he broke into a profuse sweat, on account of which he bade them cover him up and leave him alone. They did so, and he lay sleeping more than three hours, at the end of which he awoke and felt very great bodily relief and so much ease from his bruises that he thought himself quite cured, and verily believed he had hit upon the balsam of Fierabras; and that with this remedy he might thenceforward, without any fear, face any kind of destruction, battle, or combat, however perilous it might be.

Sancho Panza, who also regarded the amendment of his master as miraculous, begged him to give him what was left in the pipkin, which was no small quantity. Don Quixote consented, and he, taking it with both hands, in good faith and with a better will, gulped down and drained off very little less than his master. But the fact is, that the stomach of poor Sancho was of necessity not so delicate as that of his master, and so, before vomiting, he was seized with such gripings and retchings, and such sweats and faintness, that verily and truly he believed his last hour had come, and finding himself so racked and tormented he cursed the balsam and the thief that had given it to him.

Don Quixote seeing him in this state said, 'It is my belief, Sancho, that this mischief comes of thy not being dubbed a knight, for I am persuaded this liquor cannot be good for those who are not so.'

'If your worship knew that,' returned Sancho—'woe betide me and all my kindred!—why did you let me taste it?'

At this moment the draught took effect, and the poor squire began to discharge both ways at such a rate that the rush mat on which he had thrown himself and the canvas blanket he had covering him were fit for nothing afterwards. He sweated and perspired with such paroxysms and convulsions that not only he himself but all present thought his end had come. This tempest and tribulation lasted about two hours, at the end of which he was left, not like his master, but so weak and exhausted that he could not stand. Don Quixote, however, who, as has been said, felt himself relieved and well, was eager to take his departure at once in quest of adventures, as it seemed to him that all the time he loitered there was a fraud upon the world and those in it who stood in need of his help and protection, all the more when he had the security and confidence his balsam afforded him; and so, urged by this impulse, he saddled Rocinante himself and put the pack-saddle on his squire's beast, whom likewise he helped to dress and mount the ass; after which he mounted his horse and turning to a corner of the inn he laid hold of a pike that stood there, to serve him by way of a lance. All that were in the inn, who were more than twenty persons, stood watching him; the inn-keeper's daughter

was likewise observing him, and he too never took his eyes off her, and from time to time fetched a sigh that he seemed to pluck up from the depths of his bowels; but they all thought it must be from the pain he felt in his ribs; at any rate they who had seen him plastered the night before thought so.

As soon as they were both mounted, at the gate of the inn, he called to the host and said in a very grave and measured voice, 'Many and great are the favours, Señor Alcaide, that I have received in this castle of yours, and I remain under the deepest obligation to be grateful to you for them all the days of my life; if I can repay them in avenging you of any arrogant foe who may have wronged you, know that my calling is no other than to aid the weak, to avenge those who suffer wrong, and to chastise perfidy. Search your memory, and if you find anything of this kind you need only tell me of it, and I promise you by the order of knighthood which I have received to procure you satisfaction and reparation to the utmost of your desire.'

The innkeeper replied to him with equal calmness, 'Sir Knight, I do not want your worship to avenge me of any wrong, because when any is done me I can take what vengeance seems good to me; the only thing I want is that you pay me the score that you have run up in the inn last night, as well for the straw and barley for your two beasts, as for supper and beds.'

'Then this is an inn?' said Don Quixote.

'And a very respectable one,' said the innkeeper.

'I have been under a mistake all this time,' answered Don Quixote, 'for in truth I thought it was a castle, and not a

bad one; but since it appears that it is not a castle but an inn, all that can be done now is that you should excuse the payment, for I cannot contravene the rule of knights-errant, of whom I know as a fact (and up to the present I have read nothing to the contrary) that they never paid for lodging or anything else in the inn where they might be;[1] for any hospitality that might be offered them is their due by law and right in return for the insufferable toil they endure in seeking adventures by night and by day, in summer and in winter, on foot and on horseback, in hunger and thirst, cold and heat, exposed to all the inclemencies of heaven and all the hardships of earth.'

'I have little to do with that,' replied the innkeeper; 'pay me what you owe me, and let us have no more talk or chivalry, for all I care about is to get to my money.'

'You are a stupid, scurvy innkeeper,' said Don Quixote, and putting spurs to Rocinante and bringing his pike to the slope he rode out of the inn before anyone could stop him, and pushed on some distance without looking to see if his squire was following him.

The innkeeper when he saw him go without paying him ran to get payment of Sancho, who said that as his master would not pay neither would he, because, being as he was squire to a knight-errant, the same rule and reason held good for him as for his master with regard to not paying anything in inns and hostelries. At this the innkeeper waxed very wroth, and threatened if he did not pay to compel him in a way that he would not like. To which

[1] Nevertheless Orlando in the *Morgante Maggiore* is called upon to leave his horse in pledge for his reckoning. *Morg. Magg.* c. xxi. st. 129.

Sancho made answer that by the law of chivalry his master had received he would not pay a rap,[1] though it cost him his life; for the excellent and ancient usage of knights-errant was not going to be violated by him, nor should the squires of such as were yet to come into the world ever complain of him or reproach him with breaking so just a law.

The ill-luck of the unfortunate Sancho so ordered it that among the company in the inn there were four wool-carders from Segovia, three needle-makers from the Colt of Cordova, and two lodgers from the Fair of Seville,[2] lively fellows, tender-hearted, fond of a joke, and playful, who, almost as if instigated and moved by a common impulse, made up to Sancho and dismounted him from his ass, while one of them went in for the blanket of the host's bed; but on flinging him into it they looked up, and seeing that the ceiling was somewhat lower than what they required for their work, they decided upon going out into the yard, which was bounded by the sky, and there, putting Sancho in the middle of the blanket, they began to make sport with him as they would with a dog at Shrovetide.[3] The cries of the poor blanketed wretch were so loud that they reached the ears of his master, who, halting to listen attentively, was persuaded that some new adventure was coming, until he clearly perceived that it was his squire who uttered them. Wheeling about he came up to the inn with a laborious gallop, and finding it shut went round it to see if he could find some way of getting in; but

[1] Cornado, a coin of infinitesimal value, about one-sixth of a maravedi.
[2] The 'Fair' was a low quarter in Seville.
[3] See Note A, p. 282.

as soon as he came to the wall of the yard, which was not very high, he discovered the game that was being played with his squire. He saw him rising and falling in the air with such grace and nimbleness that, had his rage allowed him, it is my belief he would have laughed. He tried to climb from his horse on to the top of the wall, but he was so bruised and battered that he could not even dismount; and so from the back of his horse he began to utter such maledictions and objurgations against those who were blanketing Sancho as it would be impossible to write down accurately: they, however, did not stay their laughter or their work for this, nor did the flying Sancho cease his lamentations, mingled now with threats, now with entreaties, but all to little purpose, or none at all, until from pure weariness they left off. They then brought him his ass, and mounting him on top of it they put his jacket round him; and the compassionate Maritornes, seeing him so exhausted, thought fit to refresh him with a jug of water, and that it might be all the cooler she fetched it from the well. Sancho took it, and as he was raising it to his mouth he was stopped by the cries of his master exclaiming, 'Sancho, my son, drink not water; drink it not, my son, for it will kill thee; see, here I have the blessed balsam (and he held up the flask of liquor), and with drinking two drops of it thou wilt certainly be restored.'

At these words Sancho turned his eyes asquint, and in a still louder voice said, 'Can it be your worship has forgotten that I am not a knight, or do you want me to end by vomiting up what bowels I have left after last night?

Keep your liquor in the name of all the devils, and leave me to myself!' and at one and the same instant he left off talking and began drinking; but as at the first sup he perceived it was water he did not care to go on with it, and begged Maritornes to fetch him some wine, which she did with right good will, and paid for it with her own money; for indeed they say of her that, though she was in that line of life, there was some faint and distant resemblance to a Christian about her. When Sancho had done drinking he dug his heels into his ass, and the gate of the inn being thrown open he passed out very well pleased at having paid nothing and carried his point, though it had been at the expense of his usual sureties, his shoulders. It is true that the innkeeper detained his alforjas in payment of what was owing to him, but Sancho took his departure in such a flurry that he never missed them. The innkeeper, as soon as he saw him off, wanted to bar the gate close, but the blanketers would not agree to it, for they were fellows who would not have cared two farthings for Don Quixote, even had he been really one of the knights-errant of the Round Table.

Note A (*page* 280).

'The roome was high-roofed and fitted for their purpose. . . . They began to blanket me and to toss me up in the air as they used to doe to dogges at Shrovetide.'—Aleman's *Guzman de Alfarache*, Pt. I. Bk. III. c. i. (James Mabbe's translation). As the First Part of *Guzman* was published in 1599, it may have suggested the scene to Cervantes.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN WHICH IS RELATED THE DISCOURSE SANCHO PANZA HELD WITH HIS MASTER, DON QUIXOTE, TOGETHER WITH OTHER ADVENTURES WORTH RELATING.

SANCHO reached his master so limp and faint that he could not urge on his beast. When Don Quixote saw the state he was in he said, 'I have now come to the conclusion, good Sancho, that this castle or inn is beyond a doubt enchanted, because those who have so atrociously diverted themselves with thee, what can they be but phantoms or beings of another world? and I hold this confirmed by having noticed that when I was by the wall of the yard witnessing the acts of thy sad tragedy, it was out of my power to mount upon it, nor could I even dismount from Rocinante, because they no doubt had me enchanted; for I swear to thee by the faith of what I am that if I had been able to climb up or dismount, I would have avenged thee in such a way that those braggart thieves would have remembered their freak for ever, even though in so doing I knew that I contravened the laws of chivalry, which, as I have often told thee, do not permit a knight to lay hands on him who is not one, save in case of urgent and great necessity in defence of his own life and person.'

'I would have avenged myself too if I could,' said

Sancho, 'whether I had been dubbed knight or not, but I could not; though for my part I am persuaded those who amused themselves with me were not phantoms or enchanted men, as your worship says, but men of flesh and bone like ourselves; and they all had their names, for I heard them name them when they were tossing me, and one was called Pedro Martinez, and another Tenorio Hernandez, and the innkeeper, I heard, was called Juan Palomeque the Left-handed; so that, señor, your not being able to leap over the wall of the yard or dismount from your horse came of something else besides enchantments; and what I make out clearly from all this is, that these adventures we go seeking will in the end lead us into such misadventures that we shall not know which is our right foot; and that the best and wisest thing, according to my small wits, would be for us to return home, now that it is harvest-time, and attend to our business, and give over wandering from Zeca to Mecca and from pail to bucket, as the saying is.'[1]

'How little thou knowest about chivalry, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote; 'hold thy peace and have patience; the day will come when thou shalt see with thine own eyes what an honourable thing it is to wander in the pursuit of this calling; nay, tell me, what greater pleasure can there be in the world, or what delight can equal that of winning a battle, and triumphing over one's enemy? None, beyond all doubt.'

'Very likely,' answered Sancho, 'though I do not know it; all I know is that since we have been knights-errant, or since your worship has been one (for I have no

[1] See Note A, p. 297.

right to reckon myself one of so honourable a number), we have never won any battle except the one with the Biscayan, and even out of that your worship came with half an ear and half a helmet the less; and from that till now it has been all cudgellings and more cudgellings, cuffs and more cuffs, I getting the blanketing over and above, and falling in with enchanted persons on whom I cannot avenge myself so as to know what the delight, as your worship calls it, of conquering an enemy is like.'

'That is what vexes me, and what ought to vex thee, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote; 'but henceforward I will endeavour to have at hand some sword made by such craft that no kind of enchantments can take effect upon him who carries it, and it is even possible that fortune may procure for me that which belonged to Amadis when he was called "The Knight of the Burning Sword,"[1] which was one of the best swords that ever knight in the world possessed, for, besides having the said virtue, it cut like a razor, and there was no armour, however strong and enchanted it might be, that could resist it.'

'Such is my luck,' said Sancho, 'that even if that happened and your worship found some such sword, it would, like the balsam, turn out serviceable and good for dubbed knights only, and as for the squires, they might sup sorrow.'

'Fear not that, Sancho,' said Don Quixote: 'Heaven will deal better by thee.'

Thus talking, Don Quixote and his squire were going along, when, on the road they were following, Don Quixote

[1] Amadis of Greece, not Amadis of Gaul.

perceived approaching them a large and thick cloud of dust, on seeing which he turned to Sancho and said, 'This is the day, O Sancho, on which will be seen the boon my fortune is reserving for me; this, I say, is the day on which as much as on any other shall be displayed the might of my arm, and on which I shall do deeds that shall remain written in the book of fame for all ages to come. Seest thou that cloud of dust which rises yonder? Well, then, all that is churned up[1] by a vast army composed of various and countless nations that comes marching there.'

'According to that there must be two,' said Sancho, 'for on this opposite side also there rises just such another cloud of dust.'

Don Quixote turned to look and found that it was true, and rejoicing exceedingly, he concluded that they were two armies about to engage and encounter in the midst of that broad plain; for at all times and seasons his fancy was full of the battles, enchantments, adventures, crazy feats, loves, and defiances that are recorded in the books of chivalry, and everything he said, thought, or did had reference to such things. Now the cloud of dust he had seen was raised by two great droves of sheep coming along the same road in opposite directions, which, because of the dust, did not become visible until they drew near, but Don Quixote asserted so positively that they were armies that Sancho was led to believe it and say, 'Well, and what are we to do, señor?'

'What?' said Don Quixote: 'give aid and assistance to the weak and those who need it; and thou must know,

[1] The word in the original is *cuajada*—'curdled'—which Clemencin objects to as obscure, and would replace by *causada*—'caused.'

Sancho, that this which comes opposite to us is conducted and led by the mighty emperor Alifanfaron, lord of the great isle of Trapobana; this other that marches behind me is that of his enemy the king of the Garamantas, Pentapolin of the Bare Arm, for he always goes into battle with his right arm bare.'[1]

'But why are these two lords such enemies?' asked Sancho.

'They are at enmity,' replied Don Quixote, 'because this Alifanfaron is a furious pagan and is in love with the daughter of Pentapolin, who is a very beautiful and moreover gracious lady, and a Christian, and her father is unwilling to bestow her upon the pagan king unless he first abandons the religion of his false prophet Mahomet, and adopts his own.'

'By my beard,' said Sancho, 'but Pentapolin does quite right, and I will help him as much as I can.'

'In that thou wilt do what is thy duty, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; 'for to engage in battles of this sort it is not requisite to be a dubbed knight.'

'That I can well understand,' answered Sancho; 'but where shall we put this ass where we may be sure to find him after the fray is over? for I believe it has not been the custom so far to go into battle on a beast of this kind.'

'That is true,' said Don Quixote, 'and what you had best do with him is to leave him to take his chance whether he be lost or not, for the horses we shall have when we come out victors will be so many that even Rocinante will

[1] Suero de Quiñones, the hero of the *Paso honroso* at the bridge of Orbigo in 1434, used to fight against the Moors with his right arm bare.

run a risk of being changed for another. But attend to me and observe, for I wish to give thee some account of the chief knights who accompany these two armies; and that thou mayest the better see and mark, let us withdraw to that hillock which rises yonder, whence both armies may be seen.'

They did so, and placed themselves on a rising ground from which the two droves that Don Quixote made armies of might have been plainly seen if the clouds of dust they raised had not obscured them and blinded the sight; nevertheless, seeing in his imagination what he did not see and what did not exist, he began thus in a loud voice: 'That knight whom thou seest yonder in yellow armour, who bears upon his shield a lion crowned crouching at the feet of a damsel, is the valiant Laurcalco, lord of the Silver Bridge; that one in armour with flowers of gold, who bears on his shield three crowns argent on an azure field, is the dreaded Micocolembo, grand duke of Quirocia; that other of gigantic frame, on his right hand, is the ever dauntless Brandabarbaran de Boliche, lord of the three Arabias, who for armour wears that serpent skin, and has for shield a gate which, according to tradition, is one of those of the temple that Samson brought to the ground when by his death he revenged himself upon his enemies; but turn thine eyes to the other side, and thou shalt see in front and in the van of this other army the ever victorious and never vanquished Timonel of Carcajona, prince of New Biscay, who comes in armour with arms quartered azure, vert, argent, and or, and bears on his shield a cat or on a field tawny with a motto which says *Miau*, which is the beginning

of the name of his lady, who according to report is the peerless Miaulina, daughter of the duke Alfeñiquén of the Algarve; the other, who burdens and presses the loins of that powerful charger and bears arms white as snow and a shield blank and without any device, is a novice knight, a Frenchman by birth, Pierres Papin by name, lord of the baronies of Utrique; that other, who with iron-shod heels strikes the flanks of that nimble party-coloured zebra, and for arms bears azure cups, is the mighty duke of Nervia, Espartafilardo del Bosque, who bears for device on his shield an asparagus plant with a motto in Castilian that says, "*Rastrea mi suerte.*"'[1] And so he went on naming a number of knights of one squadron or the other out of his imagination, and to all he assigned off-hand their arms, colours, devices, and mottoes, carried away by the illusions of his unheard-of craze; and without a pause, he continued, 'People of divers nations compose this squadron in front; here are those that drink of the sweet waters of the famous Xanthus, those that scour the woody Massilian plains, those that sift the pure fine gold of Arabia Felix, those that enjoy the famed cool banks of the crystal Thermodon, those that in many and various ways divert the streams of the golden Pactolus, the Numidians, faithless in their promises, the Persians renowned in archery, the Parthians and the Medes that fight as they fly, the Arabs that ever shift their dwellings, the Scythians as cruel as

[1] *Rastrear* means properly to track by following the footprints, and hence to keep close to the ground; the motto, therefore, is probably meant to have a double signification, either 'in Fortune's footsteps' or 'my fortune creeps on the ground,' in allusion to the asparagus, which is a low-growing plant.

they are fair, the Ethiopians with pierced lips, and an infinity of other nations whose features I recognise and descry, though I cannot recall their names. In this other squadron there come those that drink of the crystal streams of the olive-bearing Betis, those that make smooth their countenances with the water of the ever rich and golden Tagus, those that rejoice in the fertilising flow of the divine Genil, those that roam the Tartesian plains[1] abounding in pasture, those that take their pleasure in the elysian meadows of Jerez, the rich Manchegans crowned with ruddy ears of corn, the wearers of iron, old relics of the Gothic race, those that bathe in the Pisuerga renowned for its gentle current, those that feed their herds along the spreading pastures of the winding Guadiana famed for its hidden course,[2] those that tremble with the cold of the pine-clad Pyrenees or the dazzling snows of the lofty Apennine; in a word, as many as all Europe includes and contains.'

Good God! what a number of countries and nations he named! giving to each its proper attributes with marvellous readiness; brimful and saturated with what he had read in his lying books! Sancho Panza hung upon his words without speaking, and from time to time turned to try if he could see the knights and giants his master was describing, and as he could not make out one of them he said to him, 'Señor, devil take it if there's a sign of any man you talk of, knight or giant, in the whole thing; maybe it's all enchantment, like the phantoms last night.'

[1] From Tartessus, a city of Betica, supposed to have been situated somewhere in the neighbourhood of Tarifa.

[2] In part of its course through La Mancha the Guadiana flows underground.

'How canst thou say that!' answered Don Quixote; 'dost thou not hear the neighing of the steeds, the braying of the trumpets, the roll of the drums?'

'I hear nothing but a great bleating of ewes and sheep,' said Sancho; which was true, for by this time the two flocks had come close.

'The fear thou art in, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'prevents thee from seeing or hearing correctly, for one of the effects of fear is to derange the senses and make things appear different from what they are; if thou art in such fear, withdraw to one side and leave me to myself, for alone I suffice to bring victory to that side to which I shall give my aid;' and so saying he gave Rocinante the spur, and putting the lance in rest, shot down the slope like a thunderbolt. Sancho shouted after him, crying, 'Come back, Señor Don Quixote; I vow to God they are sheep and ewes you are charging! Come back! Unlucky the father that begot me! what madness is this! Look, there is no giant, nor knight, nor cats, nor arms, nor shields quartered or whole, nor cups azure or bedevilled. What are you about? Sinner that I am before God!' But not for all these entreaties did Don Quixote turn back; on the contrary he went on shouting out, 'Ho, knights, ye who follow and fight under the banners of the valiant emperor Pentapolin of the Bare Arm, follow me all; ye shall see how easily I shall give him his revenge over his enemy Alifanfaron of Trapobana.'

So saying, he dashed into the midst of the squadron of ewes, and began spearing them with as much spirit and intrepidity as if he were transfixing mortal enemies in

earnest. The shepherds and drovers accompanying the flock shouted to him to desist; but seeing it was no use, they ungirt their slings and began to salute his ears with stones as big as one's fist. Don Quixote gave no heed to the stones, but, letting drive right and left, kept saying, 'Where art thou, proud Alifanfaron? Come before me; I am a single knight who would fain prove thy prowess hand to hand, and make thee yield thy life a penalty for the wrong thou dost to the valiant Pentapolin Garamanta.' Here came a sugar-plum from the brook that struck him on the side and buried a couple of ribs in his body. Feeling himself so smitten, he imagined himself slain or badly wounded for certain, and recollecting his liquor he drew out his flask, and putting it to his mouth began to pour the contents into his stomach; but ere he had succeeded in swallowing what seemed to him enough, there came another almond which struck him on the hand and on the flask so fairly that it smashed it to pieces, knocking three or four teeth and grinders out of his mouth in its course, and sorely crushing two fingers of his hand. Such was the force of the first blow and of the second, that the poor knight in spite of himself came down backwards off his horse. The shepherds came up, and felt sure they had killed him; so in all haste they collected their flock together, took up the dead beasts, of which there were more than seven, and made off without waiting to ascertain anything further.

All this time Sancho stood on the hill watching the crazy feats his master was performing, and tearing his beard and cursing the hour and the occasion when fortune

had made him acquainted with him. Seeing him, then, brought to the ground, and that the shepherds had taken themselves off, he came down the hill and ran to him and found him in very bad case, though not unconscious; and said he, 'Did I not tell you to come back, Señor Don Quixote; and that what you were going to attack were not armies but droves of sheep?'

'That's how that thief of a sage,[1] my enemy, can alter and falsify things,' answered Don Quixote; 'thou must know, Sancho, that it is a very easy matter for those of his sort to make us take what form they choose; and this malignant being who persecutes me, envious of the glory he knew I was to win in this battle, has turned the squadrons of the enemy into droves of sheep. At any rate, do this much, I beg of thee, Sancho, to undeceive thyself, and see that what I say is true; mount thy ass and follow them quietly, and thou shalt see that when they have gone some little distance from this they will return to their original shape and, ceasing to be sheep, become men in all respects as I described them to thee at first. But go not just yet, for I want thy help and assistance; come hither and see how many of my teeth and grinders are missing, for I feel as if there was not one left in my mouth.'

Sancho came so close that he almost put his eyes into his mouth; now just at that moment the balsam had acted on the stomach of Don Quixote, so, at the very instant when Sancho came to examine his mouth, he discharged all its contents with more force than a

[1] See chapter vii.

musket, and full into the beard of the compassionate squire.

'Holy Mary!' cried Sancho, 'what is this that has happened me? Clearly this sinner is mortally wounded, as he vomits blood from the mouth;' but considering the matter a little more closely he perceived by the colour, taste, and smell, that it was not blood but the balsam from the flask which he had seen him drink; and he was taken with such a loathing that his stomach turned, and he vomited up his inside over his very master, and both were left in a precious state. Sancho ran to his ass to get something wherewith to clean himself, and relieve his master, out of his alforjas; but not finding them, he well-nigh took leave of his senses, and cursed himself anew, and in his heart resolved to quit his master and return home, even though he forfeited the wages of his service and all hopes of the government of the promised island.

Don Quixote now rose, and putting his left hand to his mouth to keep his teeth from falling out altogether, with the other he laid hold of the bridle of Rocinante, who had never stirred from his master's side—so loyal and well-behaved was he—and betook himself to where the squire stood leaning over his ass with his hand to his cheek, like one in deep dejection. Seeing him in this mood, looking so sad, Don Quixote said to him, 'Bear in mind, Sancho, that one man is no more than another, unless he does more than another; all these tempests that fall upon us are signs that fair weather is coming shortly, and that things will go well with us, for it is impossible for good or evil to last for ever; and hence it follows that

the evil having lasted long, the good must be now nigh at hand; so thou must not distress thyself at the misfortunes which happen to me, since thou hast no share in them.'

'How have I not?' replied Sancho; 'was he whom they blanketed yesterday perchance any other than my father's son? and the alforjas that are missing to-day with all my treasures, did they belong to any other but myself?'

'What! are the alforjas missing, Sancho?' said Don Quixote.

'Yes, they are missing,' answered Sancho.

'In that case we have nothing to eat to-day,' replied Don Quixote.

'It would be so,' answered Sancho, 'if there were none of the herbs your worship says you know in these meadows, those with which knights-errant as unlucky as your worship are wont to supply such-like shortcomings.'

'For all that,' answered Don Quixote, 'I would rather have just now a quarter of bread, or a loaf and a couple of pilchards' heads, than all the herbs described by Dioscorides, even with Doctor Laguna's notes.[1] Nevertheless, Sancho the Good, mount thy beast and come along with me, for God, who provides for all things, will not fail us (more especially when we are so active in his service as we are), since he fails not the midges of the air, nor the grubs of the earth, nor the tadpoles of the water, and is so merciful that he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.'

[1] Dr. Andres Laguna, who translated Dioscorides into Spanish with copious notes in 1570.

'Your worship would make a better preacher than knight-errant,' said Sancho.

'Knights-errant knew and ought to know everything, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; 'for there were knights-errant in former times as well qualified to deliver a sermon or discourse in the middle of a highway, as if they had graduated in the University of Paris; whereby we may see that the lance has never blunted the pen, nor the pen the lance.'[1]

'Well, be it as your worship says,' replied Sancho; 'let us be off now and find some place of shelter for the night, and God grant it may be somewhere where there are no blankets, nor blanketeers, nor phantoms, nor enchanted Moors; for if there are, may the devil take the whole concern.'

'Ask that of God, my son,' said Don Quixote; 'and do thou lead on where thou wilt, for this time I leave our lodging to thy choice; but reach me here thy hand, and feel with thy finger, and find out how many of my teeth and grinders are missing from this right side of the upper jaw, for it is there I feel the pain.'

Sancho put in his fingers, and feeling about asked him, 'How many grinders used your worship have on this side?'

'Four,' replied Don Quixote, 'besides the back-tooth, all whole and quite sound.'

'Mind what you are saying, señor,' said Sancho.

'I say four, if not five,' answered Don Quixote, 'for never in my life have I had tooth or grinder drawn, nor has any fallen out or been destroyed by any decay or rheum.'

[1] Prov. 125.

'Well, then,' said Sancho, 'in this lower side your worship has no more than two grinders and a half, and in the upper neither a half nor any at all, for it is all as smooth as the palm of my hand.'

'Luckless that I am!' said Don Quixote, hearing the sad news his squire gave him; 'I had rather they had despoiled me of an arm, so it were not the sword-arm; for I tell thee, Sancho, a mouth without teeth is like a mill without a millstone, and a tooth is much more to be prized than a diamond; but we who profess the austere order of chivalry are liable to all this. Mount, friend, and lead the way, and I will follow thee at whatever pace thou wilt.'

Sancho did as he bade him, and proceeded in the direction in which he thought he might find refuge without quitting the high road, which was there very much frequented. As they went along, then, at a slow pace—for the pain in Don Quixote's jaws kept him uneasy and ill-disposed for speed—Sancho thought it well to amuse and divert him by talk of some kind, and among the things he said to him was that which will be told in the following chapter.

Note A (*page* 284).

Proverbial expression (47)—'Andar de Ceca en Meca y de zoca en colodra'—somewhat like our phrase, 'from post to pillar.' The Ceca (properly a mint or a shrine) was the name given to part of the Great Mosque of Cordova, once second to Mecca only as a resort of pilgrims. *Zoca* properly means a wooden shoe, but here a vessel hollowed out of wood.

CHAPTER XIX.

OF THE SHREWD DISCOURSE WHICH SANCHO HELD WITH HIS MASTER, AND OF THE ADVENTURE THAT BEFELL HIM WITH A DEAD BODY, TOGETHER WITH OTHER NOTABLE OCCURRENCES.

'It seems to me, señor, that all these mishaps that have befallen us of late have been without any doubt a punishment for the offence committed by your worship against the order of chivalry in not keeping the oath you made not to eat bread off a table-cloth or embrace the queen, and all the rest of it that your worship swore to observe until you had taken that helmet of Malandrino's, or whatever the Moor is called, for I do not very well remember.'

'Thou art very right, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'but to tell the truth, it had escaped my memory; and likewise thou mayest rely upon it that the affair of the blanket happened to thee because of thy fault in not reminding me of it in time; but I will make amends, for there are ways of compounding for everything in the order of chivalry.'

'Why! have I taken an oath of some sort, then?' said Sancho.

'It makes no matter that thou hast not taken an oath,' said Don Quixote; 'suffice it that I see thou art not quite

clear of complicity; and whether or no, it will not be ill done to provide ourselves with a remedy.'

'In that case,' said Sancho, 'mind that your worship does not forget this as you did the oath; perhaps the phantoms may take it into their heads to amuse themselves once more with me; or even with your worship if they see you so obstinate.'

While engaged in this and other talk, night overtook them on the road before they had reached or discovered any place of shelter; and what made it still worse was that they were dying of hunger, for with the loss of the alforjas they had lost their entire larder and commissariat; and to complete the misfortune they met with an adventure which without any invention had really the appearance of one. It so happened that the night closed in somewhat darkly, but for all that they pushed on, Sancho feeling sure that as the road was the king's highway[1] they might reasonably expect to find some inn within a league or two. Going along, then, in this way, the night dark, the squire hungry, the master sharp-set, they saw coming towards them on the road they were travelling a great number of lights which looked exactly like stars in motion. Sancho was taken aback at the sight of them, nor did Don Quixote altogether relish them: the one pulled up his ass by the halter, the other his hack by the bridle, and they stood still, watching anxiously to see what all this would turn out to be, and found that the lights were approaching them, and the nearer they came the greater they seemed, at which spectacle

[1] *Camino real*—one of the main roads connecting the provinces or chief cities with the capital.

Sancho began to shake like a man dosed with mercury, and Don Quixote's hair stood on end; he, however, plucking up spirit a little, said, 'This, no doubt, Sancho, will be a most mighty and perilous adventure, in which it will be needful for me to put forth all my valour and resolution.'

'Unlucky me!' answered Sancho; 'if this adventure happens to be one of phantoms, as I am beginning to think it is, where shall I find the ribs to bear it?'

'Be they phantoms ever so much,' said Don Quixote, 'I will not permit them to touch a thread of thy garments; for if they played tricks with thee the time before, it was because I was unable to leap the walls of the yard; but now we are on a wide plain, where I shall be able to wield my sword as I please.'

'And if they enchant and cripple you as they did the last time,' said Sancho, 'what difference will it make being on the open plain or not?'

'For all that,' replied Don Quixote, 'I entreat thee, Sancho, to keep a good heart, for experience will tell thee what mine is.'

'I will, please God,' answered Sancho, and the two retiring to one side of the road set themselves to observe closely what all these moving lights might be; and very soon afterwards they made out some twenty encamisados,[1] all on horseback, with lighted torches in their hands, the awe-inspiring aspect of whom completely extinguished the courage of Sancho, who began to chatter with his teeth like

[1] Maskers wearing shirts (*camisas*) over their clothes, who marched in procession carrying torches on festival nights. As there is no English translation of the word, it is better to give the Spanish instead of some roundabout descriptive phrase.

one in the cold fit of an ague; and his heart sank and his teeth chattered still more when they perceived distinctly that behind them there came a litter covered over with black and followed by six more mounted figures in mourning down to the very feet of their mules—for they could perceive plainly they were not horses by the easy pace at which they went. And as the encamisados came along they muttered to themselves in a low plaintive tone. This strange spectacle at such an hour and in such a solitary place was quite enough to strike terror into Sancho's heart, and even into his master's; and (save in Don Quixote's case) did so, for all Sancho's resolution had now broken down. It was just the opposite with his master, whose imagination immediately conjured up all this to him vividly as one of the adventures of his books. He took it into his head that the litter was a bier on which was borne some sorely wounded or slain knight, to avenge whom was a task reserved for him alone; and without any further reasoning he laid his lance in rest, fixed himself firmly in his saddle, and with gallant spirit and bearing took up his position in the middle of the road where the encamisados must of necessity pass; and as soon as he saw them near at hand he raised his voice and said, 'Halt, knights, whosoever ye may be, and render me account of who ye are, whence ye come, what it is ye carry upon that bier, for, to judge by appearances, either ye have done some wrong or some wrong has been done to you, and it is fitting and necessary that I should know, either that I may chastise you for the evil ye have done, or else that I may avenge you for the injury that has been inflicted upon you.'

'We are in haste,' answered one of the encamisados, 'and the inn is far off, and we cannot stop to render you such an account as you demand;' and spurring his mule he moved on.

Don Quixote was mightily provoked by this answer, and seizing the mule by the bridle he said, 'Halt, and be more mannerly, and render an account of what I have asked of you; else, take my defiance to combat, all of you.'

The mule was shy, and was so frightened at her bridle being seized that rearing up she flung her rider to the ground over her haunches. An attendant who was on foot, seeing the encamisado fall, began to abuse Don Quixote, who now moved to anger, without any more ado, laying his lance in rest charged one of the men in mourning and brought him badly wounded to the ground, and as he wheeled round upon the others the agility with which he attacked and routed them was a sight to see, for it seemed just as if wings had that instant grown upon Rocinante, so lightly and proudly did he bear himself. The encamisados were all timid folk and unarmed, so they speedily made their escape from the fray and set off at a run across the plain with their lighted torches, looking exactly like maskers running on some gala or festival night. The mourners, too, enveloped and swathed in their skirts and gowns, were unable to bestir themselves, and so with entire safety to himself Don Quixote belaboured them all and drove them off against their will, for they all thought it was no man but a devil from hell come to carry away the dead body they had in the litter.

Sancho beheld all this in astonishment at the intrepidity

of his lord, and said to himself, 'Clearly this master of mine is as bold and valiant as he says he is.'

A burning torch lay on the ground near the first man whom the mule had thrown, by the light of which Don Quixote perceived him, and coming up to him he presented the point of the lance to his face, calling on him to yield himself prisoner, or else he would kill him; to which the prostrate man replied, 'I am prisoner enough as it is; I cannot stir, for one of my legs is broken: I entreat you, if you be a Christian gentleman, not to kill me, which will be committing grave sacrilege, for I am a licentiate and I hold first orders.'

'Then what the devil brought you here, being a churchman?' said Don Quixote.

'What, señor?' said the other. 'My bad luck.'

'Then still worse awaits you,' said Don Quixote, 'if you do not satisfy me as to all I asked you at first.'

'You shall be soon satisfied,' said the licentiate; 'you must know, then, that though just now I said I was a licentiate, I am only a bachelor, and my name is Alonzo Lopez; I am a native of Alcobendas, I come from the city of Baeza with eleven others, priests, the same who fled with the torches, and we are going to the city of Segovia accompanying a dead body which is in that litter, and is that of a gentleman who died in Baeza, where he was interred; and now, as I said, we are taking his bones to their burial-place, which is in Segovia, where he was born.'

'And who killed him?' asked Don Quixote.

'God, by means of a malignant fever that took him,' answered the bachelor.

'In that case,' said Don Quixote, 'the Lord has relieved me of the task of avenging his death had any other slain him; but, he who slew him having slain him, there is nothing for it but to be silent, and shrug one's shoulders; I should do the same were he to slay myself: and I would have your reverence know that I am a knight of La Mancha, Don Quixote by name, and it is my business and calling to roam the world righting wrongs and redressing injuries.'

'I do not know how that about righting wrongs can be,' said the bachelor, 'for from straight you have made me crooked,[1] leaving me with a broken leg that will never see itself straight again all the days of its life; and the injury you have redressed in my case has been to leave me injured in such a way that I shall remain injured for ever; and the height of misadventure it was to fall in with you who go in search of adventures.'

'Things do not all happen in the same way,' answered Don Quixote; 'it all came, Sir Bachelor Alonzo Lopez, of your going, as you did, by night, dressed in those surplices, with lighted torches, praying, covered with mourning, so that naturally you looked like something evil and of the other world; and so I could not avoid doing my duty in attacking you, and I should have attacked you even had I known positively that you were the very devils of hell, for such I certainly believed and took you to be.'[2]

'As my fate has so willed it,' said the bachelor, 'I en-

[1] A quibble on the words *derecho* and *tuerto*, which mean 'straight,' and 'crooked,' as well as 'right' and 'wrong.'

[2] See Note A, p. 308.

treat you, sir knight-errant, whose errand has been such an evil one for me, to help me to get from under this mule that holds one of my legs caught between the stirrup and the saddle.'

'I would have talked on till to-morrow,' said Don Quixote; 'how long were you going to wait before telling me of your distress?'

He at once called to Sancho, who, however, had no mind to come, as he was just then engaged in unloading a sumpter mule, well laden with provender, which these worthy gentlemen had brought with them. Sancho made a bag of his coat, and, getting together as much as he could, and as the mule's sack would hold, he loaded his beast, and then hastened to obey his master's call, and helped him to remove the bachelor from under the mule; then putting him on her back he gave him the torch, and Don Quixote bade him follow the track of his companions, and beg pardon of them on his part for the wrong which he could not help doing them.

And said Sancho, 'If by chance these gentlemen should want to know who was the hero that served them so, your worship may tell them that he is the famous Don Quixote of La Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Rueful Countenance.'[1]

The bachelor then took his departure. I forgot to mention that before he did so he said to Don Quixote, 'Remember that you stand excommunicated for having laid violent hands on a holy thing, *juxta illud, si quis, suadente diabolo.*'

[1] See Note B, p. 309.

'I do not understand that Latin,' answered Don Quixote, 'but I know well I did not lay hands, only this pike: besides, I did not think I was committing an assault upon priests or things of the Church, which, like a Catholic and faithful Christian as I am, I respect and revere, but upon phantoms and spectres of the other world; but even so, I remember how it fared with Cid Ruy Diaz when he broke the chair of the ambassador of that king before his Holiness the Pope, who excommunicated him for the same; and yet the good Roderick of Bivar bore himself that day like a very noble and valiant knight.'[1]

On hearing this the bachelor took his departure, as has been said, without making any reply; and Don Quixote asked Sancho what had induced him to call him the 'Knight of the Rueful Countenance' more then than at any other time.

'I will tell you,' answered Sancho; 'it was because I have been looking at you for some time by the light of the torch held by that unfortunate, and verily your worship has got of late the most ill-favoured countenance I ever saw: it must be either owing to the fatigue of this combat, or else to the want of teeth and grinders.'

'It is not that,' replied Don Quixote, 'but because the sage whose duty it will be to write the history of my achievements must have thought it proper that I should take some distinctive name as all knights of yore did; one being "He of the Burning Sword," another "He of the

[1] Referring to the apocryphal legend which forms the subject of the ballad, '*A concilio dentro en Roma.*' Among Lockhart's ballads there is a lively version of it.

Unicorn," this one "He of the Damsels," that "He of the Phœnix," another "The Knight of the Griffin," and another "He of the Death," and by these names and designations they were known all the world round; and so I say that the sage aforesaid must have put it into your mouth and mind just now to call me "The Knight of the Rueful Countenance," as I intend to call myself from this day forward; and that the said name may fit me better, I mean, when the opportunity offers, to have a very rueful countenance painted on my shield.'

'There is no occasion, señor, for wasting time or money on making that countenance,' said Sancho; 'for all that need be done is for your worship to show your own, face to face, to those who look at you, and without anything more, either image or shield, they will call you "Him of the Rueful Countenance;" and believe me I am telling you the truth, for I assure you, señor (and in good part be it said), hunger and the loss of your grinders have given you such an ill-favoured face that, as I say, the rueful picture may be very well spared.'

Don Quixote laughed at Sancho's pleasantry; nevertheless he resolved to call himself by that name, and have his shield or buckler painted as he had devised.

Don Quixote would have looked to see whether the body in the litter were bones or not, but Sancho would not have it, saying, 'Señor, you have ended this perilous adventure more safely for yourself than any of those I have seen: perhaps these people, though beaten and routed, may bethink themselves that it is a single man that has beaten them, and feeling sore and ashamed of it may take heart

and come in search of us and give us trouble enough. The ass is in proper trim, the mountains are near at hand, hunger presses, we have nothing more to do but make good our retreat, and, as the saying is, let the dead go to the grave and the living to the loaf;'[1] and driving his ass before him he begged his master to follow, who, feeling that Sancho was right, did so without replying; and after proceeding some little distance between two hills they found themselves in a wide and retired valley, where they alighted, and Sancho unloaded his beast, and stretched upon the green grass, with hunger for sauce, they breakfasted, dined, lunched, and supped all at once, satisfying their appetites with more than one store of cold meat which the dead man's clerical gentlemen (who seldom put themselves on short allowance) had brought with them on their sumpter mule. But another piece of ill-luck befell them, which Sancho held the worst of all, and that was that they had no wine to drink, nor even water to moisten their lips; and as thirst tormented them, Sancho, observing that the meadow where they were was full of green and tender grass, said what will be told in the following chapter.

[1] Prov. 147.

Note A (*page* 304).

The original has 'for such I *always* believed,' &c., which is an obvious slip, either of the pen or of the press. It cannot be that Cervantes intended a side blow at ecclesiastics, for he expressly disclaims any such intention, and the 'you' clearly refers to these particular processionists alone.

Note B (*page* 305).

It has been frequently objected that *figura* does not mean the face or countenance, but the whole figure; but no matter what dictionaries may say, it is plain from what follows that Sancho applies the word here to his master's *face*, made haggard by short commons and loss of teeth, and uses it as synonymous with *cara*; and that Don Quixote himself never could have contemplated painting a full-length on his shield, but merely a face. As a matter of fact, however, the dictionaries do not support the objection. The two best, that of the Academy and of Vicente Salvá, explain *figura* as the 'external form of a body,' and add that it is commonly used for the face alone, *por solo el rostro*.

CHAPTER XX.

OF THE UNEXAMPLED AND UNHEARD-OF ADVENTURE WHICH WAS ACHIEVED BY THE VALIANT DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA WITH LESS PERIL THAN ANY EVER ACHIEVED BY ANY FAMOUS KNIGHT IN THE WORLD.

'It cannot be, señor, but that this grass is a proof that there must be hard by some spring or brook to give it moisture, so it would be well done to move a little farther on, that we may find some place where we may quench this terrible thirst that plagues us, which beyond a doubt is more distressing than hunger.'

The advice seemed good to Don Quixote, and, he leading Rocinante by the bridle and Sancho the ass by the halter, after he had packed away upon him the remains of the supper, they advanced up the meadow feeling their way, for the darkness of the night made it impossible to see anything; but they had not gone two hundred paces when a loud noise of water, as if falling from great high rocks, struck their ears. The sound cheered them greatly; but halting to make out by listening from what quarter it came they heard unseasonably another noise which spoiled[1] the satisfaction the sound of the water gave them, especially for Sancho, who was by nature timid and faint-hearted; they heard, I say, strokes falling

[1] Literally, 'watered the satisfaction.'

with a measured beat, and a certain rattling of iron and chains that, together with the furious din of the water, would have struck terror into any heart but Don Quixote's. The night was, as has been said, dark, and they had happened to reach a spot in among some tall trees, whose leaves stirred by a gentle breeze made a low ominous sound; so that, what with the solitude, the place, the darkness, the noise of the water, and the rustling of the leaves, everything inspired awe and dread; more especially as they perceived that the strokes did not cease, nor the wind lull, nor morning approach; to all which might be added their ignorance as to where they were. But Don Quixote, supported by his intrepid heart, leaped on Rocinante, and bracing his buckler on his arm, brought his pike to the slope, and said, 'Friend Sancho, know that I by Heaven's will have been born in this our iron age to revive in it the age of gold, or the golden as it is called; I am he for whom perils, mighty achievements, and valiant deeds are reserved; I am, I say again, he who is to revive the Knights of the Round Table, the Twelve of France and the Nine Worthies; and he who is to consign to oblivion the Platirs, the Tablantes, the Olivantes and Tirantes, the Phœbuses and Belianises, with the whole herd of famous knights-errant of days gone by, performing in these in which I live such exploits, marvels, and feats of arms as shall obscure their brightest deeds. Thou dost mark well, faithful and trusty squire, the gloom of this night, its strange silence, the dull confused murmur of those trees, the awful sound of that water in quest of which we came, that seems as though it were precipitating and dashing itself

down from the lofty mountains of the moon, and that incessant hammering that wounds and pains our ears; which things all together and each of itself are enough to instil fear, dread, and dismay into the breast of Mars himself, much more into one not used to hazards and adventures of the kind. Well, then, all this that I put before thee is but an incentive and stimulant to my spirit, making my heart burst in my bosom through eagerness to engage in this adventure, arduous as it promises to be; therefore tighten Rocinante's girths a little, and God be with thee; wait for me here three days and no more, and if in that time I come not back, thou canst return to our village, and thence, to do me a favour and a service, thou wilt go to El Toboso, where thou shalt say to my incomparable lady Dulcinea that her captive knight hath died in attempting things that might make him worthy of being called hers.'

When Sancho heard his master's words he began to weep in the most pathetic way, saying, 'Señor, I know not why your worship wants to attempt this so dreadful adventure; it is night now, no one sees us here, we can easily turn about and take ourselves out of danger, even if we don't drink for three days to come; and as there is no one to see us, all the less will there be anyone to set us down as cowards; besides, I have many a time heard the curate of our village, whom your worship knows well, preach that he who seeks danger perishes in it;[1] so it is not right to tempt God by trying so tremendous a feat from which there can be no escape save by a miracle, and Heaven has performed enough of them for your worship in delivering you

[1] Prov. 179.

from being blanketed as I was, and bringing you out victorious and safe and sound from among all those enemies that were with the dead man; and if all this does not move or soften that hard heart, let this thought and reflection move it, that you will have hardly quitted this spot when from pure fear I shall yield my soul up to anyone that will take it. I left home and wife and children to come and serve your worship, trusting to do better and not worse; but, as covetousness bursts the bag,[1] it has rent my hopes asunder, for just as I had them highest about getting that wretched unlucky island your worship has so often promised me, I see that instead and in lieu of it you mean to desert me now in a place so far from human reach: for God's sake, master mine, deal not so unjustly by me, and if your worship will not entirely give up attempting this feat, at least put it off till morning, for by what the lore I learned when I was a shepherd tells me it cannot want three hours of dawn now, because the mouth of the Horn is overhead and makes midnight in the line of the left arm.'[2]

'How canst thou see, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'where it makes that line, or where the mouth or head is that thou talkest of, when the night is so dark that there is not a star to be seen in the whole heaven?'

'That's true,' said Sancho, 'but fear has sharp eyes, and sees things underground, much more above in the heavens; besides, there is good reason to show that it now wants but little of day.'

'Let it want what it may,' replied Don Quixote, 'it shall not be said of me now or at any time that tears or

[1] Prov. 50. [2] See Note A, p. 328.

entreaties turned me aside from doing what was in accordance with knightly usage; and so I beg of thee, Sancho, to hold thy peace, for God, who has put it into my heart to undertake now this so unexampled and terrible adventure, will take care to watch over my safety and console thy sorrow; what thou hast to do is to tighten Rocinante's girths well, and wait here, for I shall come back shortly, alive or dead.'

Sancho perceiving it his master's final resolve, and how little his tears, counsels, and entreaties prevailed with him, determined to have recourse to his own ingenuity and compel him if he could to wait till daylight; and so, while tightening the girths of the horse, he quietly and without being felt, tied both Rocinante's fore-legs, so that when Don Quixote strove to go he was unable as the horse could only move by jumps. Seeing the success of his trick, Sancho Panza said, 'See there, señor! Heaven, moved by my tears and prayers, has so ordered it that Rocinante cannot stir; and if you will be obstinate, and spur and strike him, you will only provoke fortune, and kick, as they say, against the pricks.'

Don Quixote at this grew desperate, but the more he drove his heels into the horse, the less he stirred him; and not having any suspicion of the tying, he was fain to resign himself and wait till daybreak or until Rocinante could move, firmly persuaded that all this came of something other than Sancho's ingenuity. So he said to him, 'As it is so, Sancho, and as Rocinante cannot move, I am content to wait till dawn smiles upon us, even though I weep while it delays its coming.'

'There is no need to weep,' answered Sancho, 'for I will amuse your worship by telling stories from this till daylight, unless indeed you like to dismount and lie down to sleep a little on the green grass after the fashion of knights-errant, so as to be fresher when day comes and the moment arrives for attempting this extraordinary adventure you are looking forward to.'

'What art thou talking about dismounting or sleeping for?' said Don Quixote. 'Am I, thinkest thou, one of those knights that take their rest in the presence of danger? Sleep thou who art born to sleep, or do as thou wilt, for I will act as I think most consistent with my character.'

'Be not angry, master mine,' replied Sancho, 'I did not mean to say that;' and coming close to him he laid one hand on the pommel of the saddle and the other on the cantle so that he held his master's left thigh in his embrace, not daring to separate a finger's length from him; so much afraid was he of the strokes which still resounded with a regular beat. Don Quixote bade him tell some story to amuse him as he had proposed, to which Sancho replied that he would if his dread of what he heard would let him; 'Still,' said he, 'I will strive to tell a story which, if I can manage to relate it, and it escapes me not, is the best of stories, and let your worship give me your attention, for here I begin. What was, was;[1] and may the good that is to come be for all, and the evil for him who goes to look for it—your worship must know that the beginning the old folk used to put to their tales was not just as each

[1] Prov. 96.

one pleased; it was a maxim of Cato Zonzorino[1] the Roman that says "the evil for him that goes to look for it," and it comes as pat to the purpose now as ring to finger, to show that your worship should keep quiet and not go looking for evil in any quarter, and that we should go back by some other road, since nobody forces us to follow this in which so many terrors affright us.'

'Go on with thy story, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'and leave the choice of our road to my care.'

'I say then,' continued Sancho, 'that in a village of Estremadura there was a goat-shepherd—that is to say, one who tended goats—which shepherd or goatherd, as my story goes, was called Lope Ruiz, and this Lope Ruiz was in love with a shepherdess called Torralva, which shepherdess called Torralva was the daughter of a rich grazier, and this rich grazier—'

'If that is the way thou tellest thy tale, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'repeating twice all thou hast to say, thou wilt not have done these two days; go straight on with it, and tell it like a reasonable man, or else say nothing.'

'Tales are always told in my country in the very way I am telling this,' answered Sancho, 'and I cannot tell it *in* any other, nor is it right of your worship to ask me to make new customs.'

'Tell it as thou wilt,' replied Don Quixote; 'and as fate will have it that I cannot help listening to thee, go on.'

'And so, lord of my soul,' continued Sancho, 'as I have

[1] I.e. Caton Censorino—Cato the Censor; but Sancho's impression was that the name was derived from *zonzo*, 'stupid,' or *zonzorrion*, 'a blockhead.'

said, this shepherd was in love with Torralva the shepherdess, who was a wild buxom lass with something of the look of a man about her, for she had little moustaches; I fancy I see her now.'

'Then you knew her?' said Don Quixote.

'I did not know her,' said Sancho, 'but he who told me the story said it was so true and certain that when I told it to another I might safely declare and swear I had seen it all myself. And so in course of time, the devil, who never sleeps and puts everything in confusion, contrived that the love the shepherd bore the shepherdess turned into hatred and ill-will, and the reason, according to evil tongues, was some little jealousy she caused him that crossed the line and trespassed on forbidden ground;[1] and so much did the shepherd hate her from that time forward that, in order to escape from her, he determined to quit the country and go where he should never set eyes on her again. Torralva, when she found herself spurned by Lope, was immediately smitten with love for him, though she had never loved him before.'

'That is the natural way of women,' said Don Quixote, 'to scorn the one that loves them, and love the one that hates them: go on, Sancho.'

'It came to pass,' said Sancho, 'that the shepherd carried out his intention, and driving his goats before him took his way across the plains of Estremadura to pass over into the Kingdom of Portugal. Torralva, who knew of it, went after him, and on foot and barefoot followed him at a distance, with a pilgrim's staff in her hand and a scrip round her neck, in which she carried, it is said, a bit of looking-

[1] Prov. 198.

glass, and a piece of a comb and some little pot or other of paint for her face; but let her carry what she did, I am not going to trouble myself to prove it; all I say is, that the shepherd, they say, came with his flock to cross over the river Guadiana, which was at that time swollen and almost overflowing its banks, and at the spot he came to there was neither ferry nor boat nor anyone to carry him or his flock to the other side, at which he was much vexed, for he perceived that Torralva was approaching and would give him great annoyance with her tears and entreaties; however, he went looking about so closely that he discovered a fisherman who had alongside of him a boat so small that it could only hold one person and one goat; but for all that he spoke to him and agreed with him to carry himself and his three hundred goats across. The fisherman got into the boat and carried one goat over; he came back and carried another over; he came back again, and again brought over another—let your worship keep count of the goats the fisherman is taking across, for if one escapes the memory there will be an *end* of the story, and it will be impossible to tell another word of it. To proceed, I must tell you the landing place on the other side was miry and slippery, and the fisherman lost a great deal of time in going and coming; still he returned for another goat, and another, and another.'

'Take it for granted he brought them all across,' said Don Quixote, 'and don't keep going and coming in this way, or thou wilt not make an end of bringing them over this twelvemonth.'

'How many have gone across so far?' said Sancho.

'How the devil do I know?' replied Don Quixote.

'There it is,' said Sancho, 'what I told you, that you must keep a good count; well then, by God, there is an end of the story, for there is no going any farther.'

'How can that be?' said Don Quixote; 'is it so essential to the story to know to a nicety the goats that have crossed over, that if there be a mistake of one in the reckoning, thou canst not go on with it?'

'No, señor, not a bit,' replied Sancho; 'for when I asked your worship to tell me how many goats had crossed, and you answered you did not know, at that very instant all I had to say passed away out of my memory, and, faith, there was much virtue in it, and entertainment.'

'So, then,' said Don Quixote, 'the story has come to an end?'

'As much as my mother has,' said Sancho.

'In truth,' said Don Quixote, 'thou hast told one of the rarest stories, tales, or histories, that anyone in the world could have imagined, and such a way of telling it and ending it was never seen nor will be in a lifetime; though I expected nothing else from thy excellent understanding. But I do not wonder, for perhaps those ceaseless strokes may have confused thy wits.'

'All that may be,' replied Sancho, 'but I know that as to my story, all that can be said is that it ends there where the mistake in the count of the passage of the goats[1] begins.'

'Let it end where it will, well and good,' said Don Quixote, 'and let us see if Rocinante can go;' and again he spurred him, and again Rocinante made jumps and remained where he was, so well tied was he.

[1] See Note B, p. 328.

Just then, whether it was the cold of the morning that was now approaching, or that he had eaten something laxative at supper, or that it was only natural (as is most likely), Sancho felt a desire to do what no one could do for him; but so great was the fear that had penetrated his heart, he dared not separate himself from his master by so much as the black of his nail; to escape doing what he wanted was, however, also impossible; so what he did for peace' sake was to remove his right hand, which held the back of the saddle, and with it to untie gently and silently the running string which alone held up his breeches, so that on loosening it they at once fell down round his feet like fetters; he then raised his shirt as well as he could and bared his hind quarters, no slim ones. But, this accomplished, which he fancied was all he had to do to get out of this terrible strait and embarrassment, another still greater difficulty presented itself, for it seemed to him impossible to relieve himself without making some noise, and he ground his teeth and squeezed his shoulders together, holding his breath as much as he could; but in spite of his precautions he was unlucky enough after all to make a little noise, very different from that which was causing him so much fear.

Don Quixote, hearing it, said, 'What noise is that, Sancho?'

'I don't know, señor,' said he; 'it must be something new, for adventures and misadventures never begin with a trifle.' Once more he tried his luck, and succeeded so well, that without any further noise or disturbance he found himself relieved of the burden that had given him so much discomfort. But as Don Quixote's sense of smell was as

acute as his hearing, and as Sancho was so closely linked with him that the fumes rose almost in a straight line, it could not be but that some should reach his nose, and as soon as they did he came to its relief by compressing it between his fingers, saying in a rather snuffling tone, 'Sancho, it strikes me thou art in great fear.'

'I am,' answered Sancho; 'but how does your worship perceive it now more than ever?'

'Because just now thou smellest stronger than ever, and not of ambergris,' answered Don Quixote.

'Very likely,' said Sancho, 'but that's not my fault, but your worship's, for leading me about at unseasonable hours and at such unwonted paces.'

'Then go back three or four, my friend,' said Don Quixote, all the time with his fingers to his nose; 'and for the future pay more attention to thy person and to what thou owest to mine; for it is my great familiarity with thee that has bred this contempt.'

'I'll bet,' replied Sancho, 'that your worship thinks I have done something I ought not with my person.'

'It makes it worse to stir it, friend Sancho,' returned Don Quixote.

With this and other talk of the same sort master and man passed the night, till Sancho, perceiving that daybreak was coming on apace, very cautiously untied Rocinante and tied up his breeches. As soon as Rocinante found himself free, though by nature he was not at all mettlesome, he seemed to feel lively and began pawing—for as to capering, begging his pardon, he knew not what it meant. Don Quixote, then, observing that Rocinante could move,

took it as a good sign and a signal that he should attempt the dread adventure. By this time day had fully broken and everything showed distinctly, and Don Quixote saw that he was among some tall trees, chestnuts, which cast a very deep shade; he perceived likewise that the sound of the strokes did not cease, but could not discover what caused it, and so without any further delay he let Rocinante feel the spur, and once more taking leave of Sancho, he told him to wait for him there three days at most, as he had said before, and if he should not have returned by that time, he might feel sure it had been God's will that he should end his days in that perilous adventure. He again repeated the message and commission with which he was to go on his behalf to his lady Dulcinea, and said he was not to be uneasy as to the payment of his services, for before leaving home he had made his will, in which he would find himself fully recompensed in the matter of wages in due proportion to the time he had served; but if God delivered him safe, sound, and unhurt out of that danger, he might look upon the promised island as much more than certain. Sancho began to weep afresh on again hearing the affecting words of his good master, and resolved to stay with him until the final issue and end of the business. From these tears and this honourable resolve of Sancho Panza's the author of this history infers that he must have been of good birth and at least an old Christian;[1] and the feeling he displayed touched his master somewhat, but not so much as to make him

[1] An 'old Christian' was one who had no trace of Moorish blood in his veins. The remark is somewhat inconsistent in the mouth of Cid Hamet Benengeli.

show any weakness; on the contrary, hiding what he felt as well as he could, he began to move towards that quarter whence the sound of the water and of the strokes seemed to come.

Sancho followed him on foot, leading by the halter, as his custom was, his ass, his constant comrade in prosperity or adversity; and advancing some distance through the shady chestnut trees they came upon a little meadow at the foot of some high rocks, down which a mighty rush of water flung itself. At the foot of the rocks were some rudely constructed houses looking more like ruins than houses, from among which came, they perceived, the din and clatter of blows, which still continued without intermission. Rocinante took fright at the noise of the water and of the blows, but quieting him Don Quixote advanced step by step towards the houses, commending himself with all his heart to his lady, imploring her support in that dread pass and enterprise, and on the way commending himself to God, too, not to forget him. Sancho, who never quitted his side, stretched his neck as far as he could and peered between the legs of Rocinante to see if he could now discover what it was that caused him such fear and apprehension. They went it might be a hundred paces farther, when on turning a corner the true cause, beyond the possibility of any mistake, of that dread-sounding and to them awe-inspiring noise that had kept them all the night in such fear and perplexity, appeared plain and obvious; and it was (if, reader, thou art not disgusted and disappointed) six fulling hammers which by their alternate strokes made all the din.

When Don Quixote perceived what it was, he was struck dumb and rigid from head to foot. Sancho glanced at him and saw him with his head bent down upon his breast in manifest mortification; and Don Quixote glanced at Sancho and saw him with his cheeks puffed out and his mouth full of laughter, and evidently ready to explode with it, and in spite of his vexation he could not help laughing at the sight of him; and when Sancho saw his master begin he let go so heartily that he had to hold his sides with both hands to keep himself from bursting with laughter. Four times he stopped, and as many times did his laughter break out afresh with the same violence as at first, whereat Don Quixote grew furious, above all when he heard him say mockingly, 'Thou must know, friend Sancho, that of Heaven's will I was born in this our iron age to revive in it the golden or age of gold; I am he for whom are reserved perils, mighty achievements, valiant deeds;' and here he went on repeating all or most of the words that Don Quixote uttered the first time they heard the awful strokes.

Don Quixote, then, seeing that Sancho was turning him into ridicule, was so mortified and vexed that he lifted up his pike and smote him two such blows that if, instead of catching them on his shoulders, he had caught them on his head, there would have been no wages to pay, unless indeed to his heirs. Sancho seeing that he was getting an awkward return in earnest for his jest, and fearing his master might carry it still further, said to him very humbly, 'Calm yourself, sir, for by God I am only joking.'

'Well, then, if you are joking I am not,' replied Don

Quixote. 'Look here, my lively gentleman, if these, instead of being fulling hammers, had been some perilous adventure, have I not, think you, shown the courage required for the attempt and achievement? Am I, perchance, being, as I am, a gentleman, bound to know and distinguish sounds and tell whether they come from fulling mills or not; and that, when perhaps, as is the case, I have never in my life seen any as you have, low boor as you are, that have been born and bred among them? But turn me these six hammers into six giants, and bring them to beard me, one by one or all together, and if I do not knock them head over heels, then make what mockery you like of me.'

'No more of that, señor,' returned Sancho; 'I own I went a little too far with the joke. But tell me, your worship, now that peace is made between us (and may God bring you out of all the adventures that may befall you as safe and sound as he has brought you out of this one), was it not a thing to laugh at, and is it not a good story, the great fear we were in?—at least that I was in; for as to your worship I see now that you neither know nor understand what either fear or dismay is.'

'I do not deny,' said Don Quixote, 'that what happened to us may be worth laughing at, but it is not worth making a story about, for it is not everyone that is shrewd enough to hit the right point of a thing.'

'At any rate,' said Sancho, 'your worship knew how to hit the right point with your pike, aiming at my head and hitting me on the shoulders, thanks be to God and my own smartness in dodging it. But let that pass; all will

come out in the scouring;[1] for I have heard say 'he loves thee well that makes thee weep;'[2] and moreover that it is the way with great lords after any hard words they give a servant to give him a pair of breeches; though I do not know what they give after blows, unless it be that knights-errant after blows give islands, or kingdoms on the mainland.'

'It may be on the dice,' said Don Quixote, 'that all thou sayest will come true; overlook the past, for thou art shrewd enough to know that our first movements are not in our own control; and one thing for the future bear in mind, that thou curb and restrain thy loquacity in my company; for in all the books of chivalry that I have read, and they are innumerable, I never met with a squire who talked so much to his lord as thou dost to thine; and in fact I feel it to be a great fault of thine and of mine: of thine, that thou hast so little respect for me; of mine, that I do not make myself more respected. There was Gandalin, the squire of Amadis of Gaul, that was Count of the Insula Firme,[3] and we read of him that he always addressed his lord with his cap in his hand, his head bowed down and his body bent double, *more turquesco*. And then, what shall we say of Gasabal, the squire of Galaor, who was so silent that in order to indicate to us the greatness of his marvellous taciturnity his name is only once mentioned in the whole of that history, as long as it is truthful?[4] From all I have said thou wilt gather, Sancho, that there must be a difference between master and man, between lord and

[1] Prov. 53. [2] Prov. 130.

[3] The 'Insula Firme' was apparently part of Brittany.

[4] See Note C, p. 328.

lackey, between knight and squire: so that from this day forward in our intercourse we must observe more respect and take less liberties, for in whatever way I may be provoked with you it will be bad for the pitcher.[1] The favours and benefits that I have promised you will come in due time, and if they do not your wages at least will not be lost, as I have already told you.'

'All that your worship says is very well,' said Sancho, 'but I should like to know (in case the time of favours should not come, and it might be necessary to fall back upon wages) how much did the squire of a knight-errant get in those days, and did they agree by the month, or by the day like bricklayers?'

'I do not believe,' replied Don Quixote, 'that such squires were ever on wages, but were dependent on favour; and if I have now mentioned thine in the sealed will I have left at home, it was with a view to what may happen; for as yet I know not how chivalry will turn out in these wretched times of ours, and I do not wish my soul to suffer for trifles in the other world; for I would have thee know, Sancho, that in this there is no condition more hazardous than that of adventurers.'

'That is true,' said Sancho, 'since the mere noise of the hammers of a fulling-mill can disturb and disquiet the heart of such a valiant errant adventurer as your worship; but you may be sure I will not open my lips henceforward to make light of anything of your worship's, but only to honour you as my master and natural lord.'

[1] Prov. 34. In full it is, 'Whether the pitcher hits the stone, or the stone the pitcher, it's bad for the pitcher.'

'By so doing,' replied Don Quixote, 'shalt thou live long on the face of the earth; for next to parents, masters are to be respected as though they were parents.'

Note A (*page* 313).

The Horn Sancho refers to is the constellation of Ursa Minor, which has somewhat the shape of a curved hunting horn, and the hour was calculated by extending the arms horizontally so as to represent a cross, the time being indicated by the relative position of the Horn to the arms.

Note B (*page* 319).

The story of the passage of the goats is a very old one. It is the 30th of the *Cento Novelle Antiche*, into which it was imported, no doubt, from the Latin of the Aragonese Jew, Pedro Alfonso. There is a Provençal tale to the same effect; but the original was probably Oriental.

Note C (*page* 326).

The Rev. John Bowle, the learned editor and annotator of *Don Quixote*, was painstaking enough to verify this statement. It shows how closely Cervantes must have at one time read the *Amadis*.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHICH TREATS OF THE EXALTED ADVENTURE AND RICH PRIZE OF MAMBRINO'S HELMET, TOGETHER WITH OTHER THINGS THAT HAPPENED TO OUR INVINCIBLE KNIGHT.

It now began to rain a little, and Sancho was for going into the fulling mills, but Don Quixote had taken such a disgust to them on account of the late joke that he would not enter them on any account; so turning aside to the right they came upon another road, different from that which they had taken the night before. Shortly afterwards Don Quixote perceived a man on horseback who wore on his head something that shone like gold, and the moment he saw him he turned to Sancho and said, 'I think, Sancho, there is no proverb that is not true, all being maxims drawn from experience itself, the mother of all the sciences, especially that one that says, "Where one door shuts, another opens."[1] I say so because if last night fortune shut the door of the adventure we were looking for against us, cheating us with the fulling mills, it now opens wide another one for another better and more certain adventure, and if I do not contrive to enter it, it will be my own fault, and I cannot lay it to my ignorance of fulling mills, or the darkness

[1] Prov. 194.

of the night. I say this because, if I mistake not, there comes towards us one who wears on his head the helmet of Mambrino, concerning which I took the oath thou rememberest.'

'Mind what you say, your worship, and still more what you do,' said Sancho, 'for I don't want any more fulling mills to finish off fulling and knocking our senses out.'

'The devil take thee, man,' said Don Quixote; 'what has a helmet to do with fulling mills?'

'I don't know,' replied Sancho, 'but, faith, if I might speak as I used, perhaps I could give such reasons that your worship would see you were mistaken in what you say.'

'How can I be mistaken in what I say, unbelieving traitor?' returned Don Quixote; 'tell me, seest thou not yonder knight coming towards us on a dappled grey steed, who has upon his head a helmet of gold?'

'What I see and make out,' answered Sancho, 'is only a man on a grey ass like my own, who has something that shines on his head.'

'Well, that is the helmet of Mambrino,' said Don Quixote; 'stand to one side and leave me alone with him; thou shalt see how, without saying a word, to save time, I shall bring this adventure to an issue and possess myself of the helmet I have so longed for.'

'I will take care to stand aside,' said Sancho; 'but God grant, I say once more, that it may be marjoram and not fulling mills.'[1]

'I have told thee, brother, on no account to mention

[1] See Note A, p. 345.

those fulling mills to me again,' said Don Quixote, 'or I vow—and I say no more—I'll full the soul out of you.'

Sancho held his peace in dread lest his master should carry out the vow he had hurled like a bowl at him.

The fact of the matter as regards the helmet, steed, and knight that Don Quixote saw, was this. In that neighbourhood there were two villages, one of them so small that it had neither apothecary's shop nor barber, which the other that was close to it had, so the barber of the larger served the smaller, and in it there was a sick man who required to be bled and another man who wanted to be shaved, and on this errand the barber was going, carrying with him a brass basin; but as luck would have it, as he was on the way it began to rain, and not to spoil his hat, which probably was a new one, he put the basin on his head, and being clean it glittered at half a league's distance. He rode upon a grey ass, as Sancho said, and this was what made it seem to Don Quixote to be a dapple-grey steed and a knight and a golden helmet; for everything he saw he made to fall in with his crazy chivalry and ill-errant[1] notions; and when he saw the poor knight draw near, without entering into any parley with him, at Rocinante's top speed he bore down upon him with the pike pointed low, fully determined to run him through and through, and as he reached him, without checking the fury of his charge, he cried to him, 'Defend thyself, miserable being, or yield me of thine own accord that which is so reasonably my due.'

The barber, who without any expectation or apprehension of it saw this apparition coming down upon him, had

[1] *Mal-andante*, meaning also 'unlucky.'

no other way of saving himself from the stroke of the lance but to let himself fall off his ass; and no sooner had he touched the ground than he sprang up more nimbly than a deer and sped away across the plain faster than the wind.

He left the basin on the ground, with which Don Quixote contented himself, saying that the pagan had shown his discretion and imitated the beaver, which finding itself pressed by the hunters bites and cuts off with its teeth that for which, by its natural instinct, it knows it is pursued.

He told Sancho to pick up the helmet, and he taking it in his hands said, 'By God the basin is a good one, and worth a real of eight[1] if it is worth a maravedi,' and handed it to his master, who immediately put it on his head, turning it round, now this way, now that, in search of the visor, and not finding it he said, 'Clearly the pagan to whose measure this famous head-piece was first forged must have had a very large head; but the worst of it is half of it is wanting.'

When Sancho heard him call the basin a head-piece he was unable to restrain his laughter, but remembering his master's wrath he checked himself in the midst of it.

'What art thou laughing at, Sancho?' said Don Quixote.

'I am laughing,' said he, 'to think of the great head the pagan must have had who owned this helmet, for it looks exactly like a regular barber's basin.'

'Dost thou know what I suspect, Sancho?' said Don Quixote; 'that this wonderful piece of this enchanted helmet must by some strange accident have come into the

[1] The eight-real piece = about 1s. 8d.

hands of some one who was unable to recognise or realise its value, and who, not knowing what he did, and seeing it to be of the purest gold, must have melted down one half for the sake of what it might be worth, and of the other made this which is like a barber's basin as thou sayest; but be it as it may, to me who recognise it, its transformation makes no difference, for I will set it to rights at the first village where there is a blacksmith, and in such style that that helmet the god of smithies forged for the god of battles shall not surpass it or even come up to it; and in the meantime I will wear it as well as I can, for something is better than nothing;[1] all the more as it will be quite enough to protect me from any chance blow of a stone.'

'That is,' said Sancho, 'if it is not shot with a sling as they were in the battle of the two armies, when they signed the cross on your worship's grinders and smashed the flask with that blessed draught that made me vomit my bowels up.'

'It does not grieve me much to have lost it,' said Don Quixote, 'for thou knowest, Sancho, that I have the receipt in my memory.'

'So have I,' answered Sancho, 'but if ever I make it, or try it again as long as I live, may this be my last hour; moreover, I have no intention of putting myself in the way of wanting it, for I mean, with all my five senses, to keep myself from being wounded or from wounding anyone: as to being blanketed again I say nothing, for it is hard to prevent mishaps of that sort, and if they come there is nothing for it but to squeeze our shoulders together, hold

[1] Prov. 10.

our breath, shut our eyes, and let ourselves go where luck and the blanket may send us.'

'Thou art a bad Christian, Sancho,' said Don Quixote on hearing this, 'for once an injury has been done thee thou never forgettest it: but know that it is the part of noble and generous hearts not to attach importance to trifles. What lame leg hast thou got by it, what broken rib, what cracked head, that thou canst not forget that jest? For jest and sport it was, properly regarded, and had I not seen it in that light I would have returned and done more mischief in revenging thee than the Greeks did for the rape of Helen, who, if she were alive now, or if my Dulcinea had lived then, might depend upon it she would not be so famous for her beauty as she is;' and here he heaved a sigh and sent it aloft; and said Sancho, 'Let it pass for a jest as it cannot be revenged in earnest, but I know what sort of jest and earnest it was, and I know it will never be rubbed out of my memory any more than off my shoulders. But putting that aside, will your worship tell me what are we to do with this dapple-grey steed that looks like a grey ass, which that Martino[1] that your worship overthrew has left deserted here? for, from the way he took to his heels and bolted, he is not likely ever to come back for it; and by my beard but the grey is a good one.'

'I have never been in the habit,' said Don Quixote, 'of taking spoil of those whom I vanquish, nor is it the practice of chivalry to take away their horses and leave them to go on foot, unless indeed it be that the victor have lost his own in the combat, in which case it is lawful to take that of the

[1] A blunder of Sancho's for Mambrino.

vanquished as a thing won in lawful war; therefore, Sancho, leave this horse, or ass, or whatever thou wilt have it to be; for when its owner sees us gone hence he will come back for it.'

'God knows I should like to take it,' returned Sancho, 'or at least to change it for my own, which does not seem to me as good a one: verily the laws of chivalry are strict, since they cannot be stretched to let one ass be changed for another; I should like to know if I might at least change trappings.'

'On that head I am not quite certain,' answered Don Quixote, 'and the matter being doubtful, pending better information, I say thou mayest change them, if so be thou hast urgent need of them.'

'So urgent is it,' answered Sancho, 'that if they were for my own person I could not want them more;' and forthwith, fortified by this licence, he effected the *mutatio capparum*,[1] and rigged out his beast to the ninety-nines, making quite another thing of it. This done, they broke their fast on the remains of the spoils of war plundered from the sumpter mule, and drank of the brook that flowed from the fulling mills, without casting a look in that direction, in such loathing did they hold them for the alarm they had caused them; and, all anger and gloom removed, they mounted and, without taking any fixed road (not to fix upon any being the proper thing for true knights-errant), they set out, guided by Rocinante's will, which carried

[1] The *mutatio capparum* was the change of hoods authorised by the Roman ceremonial, when the cardinals exchanged the fur-lined hoods worn in winter for lighter ones of silk. There is a certain audacity of humour in the application of the phrase here.

along with it that of his master, not to say that of the ass, which always followed him wherever he led, lovingly and sociably; nevertheless they returned to the high road, and pursued it at a venture without any other aim.

As they went along, then, in this way Sancho said to his master, 'Señor, would your worship give me leave to speak a little to you? For since you laid that hard injunction of silence on me several things have gone to rot in my stomach, and I have now just one on the tip of my tongue that I don't want to be spoiled.'

'Say on, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'and be brief in thy discourse, for there is no pleasure in one that is long.'

'Well then, señor,' returned Sancho, 'I say that for some days past I have been considering how little is got or gained by going in search of these adventures that your worship seeks in these wilds and cross-roads, where, even if the most perilous are victoriously achieved, there is no one to see or know of them, and so they must be left untold for ever, to the loss of your worship's object and the credit they deserve; therefore it seems to me it would be better (saving your worship's better judgment) if we were to go and serve some emperor or other great prince who may have some war on hand, in whose service your worship may prove the worth of your person, your great might, and greater understanding, on perceiving which the lord in whose service we may be will perforce have to reward us, each according to his merits; and there you will not be at a loss for some one to set down your achievements in writing so as to preserve their memory for ever. Of my own I say nothing, as they will not go beyond squirely

limits, though I make bold to say that, if it be the practice in chivalry to write the achievements of squires, I think mine must not be left out.'

'Thou speakest not amiss, Sancho,' answered Don Quixote, 'but before that point is reached it is requisite to roam the world, as it were on probation, seeking adventures, in order that, by achieving some, name and fame may be acquired, such that when he betakes himself to the court of some great monarch the knight may be already known by his deeds, and that the boys, the instant they see him enter the gate of the city, may all follow him and surround him, crying, "This is the Knight of the Sun"—or the Serpent, or any other title under which he may have achieved great deeds. "This," they will say, "is he who vanquished in single combat the gigantic Brocabruno of mighty strength; he who delivered the great Mameluke of Persia out of the long enchantment under which he had been for almost nine hundred years."[1] So from one to another they will go proclaiming his achievements; and presently at the tumult of the boys and the others the king of that kingdom will appear at the windows of his royal palace, and as soon as he beholds the knight, recognising him by his arms and the device on his shield, he will as a matter of course say, "What ho! Forth all ye, the knights of my court, to receive the flower of chivalry who cometh hither!" At which command all will issue forth, and he himself, advancing half-way down the stairs, will embrace him closely, and salute him, kissing him on the cheek, and will then lead him to the queen's chamber, where the

[1] See Note B, p. 345.

knight will find her with the princess her daughter, who will be one of the most beautiful and accomplished damsels that could with the utmost pains be discovered anywhere in the known world. Straightway it will come to pass that she will fix her eyes upon the knight and he his upon her, and each will seem to the other something more divine than human, and, without knowing how or why, they will be taken and entangled in the inextricable toils of love, and sorely distressed in their hearts not to see any way of making their pains and sufferings known by speech. Thence they will lead him, no doubt, to some richly adorned chamber of the palace, where, having removed his armour, they will bring him a rich mantle of scarlet wherewith to robe himself, and if he looked noble in his armour he will look still more so in a doublet. When night comes he will sup with the king, queen, and princess; and all the time he will never take his eyes off her, stealing stealthy glances, unnoticed by those present, and she will do the same, and with equal cautiousness, being, as I have said, a damsel of great discretion. The tables being removed, suddenly through the door of the hall there will enter a hideous and diminutive dwarf followed by a fair dame, between two giants, who comes with a certain adventure, the work of an ancient sage; and he who shall achieve it shall be deemed the best knight in the world.[1] The king will then command all those present to essay it, and none will bring it to an end and conclusion save the stranger knight, to the great enhancement of his fame, whereat the princess will be overjoyed and will esteem herself happy and fortunate in having

[1] See Note C, p. 345.

fixed and placed her thoughts so high. And the best of it is that this king, or prince, or whatever he is, is engaged in a very bitter war with another as powerful as himself, and the stranger knight, after having been some days at his court, requests leave from him to go and serve him in the said war. The king will grant it very readily, and the knight will courteously kiss his hands for the favour done to him; and that night he will take leave of his lady the princess at the grating of the chamber where she sleeps, which looks upon a garden, and at which he has already many times conversed with her, the go-between and confidante in the matter being a damsel much trusted by the princess. He will sigh, she will swoon, the damsel will fetch water, he will be distressed because morning approaches, and for the honour of his lady he would not that they were discovered; at last the princess will come to herself and will present her white hands through the grating to the knight, who will kiss them a thousand and a thousand times, bathing them with his tears. It will be arranged between them how they are to inform each other of their good or evil fortunes, and the princess will entreat him to make his absence as short as possible, which he will promise to do with many oaths; once more he kisses her hands, and takes his leave in such grief that he is well-nigh ready to die. He betakes him thence to his chamber, flings himself on his bed, cannot sleep for sorrow at parting, rises early in the morning, goes to take leave of the king, queen, and princess, and, as he takes his leave of the pair, it is told him that the princess is indisposed and cannot receive a visit; the knight thinks it is from grief at his departure, his

heart is pierced, and he is hardly able to keep from showing his pain. The confidante is present, observes all, goes to tell her mistress, who listens with tears and says that one of her greatest distresses is not knowing who this knight is, and whether he is of kingly lineage or not; the damsel assures her that so much courtesy, gentleness, and gallantry of bearing as her knight possesses could not exist in any save one who was royal and illustrious; her anxiety is thus relieved, and she strives to be of good cheer lest she should excite suspicion in her parents, and at the end of two days she appears in public. Meanwhile the knight has taken his departure; he fights in the war, conquers the king's enemy, wins many cities, triumphs in many battles, returns to the court, sees his lady where he was wont to see her, and it is agreed that he shall demand her in marriage of her parents as the reward of his services; the king is unwilling to give her, as he knows not who he is, but nevertheless, whether carried off or in whatever other way it may be, the princess comes to be his bride, and her father comes to regard it as very good fortune; for it so happens that this knight is proved to be the son of a valiant king of some kingdom, I know not what, for I fancy it is not likely to be on the map; the father dies, the princess inherits, and in two words the knight becomes king. And here comes in at once the bestowal of rewards upon his squire and all who have aided him in rising to so exalted a rank. He marries his squire to a damsel of the princess's, who will be, no doubt, the one who was confidante in their amour, and is daughter of a very great duke.'

'That's what I want, and no mistake about it!' said

Sancho. 'That's what I'm waiting for; for all this, word for word, is in store for your worship under the title of The Knight of the Rueful Countenance.'

'Thou needst not doubt it, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'for in the same manner, and by the same steps as I have described here, knights-errant rise and have risen to be kings and emperors; all we want now is to find out what king, Christian or pagan, is at war and has a beautiful daughter; but there will be time enough to think of that, for, as I have told thee, fame must be won in other quarters before repairing to the court. There is another thing, too, that is wanting; for supposing we find a king who is at war and has a beautiful daughter, and that I have won incredible fame throughout the universe, I know not how it can be made out that I am of royal lineage, or even second cousin to an emperor; for the king will not be willing to give me his daughter in marriage unless he is first thoroughly satisfied on this point, however much my famous deeds may deserve it; so that by this deficiency I fear I shall lose what my arm has fairly earned. True it is I am a gentleman of a known house, of estate and property, and entitled to the five hundred sueldos mulct;[1] and it may be that the sage who shall write my history will so clear up my ancestry and pedigree that I may find myself fifth or sixth in descent from a king; for I would have thee know, Sancho, that there are two kinds of lineages in the world; some there be tracing and deriving their descent from kings and princes, whom time has reduced little by little until they end in a point like a pyramid upside down; and others who spring from

[1] See Note D, p. 345.

the common herd and go on rising step by step until they come to be great lords; so that the difference is that the one were what they no longer are, and the others are what they formerly were not. And I may be of such that after investigation my origin may prove great and famous, with which the king, my father-in-law that is to be, ought to be satisfied; and should he not be, the princess will so love me that even though she well knew me to be the son of a water-carrier, she will take me for her lord and husband in spite of her father; if not, then it comes to seizing her and carrying her off where I please; for time or death will put an end to the wrath of her parents.'

'It comes to this, too,' said Sancho, 'what some naughty people say, "Never ask as a favour what thou canst take by force;"[1] though it would fit better to say, "A clear escape is better than good men's prayers."[2] I say so because if my lord the king, your worship's father-in-law, will not condescend to give you my lady the princess, there is nothing for it but, as your worship says, to seize her and transport her. But the mischief is that until peace is made and you come into the peaceful enjoyment of your kingdom, the poor squire is famishing as far as rewards go, unless it be that the confidante damsel that is to be his wife comes with the princess, and that with her he tides over his bad luck until Heaven otherwise orders things; for his master, I suppose, may as well give her to him at once for a lawful wife.'

'Nobody can object to that,' said Don Quixote.

'Then since that may be,' said Sancho, 'there is no-

[1] Prov. 107. [2] See Note E, p. 345.

thing for it but to commend ourselves to God, and let fortune take what course it will.'

'God guide it according to my wishes and thy wants,' said Don Quixote, 'and mean be he who makes himself mean.'[1]

'In God's name let him be so,' said Sancho; 'I am an old Christian, and to fit me for a count that's enough.'[2]

'And more than enough for thee,' said Don Quixote; 'and even wert thou not, it would make no difference, because I being the king can easily give thee nobility without purchase or service rendered by thee, for when I make thee a count, then thou art at once a gentleman; and they may say what they will, but by my faith they will have to call thee "your lordship," whether they like it or not.'

'Not a doubt of it; and I'll know how to support the tittle,' said Sancho.

'Title thou shouldst say, not tittle,' said his master.

'So be it,' answered Sancho, 'I say I will know how to behave, for once in my life I was beadle of a brotherhood, and the beadle's gown sat so well on me that all said I looked as if I was fit to be steward of the same brotherhood. What will it be, then, when I put a duke's robe on my back, or dress myself in gold and pearls like a foreign count? I believe they will come a hundred leagues to see me.'

'Thou wilt look well,' said Don Quixote, 'but thou must shave thy beard often, for thou hast it so thick and

[1] Prov. 210. [2] Prov. 61. *V.* note, p. 322.

rough and unkempt, that if thou dost not shave it every second day at least, they will see what thou art at the distance of a musket shot.'

'What more will it be,' said Sancho, 'than having a barber, and keeping him at wages in the house? and even if it be necessary, I will make him go behind me like a nobleman's equerry.'

'Why, how dost thou know that noblemen have equerries behind them?' asked Don Quixote.

'I will tell you,' answered Sancho. 'Years ago I was for a month at the capital,[1] and there I saw taking the air a very small gentleman who they said was a very great man,[2] and a man following him on horseback in every turn he took, just as if he was his tail. I asked why this man did not join the other man, instead of always going behind him; they answered me that he was his equerry, and that it was the custom with nobles to have such persons behind them, and ever since then I know it, for I have never forgotten it.'

'Thou art right,' said Don Quixote, 'and in the same way thou mayest carry thy barber with thee, for customs did not come into use all together, nor were they all invented at once, and thou mayest be the first count to have a barber to follow him; and, indeed, shaving one's beard is a greater trust than saddling one's horse.'

'Let the barber business be my look-out,' said Sancho;

[1] Literally 'at the Court'—*la Corte.*

[2] No doubt Pedro Tellez Giron, third Duke of Osuna, afterwards Viceroy in Sicily and Naples; 'a little man, but of great fame and fortunes,' as Howell, writing twenty years later, calls him.

'and your worship's be it to strive to become a king, and make me a count.'

'So it shall be,' answered Don Quixote, and raising his eyes he saw what will be told in the following chapter.

Note A (*page* 330).

Prov. 160. In full, 'Plegue á Dios que orégano sea, y no se nos vuelva Icaravéa.'—'Pray God it may prove wild marjoram, and not turn out carraway on us.' Shelton and Jervas not knowing the proverb have mistranslated the passage; the latter shirks the difficulty, and the former translates *orégano* 'a purchase of gold.'

Note B (*page* 337).

Cervantes gives here an admirable epitome, and without any extravagant caricature, of a typical romance of chivalry. For every incident there is ample authority in the romances.

Note C (*page* 338).

Hartzenbusch, considering 'adventure' unintelligible, would substitute 'enigma' or 'prophecy' for it; and 'explain' for 'achieve;' but absolute consistency in a burlesque passage like this is scarcely worth insisting upon.

Note D (*page* 341).

A 'hidalgo de devengar quinientos sueldos,' was one who by the ancient fueros of Castile had a right to recover 500 sueldos for an injury to person or property. This is the common explanation; Huarte, in the *Examen de Ingenios*, says it means the descendant of one who enjoyed a grant of 500 sueldos for distinguished services in the field. The sueldo was an old coin varying in value from a halfpenny to three-halfpence.

Note E (*page* 342).

Prov. 212. 'Mas vale salto de mata que ruego de hombres buenos.' *Mata* is here an old equivalent of *matanza* = 'slaughter;' in modern Spanish the word means a bush or hedge, in consequence of which the proverb is generally misunderstood and mistranslated.

CHAPTER XXII.

OF THE FREEDOM DON QUIXOTE CONFERRED ON SEVERAL UNFORTUNATES WHO AGAINST THEIR WILL WERE BEING CARRIED WHERE THEY HAD NO WISH TO GO.

CID HAMET BENENGELI, the Arab and Manchegan author, relates in this most grave, high-sounding, minute, delightful, and original history that after the discussion between the famous Don Quixote of La Mancha and his squire Sancho Panza which is set down at the end of chapter twenty-one, Don Quixote raised his eyes and saw coming along the road he was following some dozen men on foot strung together by the neck, like beads, on a great iron chain, and all with manacles on their hands. With them there came also two men on horseback and two on foot; those on horseback with wheel-lock muskets, those on foot with javelins and swords, and as soon as Sancho saw them he said, 'That is a chain of galley slaves, on the way to the galleys by force of the king's orders.'

'How by force?' asked Don Quixote; 'is it possible that the king uses force against anyone?'

'I do not say that,' answered Sancho, 'but that these are people condemned for their crimes to serve by force in the king's galleys.'

'In fact,' replied Don Quixote, 'however it may be, these people are going where they are taking them by force, and not of their own will.'

'Just so,' said Sancho.

'Then if so,' said Don Quixote, 'here is a case for the exercise of my office, to put down force and to succour and help the wretched.'

'Recollect, your worship,' said Sancho, 'Justice, which is the king himself, is not using force or doing wrong to such persons, but punishing them for their crimes.'

The chain of galley slaves had by this time come up, and Don Quixote in very courteous language asked those who were in custody of it to be good enough to tell him the reason or reasons for which they were conducting these people in this manner. One of the guards on horseback answered that they were galley slaves belonging to his majesty, that they were going to the galleys, and that was all that was to be said and all he had any business to know.

'Nevertheless,' replied Don Quixote, 'I should like to know from each of them separately the reason of his misfortune;' to this he added more to the same effect to induce them to tell him what he wanted so civilly that the other mounted guard said to him, 'Though we have here the register and certificate of the sentence of every one of these wretches, this is no time to take them out or read them; come and ask themselves; they can tell if they choose, and they will, for these fellows take a pleasure in doing and talking about rascalities.'

With this permission, which Don Quixote would have taken even had they not granted it, he approached the chain

and asked the first for what offences he was now in such a sorry case.

He made answer that it was for being a lover.

'For that only?' replied Don Quixote; 'why, if for being lovers they send people to the galleys I might have been rowing in them long ago.'

'The love is not the sort your worship is thinking of, said the galley slave; 'mine was that I loved a washer-woman's basket of clean linen so well, and held it so close in my embrace, that if the arm of the law had not forced it from me, I should never have let it go of my own will to this moment; I was caught in the act, there was no occasion for torture, the case was settled, they treated me to a hundred lashes on the back, and three years of gurapas besides, and that was the end of it.'

'What are gurapas?' asked Don Quixote.

'Gurapas are galleys,'[1] answered the galley slave, who was a young man of about four-and-twenty, and said he was a native of Piedrahita.

Don Quixote asked the same question of the second, who made no reply, so downcast and melancholy was he; but the first answered for him, and said, 'He, sir, goes as a canary, I mean as a musician and a singer.'

'What!' said Don Quixote, 'for being musicians and singers do people go to the galleys too?'

'Yes, sir,' answered the galley slave, 'for there is nothing worse than singing under suffering.'

'On the contrary, I have heard say,' said Don Quixote, 'that he who sings scares away his woes.'[2]

[1] See Note A, p. 361. [2] Prov. 32.

'Here it is the reverse,' said the galley slave; 'for he who sings once weeps all his life.'

'I do not understand it,' said Don Quixote; but one of the guards said to him, 'Sir, to sing under suffering means with the *non sancta* fraternity to confess under torture; they put this sinner to the torture and he confessed his crime, which was being a cuatrero, that is a cattle-stealer, and on his confession they sentenced him to six years in the galleys, besides two hundred lashes that he has already had on the back; and he is always dejected and downcast because the other thieves that were left behind and that march here ill-treat, and snub, and jeer, and despise him for confessing and not having spirit enough to say nay; for, say they, "nay" has no more letters in it than "yea,"[1] and a culprit is well off when life or death with him depends on his own tongue and not on that of witnesses or evidence; and to my thinking they are not very far out.'

'And I think so too,' answered Don Quixote; then passing on to the third he asked him what he had asked the others, and the man answered very readily and unconcernedly, 'I am going for five years to their ladyships the gurapas for the want of ten ducats.'

'I will give twenty with pleasure to get you out of that trouble,' said Don Quixote.

'That,' said the galley slave, 'is like a man having money at sea when he is dying of hunger and has no way of buying what he wants; I say so because if at the right time I had had those twenty ducats that your worship now offers me, I would have greased the notary's pen and

[1] Prov. 126.

freshened up the attorney's wit with them, so that to-day I should be in the middle of the plaza of the Zocodover at Toledo, and not on this road coupled like a greyhound. But God is great; patience—there, that's enough of it.'

Don Quixote passed on to the fourth, a man of venerable aspect with a white beard falling below his breast, who on hearing himself asked the reason of his being there began to weep without answering a word, but the fifth acted as his tongue and said, 'This worthy man is going to the galleys for four years, after having gone the rounds in the robe of ceremony and on horseback.' [1]

'That means,' said Sancho Panza, 'as I take it, to have been exposed to shame in public.'

'Just so,' replied the galley slave, 'and the offence for which they gave him that punishment was having been an ear-broker, nay body-broker; I mean, in short, that this gentleman goes as a pimp, and for having besides a certain touch of the sorcerer about him.'

'If that touch had not been thrown in,' said Don Quixote, 'he would not deserve, for mere pimping, to row in the galleys, but rather to command and be admiral of them; for the office of pimp is no ordinary one, being the office of persons of discretion, one very necessary in a well-ordered state, and only to be exercised by persons of good birth; nay, there ought to be an inspector and overseer of them, as in other offices, and a fixed and recognised number, as with the brokers on change; in this way many of the evils would be avoided which are caused by this office and calling being

[1] Malefactors were commonly whipped in this way, and the ceremony is frequently alluded to in the *Picaresque* novels.

in the hands of stupid and ignorant people, such as women more or less silly, and pages and jesters of little standing and experience, who on the most urgent occasions, and when ingenuity of contrivance is needed, let the crumbs freeze on the way to their mouths,[1] and know not which is their right hand. I would go farther, and give reasons to show that it is advisable to choose those who are to hold so necessary an office in the state, but this is not the fit place for it; some day I will expound the matter to some one able to see to and rectify it; all I say now is, that the additional fact of his being a sorcerer has removed the sorrow it gave me to see these white hairs and this venerable countenance in so painful a position on account of his being a pimp; though I know well there are no sorceries in the world that can move or compel the will as some simple folk fancy, for our will is free, nor is there herb or charm that can force it. All that certain silly women and quacks do is to turn men mad with potions and poisons, pretending that they have power to cause love, for, as I say, it is an impossibility to compel the will.'

'It is true,' said the good old man, 'and indeed, sir, as far as the charge of sorcery goes I was not guilty; as to that of being a pimp I cannot deny it; but I never thought I was doing any harm by it, for my only object was that all the world should enjoy itself and live in peace and quiet, without quarrels or troubles; but my good intentions were unavailing to save me from going where I never expect to come back from, with this weight of years upon me and a urinary ailment that never gives me a moment's ease;' and again he fell to weeping as before, and such compassion

[1] Prov. 186.

did Sancho feel for him that he took out a real of four from his bosom and gave it to him in alms.

Don Quixote went on and asked another what his crime was, and the man answered with no less but rather much more sprightliness than the last one, 'I am here because I carried the joke too far with a couple of cousins of mine, and with a couple of other cousins who were none of mine; in short, I carried the joke so far with them all that it ended in such a complicated increase of kindred that no accountant could make it clear: it was all proved against me, I got no favour, I had no money, I was near having my neck stretched, they sentenced me to the galleys for six years, I accepted my fate, it is the punishment of my fault; I am a young man; let life only last, and with that all will come right. If you, sir, have anything wherewith to help the poor, God will repay it to you in heaven, and we on earth will take care in our petitions to him to pray for the life and health of your worship, that they may be as long and as good as your amiable appearance deserves.' This one was in the dress of a student, and one of the guards said he was a great talker and a very elegant Latin scholar.

Behind all these there came a man of thirty, a very personable fellow, except that when he looked his eyes turned in a little one towards the other. He was bound differently from the rest, for he had to his leg a chain so long that it was wound all round his body, and two rings on his neck, one attached to the chain, the other to what they call a 'keep-friend' or 'friend's foot,' from which hung two irons reaching to his waist with two manacles fixed to them in which his hands were secured by a big padlock, so

that he could neither raise his hands to his mouth nor lower his head to his hands. Don Quixote asked why this man carried so many more chains than the others. The guard replied that it was because he alone had committed more crimes than all the rest put together, and was so daring and such a villain, that though they marched him in that fashion they did not feel sure of him, but were in dread of his making his escape.

'What crimes can he have committed,' said Don Quixote, 'if they have not deserved a heavier punishment than being sent to the galleys?'

'He goes for ten years,' replied the guard, 'which is the same thing as civil death, and all that need be said is that this good fellow is the famous Gines de Pasamonte, otherwise called Ginesillo de Parapilla.'

'Gently, señor commissary,' said the galley slave at this, 'let us have no fixing of names or surnames; my name is Gines, not Ginesillo, and my family name is Pasamonte, not Parapilla as you say; let each one mind his own business, and he will be doing enough.'

'Speak with less impertinence, master thief of extra measure,' replied the commissary, 'if you don't want me to make you hold your tongue in spite of your teeth.'

'It is easy to see,' returned the galley slave, 'that man goes as God pleases,[1] but some one shall know some day whether I am called Ginesillo de Parapilla or not.'

'Don't they call you so, you liar?' said the guard.

'They do,' returned Gines, 'but I will make them give over calling me so with a vengeance; where, I won't say.

[1] Prov. 79.

If you, sir, have anything to give us, give it to us at once, and God speed you, for you are becoming tiresome with all this inquisitiveness about the lives of others; if you want to know about mine, let me tell you I am Gines de Pasamonte, whose life is written by these fingers.'

'He says true,' said the commissary, 'for he has himself written his story as grand as you please, and has left the book in the prison in pawn for two hundred reals.'

'And I mean to take it out of pawn,' said Gines, 'though it were in for two hundred ducats.'

'Is it so good?' said Don Quixote.

'So good is it,' replied Gines, 'that a fig for "Lazarillo de Tormes," and all of that kind that have been written, or shall be written,[1] compared with it: all I will say about it is that it deals with facts, and facts so neat and diverting that no lies could match them.'

'And how is the book entitled?' asked Don Quixote.

'The "Life of Gines de Pasamonte,"' replied the subject of it.

'And is it finished?' asked Don Quixote.

'How can it be finished,' said the other, 'when my life is not yet finished? All that is written is from my birth down to the point when they sent me to the galleys this last time.'

'Then you have been there before?' said Don Quixote.

'In the service of God and the king I have been there for four years before now, and I know by this time what the biscuit and courbash are like,' replied Gines; 'and it is no great grievance to me to go back to them, for there I shall have

[1] See Note B, p. 361.

time to finish my book; I have still many things left to say, and in the galleys of Spain there is more than enough leisure; though I do not want much for what I have to write, for I have it by heart.'

'You seem a clever fellow,' said Don Quixote.

'And an unfortunate one,' replied Gines, 'for misfortune always persecutes wit.'

'It persecutes rogues,' said the commissary.

'I told you already to go gently, master commissary,' said Pasamonte; 'their lordships yonder never gave you that staff to ill-treat us wretches here, but to conduct and take us where his majesty orders you; if not, by the life of —never mind—; it may be that some day the stains made in the inn will come out in the scouring;[1] let everyone hold his tongue and behave well and speak better; and now let us march on, for we have had quite enough of this entertainment.'

The commissary lifted his staff to strike Pasamonte in return for his threats, but Don Quixote came between them, and begged him not to ill-use him, as it was not too much to allow one who had his hands tied to have his tongue a trifle free; and turning to the whole chain of them he said, 'From all you have told me, dear brethren, I make out clearly that though they have punished you for your faults, the punishments you are about to endure do not give you much pleasure, and that you go to them very much against the grain and against your will, and that perhaps this one's want of courage under torture, that one's want of money, the other's want of advocacy, and lastly

[1] See Note C, p. 361.

the perverted judgment of the judge may have been the cause of your ruin and of your failure to obtain the justice you had on your side. All which presents itself now to my mind, urging, persuading, and even compelling me to demonstrate in your case the purpose for which Heaven sent me into the world and caused me to make profession of the order of chivalry to which I belong, and the vow I took therein to give aid to those in need and under the oppression of the strong. But as I know that it is a mark of prudence not to do by foul means what may be done by fair, I will ask these gentlemen, the guards and commissary, to be so good as to release you and let you go in peace, as there will be no lack of others to serve the king under more favourable circumstances; for it seems to me a hard case to make slaves of those whom God and nature have made free. Moreover, sirs of the guard,' added Don Quixote, 'these poor fellows have done nothing to you; let each answer for his own sins yonder; there is a God in heaven who will not forget to punish the wicked or reward the good; and it is not fitting that honest men should be the instruments of punishment to others, they being therein no way concerned. This request I make thus gently and quietly, that, if you comply with it, I may have reason for thanking you; and, if you will not voluntarily, this lance and sword together with the might of my arm shall compel you to comply with it by force.'

'Nice nonsense!' said the commissary; 'a fine piece of pleasantry he has come out with at last! He wants us to let the king's prisoners go, as if we had any authority to release them, or he to order us to do so! Go your way, sir, and

good luck to you; put that basin straight that you've got on your head, and don't go looking for three feet on a cat.'[1]

'Tis you that are the cat, rat, and rascal,' replied Don Quixote, and acting on the word he fell upon him so suddenly that without giving him time to defend himself he brought him to the ground sorely wounded with a lance-thrust; and lucky it was for him that it was the one that had the musket. The other guards stood thunderstruck and amazed at this unexpected event, but recovering presence of mind, those on horseback[2] seized their swords, and those on foot their javelins, and attacked Don Quixote, who was waiting for them with great calmness; and no doubt it would have gone badly with him if the galley slaves seeing the chance before them of liberating themselves had not effected it by contriving to break the chain on which they were strung. Such was the confusion, that the guards, now rushing at the galley slaves who were breaking loose, now to attack Don Quixote who was waiting for them, did nothing at all that was of any use. Sancho, on his part, gave a helping hand to release Gines de Pasamonte, who was the first to leap forth upon the plain free and unfettered, and who, attacking the prostrate commissary, took from him his sword and the musket, with which, aiming at one and levelling at another, he, without ever discharging it, drove every one of the guards off the field, for they took to flight, as well to escape Pasamonte's musket, as the showers of stones the now released galley slaves were raining upon

[1] Prov. 103. Of course it should be 'five;' and the proverb is so given by Blasco de Garay.

[2] At the beginning of the chapter we were told there were only two on horseback, and that both of them had muskets.

them. Sancho was greatly grieved at the affair, because he anticipated that those who had fled would report the matter to the Holy Brotherhood, who at the summons of the alarm-bell would at once sally forth in quest of the offenders; and he said so to his master, and entreated him to leave the place at once, and go into hiding in the sierra that was close by.

'That is all very well,' said Don Quixote, 'but I know what must be done now;' and calling together all the galley slaves, who were now running riot, and had stripped the commissary to the skin, he collected them round him to hear what he had to say, and addressed them as follows: 'To be grateful for benefits received is the part of persons of good birth, and one of the sins most offensive to God is ingratitude; I say so because, sirs, ye have already seen by manifest proof the benefit ye have received of me; in return for which I desire, and it is my good pleasure that, laden with that chain which I have taken off your necks, ye at once set out and proceed to the city of El Toboso, and there present yourselves before the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and say to her that her knight, he of the Rueful Countenance, sends to commend himself to her; and that ye recount to her in full detail all the particulars of this notable adventure, up to the recovery of your longed-for liberty; and this done ye may go where ye will, and good fortune attend you.'

Gines de Pasamonte made answer for all, saying, 'That which you, sir, our deliverer, demand of us, is of all impossibilities the most impossible to comply with, because we cannot go together along the roads, but only singly and

separate, and each one his own way, endeavouring to hide ourselves in the bowels of the earth to escape the Holy Brotherhood, which, no doubt, will come out in search of us. What your worship may do, and fairly do, is to change this service and tribute as regards the lady Dulcinea del Toboso for a certain quantity of ave-marias and credos which we will say for your worship's intention,[1] and this is a condition that can be complied with by night as well as by day, running or resting, in peace or in war; but to imagine that we are going now to return to the flesh-pots of Egypt, I mean to take up our chain and set out for El Toboso, is to imagine that it is now night, though it is not yet ten in the morning, and to ask this of us is like asking pears of the elm tree.'[2]

'Then by all that's good,' said Don Quixote (now stirred to wrath), 'Don son of a bitch, Don Ginesillo de Paropillo, or whatever your name is, you will have to go yourself alone, with your tail between your legs and the whole chain on your back.'

Pasamonte, who was anything but meek (being by this time thoroughly convinced that Don Quixote was not quite right in his head as he had committed such a vagary as trying to set them free), finding himself abused in this fashion, gave the wink to his companions, and falling back they began to shower stones on Don Quixote at such a rate that he was quite unable to protect himself with his buckler, and poor Rocinante no more heeded the spur than if he had been made of brass. Sancho planted himself behind his

[1] To pray for 'the intention' of another is a proof of devotional sympathy.

[2] Prov. 180.

ass, and with him sheltered himself from the hailstorm that poured on both of them. Don Quixote was unable to shield himself so well but that more pebbles than I could count struck him full on the body with such force that they brought him to the ground; and the instant he fell the student pounced upon him, snatched the basin from his head, and with it struck three or four blows on his shoulders, and as many more on the ground knocking it almost to pieces. They then stripped him of a jacket that he wore over his armour, and they would have stripped off his stockings if his greaves had not prevented them. From Sancho they took his coat, leaving him in his shirt-sleeves; and dividing among themselves the remaining spoils of the battle, they went each one his own way, more solicitous about keeping clear of the Holy Brotherhood they dreaded, than about burdening themselves with the chain, or going to present themselves before the lady Dulcinea del Toboso. The ass and Rocinante, Sancho and Don Quixote, were all that were left upon the spot; the ass with drooping head, serious, shaking his ears from time to time as if he thought the storm of stones that assailed them was not yet over; Rocinante stretched beside his master, for he too had been brought to the ground by a stone; Sancho stripped, and trembling with fear of the Holy Brotherhood; and Don Quixote fuming to find himself so served by the very persons for whom he had done so much.

Note A (*page* 348).

Gurapas, a word from the 'Germanía' or rogue's dialect, of which there are many specimens in this chapter and scattered through *Don Quixote*. Indeed, Juan Hidalgo's *Vocabulario* of the Germanía tongue is absolutely necessary to anyone reading the book in the original.

Note B (*page* 354).

At the time Cervantes was writing the only book of the kind (i.e. picaresque fiction) that had appeared besides *Lazarillo de Tormes* was Aleman's *Guzman de Alfarache*, at which, it has been suggested, this passage is aimed.

Note C (*page* 355).

Prov. 53. Clemencin thinks there is an allusion here to Aleman's *Guzman de Alfarache*, the hero of which is sent to the galleys like Gines de Pasamonte, and at an inn on the road ingratiates himself with the commissary by presenting him with a pig he had stolen. But Clemencin forgot that this incident occurs in the *Second* Part of *Guzman*, which was not published till after *Don Quixote*.

CHAPTER XXIII.

OF WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE IN THE SIERRA MORENA, WHICH WAS ONE OF THE RAREST ADVENTURES RELATED IN THIS VERACIOUS HISTORY.

SEEING himself served in this way, Don Quixote said to his squire, 'I have always heard it said, Sancho, that to do good to boors is to throw water into the sea.[1] If I had believed thy words, I should have avoided this trouble; but it is done now, it is only to have patience and take warning from this for the future.

'Your worship will take warning as much as I am a Turk,' returned Sancho; 'but, as you say this mischief might have been avoided if you had believed me, believe me now, and a still greater one will be avoided; for I tell you chivalry is of no account with the Holy Brotherhood, and they don't care two maravedis for all the knights-errant in the world; and I can tell you I fancy I hear their arrows whistling past my ears this minute.'

'Thou art a coward by nature, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'but lest thou shouldst say I am obstinate, and that I never do as thou dost advise, this once I will take thy advice, and withdraw out of reach of that fury thou so dreadest; but it must be on one condition, that never, in

[1] Prov. 246.

life or in death, thou art to say to anyone that I retired or withdrew from this danger out of fear, but only in compliance with thy entreaties; for if thou sayest otherwise thou wilt lie therein, and from this time to that, and from that to this, I give thee the lie, and say thou liest and wilt lie every time thou thinkest or sayest it; and answer me not again; for at the mere thought that I am withdrawing or retiring from any danger, above all from this, which does seem to carry some little shadow of fear with it, I am ready to take my stand here and await alone, not only that Holy Brotherhood you talk of and dread, but the brothers of the twelve tribes of Israel, and the Seven Maccabees, and Castor and Pollux, and all the brothers and brotherhoods in the world.'

'Señor,' replied Sancho, 'to retire is not to flee, and there is no wisdom in waiting when danger outweighs hope, and it is the part of wise men to preserve themselves to-day for to-morrow, and not risk all in one day; and let me tell you, though I am a clown and a boor, I have got some notion of what they call safe conduct: so repent not of having taken my advice, but mount Rocinante if you can, and if not I will help you; and follow me, for my mother-wit tells me we have more need of legs than hands just now.'

Don Quixote mounted without replying, and, Sancho leading the way on his ass, they entered the side of the Sierra Morena, which was close by, as it was Sancho's design to cross it entirely and come out again at El Viso or Almodóvar del Campo,[1] and hide for some days among its crags so as to escape the search of the Brotherhood should

[1] See Note A, p. 378.

they come to look for them. He was encouraged in this by perceiving that the stock of provisions carried by the ass had come safe out of the fray with the galley slaves, a circumstance that he regarded as a miracle, seeing how they pillaged and ransacked.

That night they reached the very heart of the Sierra Morena, where it seemed prudent to Sancho to pass the night and even some days, at least as many as the stores he carried might last, and so they encamped between two rocks and among some cork trees; but fatal destiny, which, according to the opinion of those who have not the light of the true faith, directs, arranges, and settles everything in its own way, so ordered it that Gines de Pasamonte, the famous knave and thief who by the virtue and madness of Don Quixote had been released from the chain, driven by fear of the Holy Brotherhood, which he had good reason to dread, resolved to take hiding in the mountains; and his fate and fear led him to the same spot to which Don Quixote and Sancho Panza had been led by theirs, just in time to recognise them and leave them to fall asleep: and as the wicked are always ungrateful, and necessity leads to wrong-doing, and immediate advantage overcomes all considerations of the future, Gines, who was neither grateful nor well-principled, made up his mind to steal Sancho Panza's ass, not troubling himself about Rocinante, as being a prize that was no good either to pledge or sell. While Sancho slept he stole his ass, and before day dawned he was far out of reach.

Aurora made her appearance bringing gladness to the earth but sadness to Sancho Panza, for he found that his

Dapple[1] was missing, and seeing himself bereft of him he began the saddest and most doleful lament in the world, so loud that Don Quixote awoke at his exclamations and heard him saying, 'O son of my bowels, born in my very house, my children's plaything, my wife's joy, the envy of my neighbours, relief of my burdens, and, lastly, half supporter of myself, for with the six-and-twenty maravedis thou didst earn me daily I met half my charges.'

Don Quixote, when he heard the lament and learned the cause, consoled Sancho with the best arguments he could, entreating him to be patient, and promising to give him a letter of exchange ordering three out of five ass-colts[2] that he had at home to be given to him. Sancho took comfort at this, dried his tears, suppressed his sobs, and returned thanks for the kindness shown him by Don Quixote. He on his part was rejoiced to the heart on entering the mountains, as they seemed to him to be just the place for the adventures he was in quest of. They brought back to his memory the marvellous adventures that had befallen knights-errant in like solitudes and wilds, and he went along reflecting on these things, so absorbed and carried away by them that he had no thought for anything else. Nor had Sancho any other care (now that he fancied he was travelling in a safe quarter) than to satisfy his appetite with such remains as were left of the clerical spoils, and so he marched behind his master laden with what Dapple used to carry, emptying the sack and packing his paunch, and so long as he could

[1] See Note B, p. 378.

[2] *Pollinos*, 'ass-colts,' has evidently been omitted here in the original, and I have therefore supplied it.

go that way, he would not have given a farthing to meet with another adventure.

While so engaged he raised his eyes and saw that his master had halted, and was trying with the point of his pike to lift some bulky object that lay upon the ground, on which he hastened to join him and help him if it were needful, and reached him just as with the point of the pike he was raising a saddle-pad with a valise attached to it, half or rather wholly rotten and torn; but so heavy were they that Sancho had to help to take them up, and his master directed him to see what the valise contained. Sancho did so with great alacrity, and though the valise was secured by a chain and padlock, from its torn and rotten condition he was able to see its contents, which were four shirts of fine holland, and other articles of linen no less curious than clean; and in a handkerchief he found a good lot of gold crowns, and as soon as he saw them he exclaimed, 'Blessed be all Heaven for sending us an adventure that is good for something!' Searching further he found a little memorandum book richly bound; this Don Quixote asked of him, telling him to take the money and keep it for himself. Sancho kissed his hands for the favour, and cleared the valise of its linen, which he stowed away in the provision sack. Considering the whole matter, Don Quixote observed, 'It seems to me, Sancho—and it is impossible it can be otherwise—that some strayed traveller must have crossed this sierra and been attacked and slain by footpads, who brought him to this remote spot to bury him.'

'That cannot be,' answered Sancho, 'because if they had been robbers they would not have left this money.'

'Thou art right,' said Don Quixote, 'and I cannot guess or explain what this may mean; but stay; let us see if in this memorandum book there is anything written by which we may be able to trace out or discover what we want to know.'

He opened it, and the first thing he found in it, written roughly but in a very good hand, was a sonnet, and reading it aloud that Sancho might hear it, he found that it ran as follows:

SONNET.

Or Love is lacking in intelligence,
  Or to the height of cruelty attains,
  Or else it is my doom to suffer pains
Beyond the measure due to my offence.
But if Love be a God, it follows thence
  That he knows all, and certain it remains
  No God loves cruelty; then who ordains
This penance that enthrals while it torments?
It were a falsehood, Chloe, thee to name;
  Such evil with such goodness cannot live;
And against Heaven I dare not charge the blame,
  I only know it is my fate to die.
  To him who knows not whence his malady
  A miracle alone a cure can give.[1]

'There is nothing to be learned from that rhyme,' said Sancho, 'unless by that clue there's in it, one may draw out the ball of the whole matter.'[2]

'What clue is there?' said Don Quixote.

[1] See Note C, p. 379.

[2] See Note D, p. 379.

'I thought your worship spoke of a clue in it,' said Sancho.

'I only said Chloe,' replied Don Quixote; 'and that, no doubt, is the name of the lady of whom the author of the sonnet complains; and, faith, he must be a tolerable poet, or I know little of the craft.'

'Then your worship understands rhyming too?' said Sancho.

'And better than thou thinkest,' replied Don Quixote, 'as thou shalt see when thou carriest a letter written in verse from beginning to end to my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, for I would have thee know, Sancho, that all or most of the knights-errant in days of yore were great troubadours and great musicians, for both of these accomplishments, or more properly speaking gifts, are the peculiar property of lovers-errant: true it is that the verses of the knights of old have more spirit than neatness in them.'

'Read more, your worship,' said Sancho, 'and you will find something that will enlighten us.'

Don Quixote turned the page and said, 'This is prose and seems to be a letter.'

'A correspondence letter, señor?' asked Sancho.

'From the beginning it seems to be a love-letter,' replied Don Quixote.

'Then let your worship read it aloud,' said Sancho, 'for I am very fond of these love matters.'

'With all my heart,' said Don Quixote, and reading it aloud as Sancho had requested him, he found it ran thus:

Thy false promise and my sure misfortune carry me to a place whence the news of my death will reach thy ears before

the words of my complaint. Ungrateful one, thou hast rejected me for one more wealthy, but not more worthy; but if virtue were esteemed wealth I should neither envy the fortunes of others nor weep for misfortunes of my own. What thy beauty raised up thy deeds have laid low; by it I believed thee to be an angel, by them I know thou art a woman. Peace be with thee who hast sent war to me, and Heaven grant that the deceit of thy husband be ever hidden from thee, so that thou repent not of what thou hast done, and I reap not a revenge I would not have.

When he had finished the letter, Don Quixote said, 'There is less to be gathered from this than from the verses, except that he who wrote it is some rejected lover;' and turning over nearly all the pages of the book he found more verses and letters, some of which he could read, while others he could not: but they were all made up of complaints, laments, misgivings, desires and aversions, favours and rejections, some rapturous, some doleful. While Don Quixote examined the book, Sancho examined the valise, not leaving a corner in the whole of it or in the pad that he did not search, peer into, and explore, or seam that he did not rip, or tuft of wool that he did not pick to pieces, lest anything should escape for want of care and pains; so keen was the covetousness excited in him by the discovery of the crowns, which amounted to near a hundred; and though he found no more booty, he held the blanket flights, balsam vomits, stake benedictions, carriers' fisticuffs, missing alforjas, stolen coat, and all the hunger, thirst, and weariness he had endured in the service of his good master, cheap at the price; as he considered himself more than fully

indemnified for all by the payment he received in the gift of the treasure-trove.

The Knight of the Rueful Countenance was still very anxious to find out who the owner of the valise could be, conjecturing from the sonnet and letter, from the money in gold, and from the fineness of the shirts, that he must be some lover of distinction whom the scorn and cruelty of his lady had driven to some desperate course; but as in that uninhabited and rugged spot there was no one to be seen of whom he could inquire, he saw nothing else for it but to push on taking whatever road Rocinante chose—which was where he could make his way—firmly persuaded that among these wilds he could not fail to meet some rare adventure. As he went along, then, occupied with these thoughts, he perceived on the summit of a height that rose before their eyes a man who went springing from rock to rock and from tussock to tussock with marvellous agility. As well as he could make out he was unclad, with a thick black beard, long tangled hair, and bare legs and feet, his thighs were covered by breeches apparently of tawny velvet but so ragged that they showed his skin in several places. He was bareheaded, and notwithstanding the swiftness with which he passed as has been described, the Knight of the Rueful Countenance observed and noted all these trifles, and though he made the attempt, he was unable to follow him, for it was not granted to the feebleness of Rocinante to make way over such rough ground, he being, moreover, slow-paced and sluggish by nature. Don Quixote at once came to the conclusion that this was the owner of the saddle-pad and of the valise, and made up his mind to go in search of him,

even though he should have to wander a year in those mountains before he found him, and so he directed Sancho to take a short cut over one side of the mountain, while he himself went by the other, and perhaps by this means they might light upon this man who had passed so quickly out of their sight.

'I could not do that,' said Sancho, 'for when I separate from your worship fear at once lays hold of me, and assails me with all sorts of panics and fancies; and let what I now say be a notice that from this time forth I am not going to stir a finger's length from your presence.'

'It shall be so,' said he of the Rueful Countenance, 'and I am very glad that thou art willing to rely on my courage, which will never fail thee, even though the soul in thy body fail thee; so come on now behind me slowly as well as thou canst, and make lanterns of thine eyes; let us make the circuit of this ridge; perhaps we shall light upon this man that we saw, who no doubt is no other than the owner of what we found.'

To which Sancho made answer, 'Far better would it be not to look for him, for if we find him, and he happens to be the owner of the money, it is plain I must restore it; it would be better, therefore, that without taking this needless trouble, I should keep possession of it until in some other less meddlesome and officious way the real owner may be discovered; and perhaps that will be when I shall have spent it, and then the king will hold me harmless.'

'Thou art wrong there, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'for now that we have a suspicion who the owner is, and have him almost before us, we are bound to seek him and

make restitution; and if we do not seek him, the strong suspicion we have as to his being the owner makes us as guilty as if he were so; and so, friend Sancho, let not our search for him give thee any uneasiness, for if we find him it will relieve mine.'

And so saying he gave Rocinante the spur, and Sancho followed him on foot and loaded, thanks to Ginesillo de Pasamonte, and after having partly made the circuit of the mountain they found lying in a ravine, dead and half devoured by dogs and pecked by crows, a mule saddled and bridled, all which still further strengthened their suspicion that he who had fled was the owner of the mule and the saddle-pad.

As they stood looking at it they heard a whistle like that of a shepherd watching his flock, and suddenly on their left there appeared a great number of goats, and behind them on the summit of the mountain the goatherd in charge of them, a man advanced in years. Don Quixote called aloud to him and begged him to come down to where they stood. He shouted in return, asking what had brought them to that spot, seldom or never trodden except by the feet of goats, or of the wolves and other wild beasts that roamed around. Sancho in return bade him come down, and they would explain all to him.

The goatherd descended, and reaching the place where Don Quixote stood, he said, 'I will wager you are looking at that hack mule that lies dead in the hollow there, and, faith, it has been lying there now these six months; tell me, have you come upon its master about here?'

'We have come upon nobody,' answered Don Quixote,

'nor on anything except a saddle-pad and a little valise that we found not far from this.'

'I found it too,' said the goatherd, 'but I would not lift it nor go near it for fear of some ill-luck or being charged with theft, for the devil is crafty, and things rise up under one's feet to make one stumble and fall without knowing why or wherefore.'

'That's exactly what I say,' said Sancho; 'I found it too, and I would not go within a stone's throw of it; there I left it, and there it lies just as it was, for I don't want a dog with a bell.'[1]

'Tell me, good man,' said Don Quixote, 'do you know who is the owner of this property?'

'All I can tell you,' said the goatherd, 'is that about six months ago, more or less, there arrived at a shepherd's hut three leagues, perhaps, away from this, a youth of well-bred appearance and manners, mounted on that same mule which lies dead here, and with the same saddle-pad and valise which you say you found and did not touch. He asked us what part of this sierra was the most rugged and retired; we told him that it was where we now are; and so in truth it is, for if you push on half a league farther, perhaps you will not be able to find your way out; and I am wondering how you have managed to come here, for there is no road or path that leads to this spot. I say, then, that on hearing our answer the youth turned about and made for the place we pointed out to him, leaving us all charmed with his good looks, and wondering at his question

[1] Prov. 182—meaning, I don't want a thing that has any inconvenience attached to it.

and the haste with which we saw him depart in the direction of the sierra; and after that we saw him no more, until some days afterwards he crossed the path of one of our shepherds, and without saying a word to him, came up to him and gave him several cuffs and kicks, and then turned to the ass with our provisions and took all the bread and cheese it carried, and having done this made off back again into the sierra with extraordinary swiftness. When some of us goatherds learned this we went in search of him for about two days through the most remote portion of this sierra, at the end of which we found him lodged in the hollow of a large thick cork tree. He came out to meet us with great gentleness, with his dress now torn and his face so disfigured and burned by the sun, that we hardly recognised him but that his clothes, though torn, convinced us, from the recollection we had of them, that he was the person we were looking for. He saluted us courteously, and in a few well-spoken words he told us not to wonder at seeing him going about in this guise, as it was binding upon him in order that he might work out a penance which for his many sins had been imposed upon him. We asked him to tell us who he was, but we were never able to find out from him: we begged of him too, when he was in want of food, which he could not do without, to tell us where we should find him, as we would bring it to him with all good-will and readiness; or if this were not to his taste, at least to come and ask it of us and not take it by force from the shepherds. He thanked us for the offer, begged pardon for the late assault, and promised for the future to ask it in God's name without offering violence to anybody. As for fixed abode,

he said he had no other than that which chance offered wherever night might overtake him; and his words ended in an outburst of weeping so bitter that we who listened to him must have been very stones had we not joined him in it, comparing what we saw of him the first time with what we saw now; for, as I said, he was a graceful and gracious youth, and in his courteous and polished language showed himself to be of good birth and courtly breeding, and rustics as we were that listened to him, even to our rusticity his gentle bearing sufficed to make it plain. But in the midst of his conversation he stopped and became silent, keeping his eyes fixed upon the ground for some time, during which we stood still waiting anxiously to see what would come of this abstraction; and with no little pity, for from his behaviour, now staring at the ground with fixed gaze and eyes wide open without moving an eyelid, again closing them, compressing his lips and raising his eyebrows, we could perceive plainly that a fit of madness of some kind had come upon him; and before long he showed that what we imagined was the truth, for he arose in a fury from the ground where he had thrown himself, and attacked the first he found near him with such rage and fierceness that if we had not dragged him off him, he would have beaten or bitten him to death, all the while exclaiming, 'Oh faithless Fernando, here, here shalt thou pay the penalty of the wrong thou hast done me; these hands shall tear out that heart of thine, abode and dwelling of all iniquity, but of deceit and fraud above all;' and to these he added other words all in effect upbraiding this Fernando and charging him with treachery and faithlessness. We forced him to

release his hold with no little difficulty, and without another word he left us, and rushing off plunged in among these brakes and brambles, so as to make it impossible for us to follow him; from this we suppose that madness comes upon him from time to time, and that some one called Fernando must have done him a wrong of a grievous nature such as the condition to which it had brought him seemed to show. All this has been since then confirmed on those occasions, and they have been many, on which he has crossed our path, at one time to beg the shepherds to give him some of the food they carry, at another to take it from them by force; for when there is a fit of madness upon him, even though the shepherds offer it freely, he will not accept it but snatches it from them by dint of blows; but when he is in his senses he begs it for the love of God, courteously and civilly, and receives it with many thanks and not a few tears. And to tell you the truth, sirs,' continued the goatherd, 'it was yesterday that we resolved, I and four of the lads, two of them our servants, and the other two friends of mine, to go in search of him until we find him, and when we do to take him, whether by force or of his own consent, to the town of Almodóvar, which is eight leagues from this, and there strive to cure him (if indeed his malady admits of a cure), or learn when he is in his senses who he is, and if he has relatives to whom we may give notice of his misfortune. This, sirs, is all I can say in answer to what you have asked me; and be sure that the owner of the articles you found is he whom you saw pass by with such nimbleness and so naked.' For Don Quixote had already described how he had seen the man go bounding along the mountain side, and he was now

filled with amazement at what he heard from the goatherd, and more eager than ever to discover who the unhappy madman was; and in his heart he resolved, as he had done before, to search for him all over the mountain, not leaving a corner or cave unexamined until he had found him. But chance arranged matters better than he expected or hoped, for at that very moment, in a gorge on the mountain that opened where they stood, the youth he wished to find made his appearance, coming along talking to himself in a way that would have been unintelligible near at hand, much more at a distance. His garb was what has been described, save that as he drew near, Don Quixote perceived that a tattered doublet which he wore was amber-scented,[1] from which he concluded that one who wore such garments could not be of very low rank. Approaching them, the youth greeted them in a harsh and hoarse voice but with great courtesy. Don Quixote returned his salutation with equal politeness, and dismounting from Rocinante advanced with well-bred bearing and grace to embrace him, and held him for some time close in his arms as if he had known him for a long time. The other, whom we may call the Ragged One of the Sorry Countenance, as Don Quixote was of the Rueful, after submitting to the embrace pushed him back a little and, placing his hands on Don Quixote's shoulders, stood gazing at him as if seeking to see whether he knew him, not less amazed, perhaps, at the sight of the face, figure, and armour of Don Quixote than Don Quixote was at the sight of him. To be brief, the first to speak after embracing was the Ragged One, and he said what will be told farther on.

[1] See Note E, p. 379.

Note A (*page* 363).

These are towns of La Mancha, though from the wording of the passage it might be supposed that they lay on the other, the Andalusian, side of the Sierra Morena. It is significant that Cervantes always speaks of 'entering' and 'coming out of' the Sierra Morena, never of ascending or descending it; and, in fact, on the north side the Sierra rises but little above the level of the great Castilian plateau, and the road enters the gorge of Despeñaperros, and reaches the Andalusian slope with comparatively little ascent.

Note B (*page* 365).

'Dapple,' as I have said elsewhere, is not a correct translation of *rucio*, but it has by long usage acquired a prescriptive right to remain the name of Sancho's ass. *Rucio* is properly a light or silvery grey, as *pardo* is a dark or iron grey.

This passage—beginning at 'That night they reached the very heart, &c.,' and ending with 'returned thanks for the kindness shown him by Don Quixote'—does not appear in the first edition, in which there is no allusion to the loss of the ass until the middle of chapter xxv., where, without any explanation of how it happened, Cervantes speaks of Dapple as having been lost. When the second edition was in the press, an attempt was made to remedy the oversight, and the printer, apparently *proprio motu*, supplied this passage. Chapter xxx., where Don Quixote laments the loss of his 'good sword,' suggested Gines de Pasamonte as the thief, and chapter xxv. the promise of the ass-colts; but in such a bungling manner was the correction made that the references to the ass as if still in Sancho's possession (nine or ten in number) were left unaltered, though the first of them occurs only four or five lines after the inserted passage. In the third edition of 1608 some of these inconsistencies were removed, and in the Second Part Cervantes refers to the matter, and charges the printer with the blunder. What he originally intended, no doubt, was to supplement the burlesque of the penance of Amadis by a burlesque of Brunello's theft of Sacripante's horse and Marfisa's sword at the siege of Albracca, as described by Boiardo and Ariosto; and it was very possibly an after-thought written on a loose leaf and so mislaid or lost *in transitu*. The inserted passage is clearly not his, as it is completely ignored by him in chapters iii., iv., and xxvii. of Part II., and is inconsistent with the account of the affair which he gives there. Hartzenbusch removes the passage to what he conceives to be its proper place in chapter xxv., but it is hardly worth while, perhaps, to alter the familiar arrangement of the text. See notes on chapters xxx.; and iii. iv. and xxvii. Part II.

Note C (*page* 367).

This sonnet Cervantes afterwards inserted in his comedy of the *Casa de los Zelos*, a proof that he himself had as good an opinion of it as Don Quixote; though Clemencin says, and not without some reason, that 'it is no great things'—'*no vale gran cosa.*'

Note D (*page* 367).

A reference to the proverb, *Por el hilo se saca el ovillo*—'by the thread (or clue) the ball is drawn out.' In the sonnet the lady's name is Fili, which Sancho mistakes for *hilo* or *filo*. The substitution of 'Chloe' by which the play on the words may be imitated is a happy idea of Jervas's which has been generally adopted by subsequent translators without any acknowledgment.

Note E (*page* 377).

This is the explanation commonly given of the phrase *de ambar*, and it is true that scented doublets were in fashion in the sixteenth century; but it seems somewhat improbable that a tattered doublet which had been for six months exposed to all weathers would have retained sufficient perfume to be detected.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN WHICH IS CONTINUED THE ADVENTURE OF THE SIERRA MORENA.

THE history relates that it was with the greatest attention Don Quixote listened to the ill-starred knight of the Sierra, who began by saying, 'Of a surety, señor, whoever you are, for I know you not, I thank you for the proofs of kindness and courtesy you have shown me, and would I were in a condition to requite with something more than good-will that which you have displayed towards me in the cordial reception you have given me; but my fate does not afford me any other means of returning kindnesses done me save the hearty desire to repay them.'

'Mine,' replied Don Quixote, 'is to be of service to you, so much so that I had resolved not to quit these mountains until I had found you, and learned of you whether there is any kind of relief to be found for that sorrow under which from the strangeness of your life you seem to labour; and to search for you with all possible diligence, if search had been necessary. And if your misfortune should prove to be one of those that refuse admission to any sort of consolation, it was my purpose to join you in lamenting and mourning over it, so far as I could; for it is still some com-

fort in misfortune to find one who can feel for it. And if my good intentions deserve to be acknowledged with any kind of courtesy, I entreat you, señor, by that which I perceive you possess in so high a degree, and likewise conjure you by whatever you love or have loved best in life, to tell me who you are and the cause that has brought you to live or die in these solitudes like a brute beast, dwelling among them in a manner so foreign to your condition as your garb and appearance show. And I swear,' added Don Quixote, 'by the order of knighthood which I, though unworthy and a sinner, have received, and by my vocation of knight-errant, if you gratify me in this, to serve you with all the zeal my calling demands of me, either in relieving your misfortune if it admits of relief, or in joining you in lamenting it as I promised to do.'

The Knight of the Thicket, hearing him of the Rueful Countenance talk in this strain, did nothing but stare at him, and stare at him again, and again survey him from head to foot; and when he had thoroughly examined him, he said to him, 'If you have anything to give me to eat, for God's sake give it me, and after I have eaten I will do all you ask in acknowledgment of the good-will you have displayed towards me.'

Sancho from his sack, and the goatherd from his pouch, furnished the Ragged One with the means of appeasing his hunger, and what they gave him he ate like a half-witted being, so hastily that he took no time between mouthfuls, gorging rather than swallowing; and while he ate neither he nor they who observed him uttered a word. As soon as he had done he made signs to them to follow

him, which they did, and he led them to a green plot which lay a little farther off round the corner of a rock. On reaching it he stretched himself upon the grass, and the others did the same, all keeping silence, until the Ragged One, settling himself in his place, said, 'If it is your wish, sirs, that I should disclose in a few words the surpassing extent of my misfortunes, you must promise not to break the thread of my sad story with any question or other interruption, for the instant you do so the tale I tell will come to an end.'

These words of the Ragged One reminded Don Quixote of the tale his squire had told him, when he failed to keep count of the goats that had crossed the river and the story remained unfinished; but to return to the Ragged One, he went on to say, 'I give you this warning because I wish to pass briefly over the story of my misfortunes, for recalling them to memory only serves to add fresh ones, and the less you question me the sooner shall I make an end of the recital, though I shall not omit to relate anything of importance in order fully to satisfy your curiosity.'

Don Quixote gave the promise for himself and the others, and with this assurance he began as follows:

My name is Cardenio, my birthplace one of the best cities of this Andalusia,[1] my family noble, my parents rich, my misfortune so great that my parents must have wept and my family grieved over it without being able by their wealth to lighten it; for the gifts of fortune can do little to relieve reverses sent by Heaven. In that same country there was a heaven in which

[1] See Note A, p. 390.

love had placed all the glory I could desire; such was the beauty of Luscinda, a damsel as noble and as rich as I, but of happier fortunes, and of less firmness than was due to so worthy a passion as mine. This Luscinda I loved, worshipped, and adored from my earliest and tenderest years, and she loved me in all the innocence and sincerity of childhood. Our parents were aware of our feelings, and were not sorry to perceive them, for they saw clearly that as they ripened they must lead at last to a marriage between us, a thing that seemed almost pre-arranged by the equality of our families and wealth. We grew up, and with our growth grew the love between us, so that the father of Luscinda felt bound for propriety' sake to refuse me admission to his house, in this perhaps imitating the parents of that Thisbe so celebrated by the poets, and this refusal but added love to love and flame to flame; for though they enforced silence upon our tongues they could not impose it upon our pens, which can make known the heart's secrets to a loved one more freely than tongues; for many a time the presence of the object of love shakes the firmest will and strikes dumb the boldest tongue. Ah heavens! how many letters did I write her, and how many dainty modest replies did I receive! how many ditties and love-songs did I compose in which my heart declared and made known its feelings, described its ardent longings, revelled in its recollections and dallied with its desires! At length growing impatient and feeling my heart languishing with longing to see her, I resolved to put into execution and carry out what seemed to me the best mode of winning my desired and merited reward, to ask her of her father for my lawful wife, which I did. To this his answer was that he thanked me for the disposition I showed to do honour to him and to regard myself as honoured by the bestowal of his treasure; but that as my father was alive it was his by right to make this demand, for if it were not in accordance with his full will and pleasure, Luscinda was not to be taken or given by stealth. I thanked him for his kindness, reflecting that there was reason in what he said, and that my father would assent to it as soon as I should tell him, and with that view I went the very same

instant to let him know what my desires were. When I entered the room where he was I found him with an open letter in his hand, which, before I could utter a word, he gave me, saying, 'By this letter thou wilt see, Cardenio, the disposition the Duke Ricardo has to serve thee.' This Duke Ricardo, as you, sirs, probably know already, is a grandee[1] of Spain who has his seat in the best part of this Andalusia. I took and read the letter, which was couched in terms so flattering that even I myself felt it would be wrong in my father not to comply with the request the duke made in it, which was that he would send me immediately to him, as he wished me to become the companion, not servant, of his eldest son, and would take upon himself the charge of placing me in a position corresponding to the esteem in which he held me. On reading the letter my voice failed me, and still more when I heard my father say, 'Two days hence thou wilt depart, Cardenio, in accordance with the duke's wish, and give thanks to God who is opening a road to thee by which thou mayest attain what I know thou dost deserve;' and to these words he added others of fatherly counsel. The time for my departure arrived; I spoke one night to Luscinda, I told her all that had occurred, as I did also to her father, entreating him to allow some delay, and to defer the disposal of her hand until I should see what the Duke Ricardo sought of me: he gave me the promise, and she confirmed it with vows and swoonings unnumbered. Finally, I presented myself to the duke, and was received and treated by him so kindly that very soon envy began to do its work, the old servants growing envious of me, and regarding the duke's inclination to show me favour as an injury to themselves. But the one to whom my arrival gave the greatest pleasure was the duke's second son, Fernando by name, a gallant youth, of noble, generous, and amorous disposition, who very soon made so intimate a friend of me that it was remarked by everybody; for though the elder was attached to me, and showed me kindness, he did not carry his affectionate treatment to the

[1] *Grande de España*—one enjoying the privilege of remaining covered in the presence of the sovereign.

same length as Don Fernando. It so happened, then, that as between friends no secret remains unshared, and as the intimacy I enjoyed with Don Fernando had grown into friendship, he made all his thoughts known to me, and in particular a love affair which troubled his mind a little. He was deeply in love with a peasant girl, a vassal of his father's, the daughter of wealthy parents, and herself so beautiful, modest, discreet, and virtuous, that no one who knew her was able to decide in which of these respects she was most highly gifted or most excelled. The attractions of the fair peasant raised the passion of Don Fernando to such a point that, in order to gain his object and overcome her virtuous resolutions, he determined to pledge his word to her to become her husband, for to attempt it in any other way was to attempt an impossibility. Bound to him as I was by friendship, I strove by the best arguments and the most forcible examples I could think of to restrain and dissuade him from such a course; but perceiving I produced no effect I resolved to make the Duke Ricardo, his father, acquainted with the matter; but Don Fernando, being sharp-witted and shrewd, foresaw and apprehended this, perceiving that by my duty as a good servant I was bound not to keep concealed a thing so much opposed to the honour of my lord the duke; and so, to mislead and deceive me, he told me he could find no better way of effacing from his mind the beauty that so enslaved him than by absenting himself for some months, and that he wished the absence to be effected by our going, both of us, to my father's house under the pretence, which he would make to the duke, of going to see and buy some fine horses that there were in my city, which produces the best in the world.[1] When I heard him say so, even if his resolution had not been so good a one I should have hailed it as one of the happiest that could be imagined, prompted by my affection, seeing what a favourable chance and opportunity it offered me of returning to see my Luscinda. With this thought and wish I commended his idea and encouraged his design, advising him to put it into execution as quickly as possible, as,

[1] Cordova was famed for its horses.

in truth, absence produced its effect in spite of the most deeply rooted feelings. But, as afterwards appeared, when he said this to me he had already enjoyed the peasant girl under the title of husband, and was waiting for an opportunity of making it known with safety to himself, being in dread of what his father the duke would do when he came to know of his folly. It happened, then, that as with young men love is for the most part nothing more than appetite, which, as its final object is enjoyment, comes to an end on obtaining it, and that which seemed to be love takes to flight, as it cannot pass the limit fixed by nature, which fixes no limit to true love[1]—what I mean is that after Don Fernando had enjoyed this peasant girl his passion subsided and his eagerness cooled, and if at first he feigned a wish to absent himself in order to cure his love, he was now in reality anxious to go to avoid keeping his promise.

The duke gave him permission, and ordered me to accompany him; we arrived at my city, and my father gave him the reception due to his rank; I saw Luscinda without delay, and, though it had not been dead or deadened, my love gathered fresh life. To my sorrow I told the story of it to Don Fernando, for I thought that in virtue of the great friendship he bore me I was bound to conceal nothing from him. I extolled her beauty, her gaiety, her wit, so warmly, that my praises excited in him a desire to see a damsel adorned by such attractions. To my misfortune I yielded to it, showing her to him one night by the light of a taper at a window where we used to talk to one another. As she appeared to him in her dressing-gown, she drove all the beauties he had seen until then out of his recollection; speech failed him, his head turned, he was spell-bound, and in the end love-smitten, as you will see in the course of the story of my misfortune; and to inflame still further his passion, which he hid from me and revealed to Heaven alone, it so happened that one day he found a note of hers entreating me to demand her of her father in marriage, so delicate, so modest, and so tender, that

[1] This is an example of the clumsy manner in which Cervantes often constructed his sentences, beginning them in one way and ending them in another.

on reading it he told me that in Luscinda alone were combined all the charms of beauty and understanding that were distributed among all the other women in the world. It is true, and I own it now, that though I knew what good cause Don Fernando had to praise Luscinda, it gave me uneasiness to hear these praises from his mouth, and I began to fear, and with reason to feel distrust of him, for there was no moment when he was not ready to talk of Luscinda, and he would start the subject himself even though he dragged it in unseasonably, a circumstance that aroused in me a certain amount of jealousy; not that I feared any change in the constancy or faith of Luscinda; but still my fate led me to forebode what she assured me against. Don Fernando contrived always to read the letters I sent to Luscinda and her answers to me, under the pretence that he enjoyed the wit and sense of both. It so happened, then, that Luscinda having begged of me a book of chivalry to read, one that she was very fond of, 'Amadis of Gaul—'

Don Quixote no sooner heard a book of chivalry mentioned, than he said, 'Had your worship told me at the beginning of your story that the Lady Luscinda was fond of books of chivalry, no other laudation would have been requisite to impress upon me the superiority of her understanding, for it could not have been of the excellence you describe had a taste for such delightful reading been wanting; so, as far as I am concerned, you need waste no more words in describing her beauty, worth, and intelligence; for, on merely hearing what her taste was, I declare her to be the most beautiful and the most intelligent woman in the world; and I wish your worship had, along with Amadis of Gaul, sent her the worthy Don Rugel of Greece, for I know the Lady Luscinda would greatly relish Daraida and Garaya, and the shrewd sayings of the shepherd Darinel, and the admirable verses of his bucolics, sung and delivered by him with such sprightliness, wit, and ease; but a time

may come when this omission can be remedied, and to rectify it nothing more is needed than for your worship to be so good as to come with me to my village, for there I can give you more than three hundred books which are the delight of my soul and the entertainment of my life;—though it occurs to me that I have not got one of them now, thanks to the spite of wicked and envious enchanters;—but pardon me for having broken the promise we made not to interrupt your discourse; for when I hear chivalry or knights-errant mentioned, I can no more help talking about them than the rays of the sun can help giving heat, or those of the moon moisture; pardon me, therefore, and proceed, for that is more to the purpose now.'

While Don Quixote was saying this, Cardenio allowed his head to fall upon his breast, and seemed plunged in deep thought; and though twice Don Quixote bade him go on with his story, he neither looked up nor uttered a word in reply; but after some time he raised his head and said, 'I cannot get rid of the idea, nor will anyone in the world remove it, or make me think otherwise,—and he would be a blockhead who would hold or believe anything else than that that arrant knave Master Elisabad made free with Queen Madasima.'

'That is not true, by all that's good,' said Don Quixote in high wrath, turning upon him angrily, as his way was; 'and it is a very great slander, or rather villany. Queen Madasima was a very illustrious lady, and it is not to be supposed that so exalted a princess would have made free with a quack; and whoever maintains the contrary lies like a great scoundrel, and I will give him to know it, on foot or

on horseback, armed or unarmed, by night or by day, or as he likes best.'

Cardenio was looking at him steadily, and his mad fit having now come upon him, he had no disposition to go on with his story, nor would Don Quixote have listened to it, so much had what he had heard about Madasima disgusted him. Strange to say, he stood up for her as if she were in earnest his veritable born lady; to such a pass had his unholy books brought him. Cardenio, then, being, as I said, now mad, when he heard himself given the lie, and called a scoundrel and other insulting names, not relishing the jest, snatched up a stone that he found near him, and with it delivered such a blow on Don Quixote's breast that he laid him on his back. Sancho Panza, seeing his master treated in this fashion, attacked the madman with his closed fist; but the Ragged One received him in such a way that with a blow of his fist he stretched him at his feet, and then mounting upon him crushed his ribs to his own satisfaction; the goatherd, who came to the rescue, shared the same fate; and having beaten and pummelled them all he left them and quietly withdrew to his hiding-place on the mountain. Sancho rose, and with the rage he felt at finding himself so belaboured without deserving it, ran to take vengeance on the goatherd, accusing him of not giving them warning that this man was at times taken with a mad fit, for if they had known it they would have been on their guard to protect themselves. The goatherd replied that he had said so, and that if he had not heard him, that was no fault of his. Sancho retorted, and the goatherd rejoined, and the altercation ended in their seizing

each other by the beard, and exchanging such fisticuffs that if Don Quixote had not made peace between them, they would have knocked one another to pieces. 'Leave me alone, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance,' said Sancho, grappling with the goatherd, 'for of this fellow, who is a clown like myself, and no dubbed knight, I can safely take satisfaction for the affront he has offered me, fighting with him hand to hand like an honest man.'

'That is true,' said Don Quixote, 'but I know that he is not to blame for what has happened.'

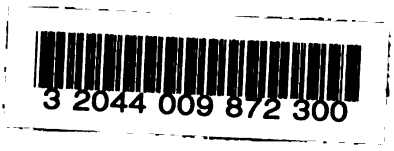
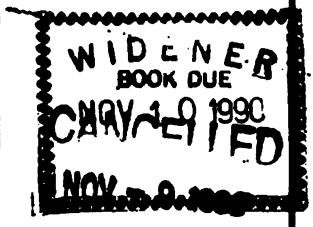
With this he pacified them, and again asked the goatherd if it would be possible to find Cardenio, as he felt the greatest anxiety to know the end of his story. The goatherd told him, as he had told him before, that there was no knowing of a certainty where his lair was; but that if he wandered about much in that neighbourhood he could not fail to fall in with him either in or out of his senses.

Note A (*page* 382).

This indicates that the spot Cervantes had in his eye was somewhere above the head of the Despeñaperros gorge and commanding a view of the valley of the Guadalquivir; and the scenery there agrees with his description. He was, no doubt, familiar with it from having passed through it on his journeys between Madrid and Seville in the years between 1587 and 1598. The broom, mentioned farther on, is very abundant in this part of the Sierra Morena. The name of Cardenio, too, was probably suggested by Venta de Cardenas, a halting place at the mouth of the gorge. (*V.* map.)

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

Spottiswoode & Co., Printers, New-street Square, London.



THE BORROWER WILL BE CHARGED AN OVERDUE FEE IF THIS BOOK IS NOT RETURNED TO THE LIBRARY ON OR BEFORE THE LAST DATE STAMPED BELOW. NON-RECEIPT OF OVERDUE NOTICES DOES NOT EXEMPT THE BORROWER FROM OVERDUE FEES.